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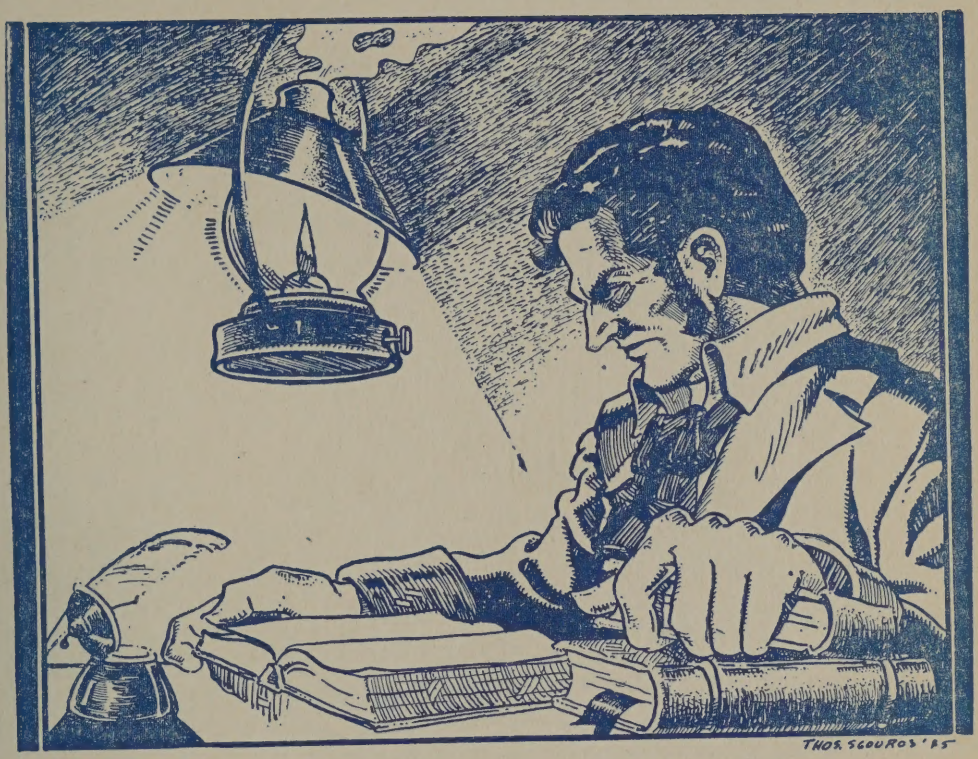

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

NOVEMBER 1946

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✝ In Memoriam ✝

Mr. George J. Lovett, Jr., teacher of Physics, died at his home, Tuesday, November 12. He had been ill for only a few weeks and was apparently on the way back to normal health when the end came swiftly and unexpectedly.

Of large frame and genial nature, Mr. Lovett brought to his classes a generous mixture of scholarship and human understanding. His intense patriotism was reflected in his enlistment at an early date in his country's cause. As an officer in the Navy, he gave four years of loyal and devoted service; a period of activity which unquestionably left its mark upon his erstwhile physical vigor.

His devotion to duty as a teacher was in evidence up to his last day when he had planned with his sister Catherine to put marks on teachers' record slips so that other members of his department might not be burdened with extra work resulting from his absence. Consideration of this sort can be the mark of nobility of character, and George Lovett gave expression to it.

Elsewhere in the columns of the REVIEW we pay tribute to two other great teachers whose years here, like Mr. Lovett's, were rich in fruit for the pupils whom they taught and for us who were privileged to know them in the fellowship of teaching. Life had been generous in years and achievements to Miss Coyle and Mr. Cain, but in the untimely loss of Mr. Lovett at the age of thirty-three death seems doubly cruel. "So much of promised usefulness and of bright hopes for one's self and friends, have rarely been so suddenly dashed as in his fall."

TIMOTHY F. DOWNEY,
Headmaster.

Mr. George Cain, who was Head of the Commercial Department of the Cambridge High and Latin School for many years, died last August at his summer home in Canada. Mr. Cain was a genial gentleman, helpful to his associates and pupils. His great interest in life was the development and character building of young men through an interest in out-door life.

Indeed, Mr. Cain's love of the Canadian woods and rivers was so great that one can well imagine his saying with Robert Louis Stevenson:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

M. L. SLADE.

Editorials

DON'T fail to heed the call for help," said Helen Hayes to us. The Boston *Globe* had assembled over fifty editors and reporters from high school papers all over Greater Boston in the Ritz Carlton for the purpose of enlisting our aid in the Community Fund drive. After Miss Hayes spoke, we were plied with bonbons and chocolate eclairs and tea. Then, two days later we were taken on a "Come and See Tour" to some of the institutions helped by the fund. What we saw convinced us over and over again of the good work of the fund and the great need of everyone's contribution. As such a contributor you will be as interested as I was to find out where some of our money goes.

Our first stop was at the South End Music School, an institution that has been giving pleasure and instruction to many boys and girls of South Boston for thirty years. When we arrived, the orchestra was rehearsing, a solfège class was going on, and several pupils were taking private lessons. About four hundred children attend, each paying a small fee if he is able, but not covering the running expenses by any means. Here the need for assistance is evident. Music and instruments, donated to the school, are lent to the children. There are about eight teachers, all well trained, who deserve our support. The children's happy smiles reminded us again and again of the school's valuable contribution in brightening the lives of underprivileged children.

Turning into a grassy courtyard next door, again we heard music, but this time records of Mozart. We could see into the wide windows of the Children's Art Center, where boys and girls were eagerly crowding around tables, splashing away with water colors, drawing their impressions of the music. Other types of art,— figure drawing, landscape painting, and clay modeling are taught on other days. Because this school consists of merely one room, filled every day after school with children, plans are being made for expansion. This is indeed a useful project, keeping children off the street by offering a pastime that can become a vocation for some, but for all a source of pleasure. Your help is needed here.

Our third visit was at the Massachusetts Memorial Hospitals on Harrison Avenue in Boston, four buildings which are truly pleasant and clean inside. These constitute a general hospital, treating all kinds of diseases, surgery, and accidents, and containing a school of nursing and a clinic; in Brighton there is an additional unit for communicable diseases. One-third of all the infantile paralysis cases in Massachusetts come here, each patient remaining during the danger period. In one of the operating rooms a nurse demonstrated to us the hot pack treatment used on paralysis cases. The patients in this hospital pay if they can, but the institution depends on the Community Fund for at least one-third of its running expenses. We all were convinced of the vital place of the hospital in this community.

These are only three out of three hundred and thirty-three worthy institutions, depending for their existence on the Community Fund. The need is great this year; the cost of the services to veterans and their families is immense. Can we as fortunate high school students fail to heed their call for help?

H. B.

IN the world of today, the duty of every patriot is to be unpatriotic. Let me explain.

When a man looks out for himself, we call him "selfish." It was necessary for the caveman to be selfish, or he wouldn't have had a chance to survive. When cavemen advanced to the stage of clans and tribes, every individual had to put his personal good under the greater good of his group. Unselfishness of the individual for the benefit of the whole was necessary for the survival of his group in the struggle for existence with other groups. But as agriculture and the arts grew, and group would have to live with group in order to live at the more advanced level, each group would have to be unselfish toward other groups. And so larger groups, like the city states of Greece or the ancient states of China, were formed. Now, if each of the city states had stopped thinking of itself long enough to form one united nation, Greece might have survived the iron heel of Rome. On the other hand, if right after the American revolution the states had persisted in their separate independence, America would not be the world power it is today.

The man in Massachusetts realized that to love his own state in a selfish way was not enough,— not enough for the eighteenth century. His patriotism had to be extended to the whole United States. Today, in the twentieth century, we have come to the last step in uniting all the nations of mankind in one world, not because it would be a nice thing, because people knew it would be a nice thing long ago, but because it is both possible and necessary now. No natural barriers divide the globe any longer. Man-made machines such as airplanes and the radio have overcome the barriers of mountains and oceans. Above all there is no defense for any part of the world against any other part that fights with the present weapons of war. Why, then, is the world still divided?

The reason is that the world is divided into absolutely sovereign states. Each nation is still thinking too much of extending its own spheres of influence for trade and for security. Outwardly, we may be one world, but inwardly, we are still Americans, Russians, Chinese, British, French, Swedish, Turkish, Germans, etc. This feeling of nationalism, or, as it goes under the nicer name of patriotism, is not only out of date, but dangerous. Germany and Japan are extreme examples of patriotism. The leaders of these countries are criminals because they are thoroughly selfish for their own countries at the expense of the rest of humanity. That is what extreme patriotism in sovereign states leads to. That is why it is important to be unpatriotic, or rather to be patriotic in a higher sense. For in his one small world the greatest good a patriot can do to serve his own country is to serve the greatest good of all.

L. C.

THE WAR AND OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

AS I stand in the midst of Divinity Field, watching a growling steam shovel take great bites of earth and shake strong trucks like toys when the steel jaws open and deposit the great mouthfuls of sand and dirt, my thoughts travel back to the quiet life in this locality before the war. The Theological School stood guard over its spacious, green grounds and a short, plump, Harvard policeman told us quite decisively that we were not to set foot on the carefully tended grass. My playmates and I took but a brief glance at a building with the strange appellation of Biological Laboratories and paused to watch an exciting game of tennis, progressing in neatly gravelled courts. We gazed indifferently at the bright yellow clapboards of the once proud mansion of the Palfrey Estate and set off to our more important game of baseball in our rockstudded field.

Many changes occurred in the succeeding years. The precious grass, beautifying the Theological grounds, was trampled by the army boots of the men of the Chaplain Corps and the bare earth appeared in greater degrees. The neighborhood received occasional whiffs of tear gas from the testing chamber and meanwhile the khaki uniforms became a more than common sight. The strange building housing the Biological Laboratories grew taller, spread over the surrounding land, and finally was separated from inquisitive eyes when the roof commenced to abound in strange machines called radar. The tennis courts, untended, grew wild with weeds while the vacant land nearby became studded with closely packed, defense workers' cars.

The war clouds passed none too quickly and reconversion progressed at a rapid pace. Prefabricated living quarters were erected on the tennis courts and for the first time in history a special nursery was formed for the benefit of Harvard students' children. The crowning point of the change that time has brought, as we pass into an atomic era, is a strange appearing, predictive, cyclotron laboratory. In all ways the changing times have displayed themselves clearly in our neighboring section of Harvard College.

JOHN MCCARTHY, '47.

IN HARVARD SQUARE

TO view the wonders of Harvard Square, one must possess remarkable fortitude, a set of steely nerves, and a good sense of humor. Otherwise fifteen minutes of the noise and confusion of the Square would inspire one to a nervous breakdown or at least a severe headache accompanied by complete exhaustion. To a tourist, it does not seem possible that one small circle (how it came to be known as Harvard Square is an unsolved mystery) could produce such an incredible amount of noise and tumult.

In order to pursue the beauties of Harvard Square, it is first necessary to arrive at this thriving center, and this is no minor task. Simple navigation on two feet becomes an impossible maneuver, owing not only to the masses of humanity, but also to the multitude of baby-carriages and kiddie-cars. On an average day, the sidewalk resembles an over-crowded nursery school. Mothers are not satisfied with cramming one child in among the parcels, but there are usually two or three others squeezed in, serenading the passers-by with their unhappy screams and wails.

One could write novels on the variety of people seen about the Square. A practised eye can spot a Harvard student instantly, and a Radcliffe girl is immediately recognized by her English bicycle and battered sneakers. And of course under that slowly moving mountains of books one invariably finds a fugitive from Cambridge Latin. For some unfathomable reason, elderly people seem to retain more of their youthful spryness in New England than in any other part of the country. To a newcomer it is a rather surprising sight to see a lady of eighty-odd years briskly pedaling down the middle of Brattle Street.

Traffic in Harvard Square is a thing of horror. Pedestrians amble about the streets with carefree abandon. Cars dash in and out of side-streets, as a stop sign is unheard of, and buses shoot around corners with alarming speed. Parking is an utterly

hopeless proposition, the nearest place always being blocks away from your destination. Animals of all sizes and shapes dart among the people and cars and make walking a hazardous undertaking.

Indeed, Harvard Square offers constant entertainment, if one has a strong constitution, and will undoubtedly go down in history as the "biggest little square" on earth.

MARILYN WRIGHT, '47.

CHANGING TIMES

THIS world of ours has certainly changed! It is pretty hard for the younger generation which has been brought up on automobiles, airplanes, and atomic bombs, to imagine a world without these modern inventions. And yet, not so very long ago, our grandparents will tell us, the thrill of a lifetime was not to see a jet propelled plane shooting through the air at five hundred miles an hour, but to watch the race of two fire wagons to the corner fire amid the shrill call of trumpets and the thundering of horses' hoofs. Forty years ago, people used to hide in doorways when the first Fords went by, and farmers had to tie down their cattle when the mighty steam engines went by belching forth smoke and fire like dragons of old.

But then came the mechanical age, and the first airplane gave way to monsters that flew at the terrific speed of 100 miles an hour. Ford introduced the Model T and everyone was becoming "mechanical minded." Business boomed. Factories sprang up, and whole cities grew up with them. The most desolate spot almost over night became a thriving metropolis. And then speed became the watch word of industry. Machines were turned out by the hundreds of thousands and everything was stepped up to go faster and still faster until now, anyone living in the 19th century would be either amazed or apalled to see this changing world revealed to him.

STEPHEN BIDDLE, '47.

WINTER IS A SNOW-CLAD HILL

Winter is a snow-clad hill
and a pine, dark green
against a blue-grey sky . . .

Winter is the shadow
of leaf bared branches, and aspens
by half-frozen streams.

Winter is the bleak crispness
of a star-studded, silent night . . .
a mountain on whose snow clad breast,
the clouds of God come down to rest.

DAVID WALSH, '47.

AUTUMN'S PLEASURES

AUTUMN is a wonderful season; I think it is my favorite. It has so many pleasures that it is hard to know where to start in writing about them. One of the first things that comes to my mind, however, is the foliage. Of course, I know ahead of time that the leaves will turn, but every fall the change seems miraculous. I walk home from school on an ordinary October afternoon, and the maple trees along our street are the same tired green that they have been for weeks. That evening the temperature goes down, and when I wake up the next morning, the miracle has happened. Every drab leaf has turned to gold. A thousand shades of yellow, red and orange blaze in the sunlight. Already a few leaves are falling, floating downward in lazy spirals, until they reach the pavement, where they make a golden carpet. Each year this miracle takes place, and each year it seems more beautiful than ever.

Another of autumn's pleasures is Saturday afternoon football games. There is a certain excitement about these games which I never feel at anything else. The band, with its bright costumes and gleaming instruments, makes a lovely din. I always envy the drummer, it looks like such fun! I have to admit that I have a wonderful time whether our team wins or not — the excitement of a touchdown, the cheering, the brilliant colors, the band, all these are the same no matter what the score. On these afternoons the sky seems especially blue, the grass especially green. I wouldn't miss the autumn Saturdays for anything.

There is an autumn pleasure which is quite different from foliage or football games. It can't exactly be seen nor smelled nor heard, because it is a feeling. All through the rest of the year, I can remember this feeling, and enjoy it again. It is very hard to describe; if I just say that it's joy, so much is left out. On some autumn days everything seems absolutely perfect — the trees and shrubs are aflame with red and gold, the sky is a clear, deep blue, the air is cool and crisp, and over it all hovers that haunting smell of burning leaves. It is on days like this that I get my "autumn feeling"; a feeling that absolutely everything is beautiful. The foliage and football games contribute to this feeling, and help make autumn my favorite season.

SUSANNE STEPHENS, '47.

THE SURPRISE

B-R-R-R! B-R-RR! The sharp bell of the telephone shattered Lissa's train of thought.

"Oh, heck! Just when I'm beginning to figure this problem out," she muttered to herself.

"Hello! Oh, yes, Mrs. Lane, I can come to-

night. Seven-thirty? O.K. Goodbye."

"Who was that?" Lissa's mother called from the kitchen.

"Mrs. Lane," Lissa answered. "She and Mr. Lane are going to the movies tonight, and she asked me to stay with David."

At seven-fifteen Lissa was preparing to depart for Mrs. Lane's house. Juggling her school books in one arm, she bade her parents a hasty goodnight and dashed out the door.

Walking to Mrs. Lane's house, she fought a battle within herself. I don't know why I promised to come. I don't feel in the mood to read *Little Red Riding Hood* to David — but you have to save some money if you want to get a new dress for the formal — Why save money if you're not sure you'll be at it? — no one has asked you, so why do you need a gown? — well, maybe someone will ask me she thought happily.

She reached this conclusion and the Lane's front door at the same time.

"My nephew is here, but he's going out with us," Mrs. Lane said as she opened the door. "You can talk to him while I put David into bed."

Lissa entered the room and saw — Oh, no, it couldn't be! Paul Cole, the boy she had been trying to screw up her courage to ask to the dance!

"Hi, Lissa! I" — he hesitated a moment — "I was wondering if you'd go to the formal with me."

Lissa stared. It couldn't be true, but it must be; she had just heard him say it. A dreamy look spread over her face. "I'd love to," she gasped.

After the Lanes and Paul had finally left, Lissa spun around the room, hugging herself for joy. "I'll never even think of refusing Mrs. Lane again, and if David wants me to, I'll read *Little Red Riding Hood* all night!"

FRANCES MCDONNELL, '47.

DAWDLING

DAWDLING is an art, a lesser art of course, but nevertheless, an art. I say this most assuredly — for have not some of the world's greatest personages been great dawdlers? Did not Caesar, conqueror of many lands and seas, ruler of Rome's majestic armies, the very Caesar to whom the world once looked to know the course it would take regarding a disciplined civilization,— did not this man dawdle in Egypt when he discovered that Cleopatra was part of it? I assure you he did; and history confirms it. When according to Roman dictate this general was supposed to be spreading Roman civilization, he artfully loitered within the queen's presence for months, letting the world go by him with its manifold cares, while he feasted his appetite on rich Egyptian foods and his eyes on Cleopatra's beauty. He was a dawdler "par excellence."

An emperor of men was Caesar; an emperor of music was Mozart. Yes, even old Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, as you may now have begun to suspect, was a dawdler. The same Mozart who wrote well over nine hundred great works was such a dawdler that many of these masterpieces were composed the night before they were due because he had such an uncontrollable habit of wasting his time in coffee houses gossiping like a common housewife!

Bell dawdled and invented the telephone; Edison dawdled and invented the electric light, the phonograph and other contrivances the masses regarded at the time as a waste of time and money; F. D. R. dawdled on a fishing trip many a time while holding the most responsible position in this hemisphere; Congress certainly seems to dawdle three-fourths of the time; and Grandpa dawdled till ninety-three "doin' what comes naturally."

Now it certainly seems to me that such people as these would not have spent time dawdling at the peaks of their lives if they did not regard the practice a worthy art to set their talents to. As one goes on in life he becomes proficient in many things, some requiring more skill than others. Therefore why does not the man who is not so bountiful in enthusiasm at least develop the lesser art of dawdling to higher standards? There are certainly ample opportunities to this end.

We might even take my own case, though I shy at the prospect of being in such distinguished company as those aforementioned. Though I had never before quite as seriously considered the subject, I now find splendid opportunities to exploit it completely. On school mornings there is a golden chance to begin by lazily, but quite seriously, loitering till the last possible moment in the warmth of my bed while putting aside the repugnant thought of rising for study. Yes, that is indeed the place to start.

The prospect of writing a theme or essay for English opens an enormous field for the cultivation of dawdling, as I dare say you are beginning to realize. Before doing my homework, I might well take a coin, and, flipping it in the air call out. "Heads — I go to the movies; tails —I play football; and if it stands on end . . . I'll do my studying now!" Of course if it should stand on end I could make it two out of three just to be impartial in the affair. This is an excellent way to dawdle.

As I look further into the subject, it becomes very complex as are all arts. There are such a great number of ways of beginning its study that I find myself not able even to scratch the surface of it. And is this not true also of music, painting, sculpturing, writing, and creating women's hats? Therefore I say unto ye, dawdling is an art.

ARTHUR MACKENZIE, '47.

WATKINS GLEN

THE few hours that I spent in Watkins Glen lie in my mind like a wonderful dream. This visit to the glen is an escape from reality, for it seems so utterly remote from everything else in my life. Watkins Glen is less famous than some of the other national parks in America. The path leading to the glen tunnels through the face of a mountain which guards like a miser the scenic treasures within. Another reason that it is less famous than the others is that its dark beauty, like a Rembrandt's painting, has not the magnificence, the dazzle, the sensation of the other scenic places. When I entered the glen, I left the sun behind me.

Inside, thin slices of rock stack themselves neatly, forming high walls on either side, and shutting out the sun. The air is cool and wet. A slender path winds tortuously through the rocks, side by side with a stream. As the path turns sharply, and as the walls prevent a view of what comes next, every turn presents to the eyes a new and unexpected scene. The path takes one from the birth of the stream on top of the mountain to the maturity of the stream three miles down.

At first the infant, gurgling and laughing in its rocky bed, flows clear and clean. Then the river gathers strength, and presses on more rapidly, eager to turn the next corner; it is also deeper and darker. Over some huge rocks, the water spreads itself until it is merely a thin film. These rocks are smooth, worn through the centuries by the gentle caress of the water. Some of the other rocks, however, newly fallen into the stream, still present their teeth to the water defiantly. In one place, the water seems to gather itself for a great task. The next turn presents, unexpectedly, a tall water fall, startlingly white against the black rock, its background. Down, down it falls, and in a wrathful swirl, shapes out a round basin beneath. As the stream becomes stronger, it also becomes louder. The soft happy sound of the baby is changed into a loud and angry roar. The baby has reached manhood.

One last sharp turn suddenly reveals the tunnel entrance. With a backward look at this dark, magic land, I pass through the tunnel and stand again in the warm sun.

LENSEY CHAO, '47.

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

TO the Anglo-Saxons, September was the "barley month"; to Charlemagne, "harvest month." In one way or another September does mean fulfillment — almost all the crops are in; vacation is over on Labor Day. We say good-bye to summer acquaintances, greet our old friends at home, complimenting each other on our coats of tan (people look so much better, anyway, after a few months without seeing them) and exchange the accumulated gossip of July and August over the back fence. We air out the furniture that has been swathed in old sheets all summer, put up the curtains, roll out the carpets, and start the vacuum cleaner humming again, upstairs and down. Re-establishing contact with the milkman, the paper-boy, and the grocer, we also tactfully remind the butcher that we are back, grateful as ever for a scrap of hamburg — delirious at the thought of a thick, juicy, T-bone steak.

With perhaps a few weekend trips to the cottage on the Cape or the cabin in the mountains, we keep busy through the weeks, getting woolen skirts and sweaters out of the mothballs and otherwise preparing for school. Trunks and suitcases, filled with bright clothes and plastered with brighter stickers are hauled aboard trains for the red brick buildings and green campuses of college. High-schoolers, some bright-eyed, others wearing bored expressions, trudge back to classes, not particularly aroused by the prospects, but eager first graders, scrubbed and shining trot excitedly off on the search for knowledge, tightly gripping the hand of big brother, that superior creature who has mastered long division.

After school, all the boys are out on the corner lot, practicing kicks and passes, for it is perfect football weather, while the girls, with hair streaming in the wind, skate hand in hand around the block, race up and down the street on bicycles, or play Double Dutch. As for me, I prefer to spend those crisp September afternoons riding horseback along a wooded Medford trail, for then I feel an unearthly happiness. Hiking up a windswept slope or down a leaf-strewn path gives me the same glorious feeling. Brisk, invigorating September is unquestionably my favorite month (at least, until October).

CAROLYN CREMENS, '47.

LITERATURE

The Enchanted Hill by Thomas Kayne is a story of romance and adventure with all the excitement of the old West, from street battle to lynching. It is a good book that both boys and girls will enjoy reading, and a book which contains vivid description of the picturesque valley and ridges. Don't overlook it!

Madame Curie, Marie Curie's story of the famous scientist, gives may hours of pleasant reading. It contains many of the human details often left out of the biographies of famous people.

CLAIRE BARRETT, '47.

May We Present . . .

THIS is the introduction of a new feature in the REVIEW. In this issue we have included interviews with the four Senior class officers, and three selected by lot from the other classes. Maybe your name will be chosen for the next issue.

RICHARD WALKER, SENIOR PRESIDENT

Richard Walker, Senior class president, is tall, slim, and good looking, with wavy brown hair and brown eyes. He was born in Cambridge in 1928, and is a graduate of the Morse School. Dick plays right end on the football team, and also plays baseball. Football especially is his favorite sport.

After school Dick works as a shipping clerk, and in the summer he does meat packing. He calls sleeping his favorite indoor sport. Dick is undecided about his future and where he will go after C. H. L. S. He is definite about one thing,—that girls talk too much. This fact brings my discussion to a very hasty close.

PATRICIA KENEALEY SENIOR SECRETARY

The Senior's choice for secretary, the girl who received more votes than any other candidate for any office, is attractive Patricia Kenealey. Pat, who has brown curly hair and dark brown eyes, came to Cambridge about seven years ago, and is a graduate of the Longfellow School. She belongs to the G. A. A. and the Under 21 Club, and hopes to join the K. B. Last year she was on the Honor Roll the entire time, and she claims biology to be her favorite subject.

Pat is undecided about her future, but would like to be a private secretary. Possibly she might be a hostess, for she likes planes. You can find Pat any day after school working in the Longfellow Pharmacy as a clerk. During the summer she goes to Hampton Beach.

Pat's favorite sports are swimming and skating, but she likes to watch all games. She goes to the movies about once a week; her first choice of a picture is "Notorious," but Cary Grant is her favorite actor. Pat likes meat, any kind, but dislikes vegetables. She prefers sweaters and skirts; she is fond of dancing and likes to loaf once in a while.

Pat is not particular about her Dream Man, but she hopes he will be tall, rather good-looking, the athletic type and have a sense of humor. Her only complaint about boys is that they like to think up insulting nicknames for girls.

VINCENT CHAISSON, VICE PRESIDENT

VIN CHAISSON, the vice-president of the Senior Class, was born in Roxbury in 1930. Of French-Canadian descent, his main interest is in athletics.

Vin has proved his prowess as an athlete by turning in stellar performances on the football field, where he was acclaimed as the hardest working member of the squad.

At St. Mary's Grammar School, Vin was an honor pupil and a valuable member of the basket ball team. His favorite reading is sport stories. Robert Louis Stevenson ranks first on his list of authors.

A college course student, Vinny has proved his worth as a representative of C. H. L. S.

WARREN MacISAAC, SENIOR TREASURER

Warren first entered the portals of C. H. L. S. in October, 1943, an unknown newcomer to Cambridge. Since then he has pushed his way to the top, and is now famous throughout the school, for members of all classes have applauded his speeches at assemblies. In addition to holding the office of Senior treasurer, Mac is the able president of the Dramatic Club. Last year he won the Liberty Prize Speaking Medal as *the Ugliest Man in the World,*— can anyone ever forget that selection?

Mac's ambition is to become, not an actor, but a psychiatrist; in fact he would like to be head of the department of Psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University. His plans for next year are undecided, but he may go to Harvard.

Mac works every day after school and in the summer in the photostat laboratory in Widener Library. In his spare time he enjoys pouring over mystery books and short stories, and attending dances, movies and plays. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon rank first among his favorite stars. Mac likes swimming and baseball, but he prefers to watch hockey games.

Mac is still looking for his "Dream Girl," who, he specifies, must not be an actress, but should have a fair complexion, blonde hair, blue eyes, and should be a good cook and competent housekeeper. (Candidates report to 309). If Mac had a thousand dollars to spend in a day, he would go to Coney Island, with Dream Girl, of course, and they would ride on everything. But, luckily for us, Mac is going to remain in C. H. L. S., regulating the thousand dollar Senior Treasury.

KATRINKA JANSEN

The Freshman choice for this issue is brown-eyed, blond, Katrinka Jansen, a graduate of the Russell School. Her father teaches in Amsterdam, her older sister goes to college in California, and she lives here with her mother and younger sister. Tinkie belongs to the G. A. A. and has gone out for basketball, planning to try baseball in the spring. She hopes also to join the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club.

An ambitious Freshman indeed is Tinkie, who already is planning to go to Simmons College and take up nursing, particularly child care. Her favorite books are nurse stories; her wish right now is to be able to watch an operation; she likes to disect animals at home. Tinkie worked last year at the Mt. Auburn Hospital, though this year her only job is that of a "sitter." In the summer she worked on a farm in Connecticut, but she eagerly hopes to get a job in a hospital in Boston next summer.

Of course Tinkie likes the movies. (That means Cornel Wilde.) She would be completely satisfied if she could eat artichokes all the time, that is if such things as prunes did not exist. Tinkie's ideal man must be a doctor, she insists, and she complains that the boys in C. H. L. S. are too silly.

DONALD FAIRBURN

On August 2, 1930, Donald "Bull" Fairburn made his appearance as a new citizen of Cambridge. Now he is a tall, blond Junior, a very snappy dresser, who loves flashy clothes. Don likes sports of all kinds, especially football, and that indoor, though active, sport of eating a turkey dinner with all the fixin's.

Don's ambition is to be a success in engineering, and to make a great deal of money. From C. H. L. S. he hopes to go to M. I. T. by means of a scholarship. An honor graduate from Longfellow School, Don has also been on the honor roll here. He is taking algebra, geometry, and chemistry. Don's favorite subject is geometry, whereas Latin is quite the opposite. When asked his worst fault, Don shyly replied, "I study too much." But we predict that this "fault" will keep Don continuing right along the road to success.

Reporters: Helen Bequaert, Betty Galvin, Constance Perin, Mary Ellen Priester, David Walsh.

KEVIN McCARTHY

Kevin McCarthy — Mac to his friends — is the lucky Sophomore in this issue. He is a native son, born in 1932 at the City Hospital. He has lived here all his life thus far, and first attended St. John's grammar school, but later transferred to the Ellis, and finally graduated from there. Mac is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall with light brown hair and hazel eyes.

Mac's favorite sport is baseball; he plans to go out for it this spring. His biggest thrill was when Ted Williams hit a homer that landed about two feet from him. Mac's favorite athlete is Bobby Doer. If he were given a thousand dollars he'd like to invest it in the Boston Red Sox, so you can see that here is one strong baseball fan.

In his spare time Mac likes to play baseball and football with the boys in his block, draw airplanes, and read. His favorite author is Robert Stevenson, his favorite book, *Kidnapped*. Mac likes movies, especially comedies, best of all, those starring Danny Kaye. He also likes to eat (a lot), and his main complaint is not having time to eat his lunch. His worst fault is eating too fast, brought on, he claims, by those short lunch periods.

Mac MacCarthy is a far sighted young man. He hopes to enter the University of New Hampshire after graduating, to take a general course, after which he intends to follow in the footsteps of his brother (a graduate of C. H. L. S.) by going into the telephone company. Mac's favorite subject right now is Spanish, and he expresses no great love for Latin. He reached the honor roll once last year, and hopes to get there several times this year, Caesar permitting.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

WELCOME, new members, and a hearty "hello" to all you old members and friends!' As this year promises to be one of the biggest and best with Warren McIsaac, president; Helen Bequart, vice-president; Carolyn Townsend, secretary, and Jeanne Culhane, treasurer, we hope you'll enjoy it with us.

To get under way, we are having a Halloween Party at the Cambridge Boat Club with pumpkins, streamers, cider, doughnuts, and all that goes with the occasion. There'll be bobbing for apples and other games with dancing afterward.

CAROLYN TOWNSEND,
Secretary.

FASHIONS

RUMORS are flying — and they're saying that Sloppy Josephine is gone and Neat Nan is here, for a little while at least. From those dirty saddles, now replaced by neatly polished loafers, (the authors hasten to polish theirs at this point) up to those baggy sweaters, replaced by smooth blouses, something has been added! Definitely new and flattering to your wardrobe are those smart short sleeved sweaters. They originated in the Mid-West and, as we know, all good things start there. The dark shortie sweaters should be complemented by very light skirts (hard on the cleaning bill, we admit, so why not purchase a light-weight washable one which is just as easy on the eyes?)

At last New York has done us a favor and has finally sent our favorite lipstick *Elizabeth Post* to Boston.

It's common knowledge that belts are smart — just look around! Wide ones — narrow ones — jeweled ones — plain ones — soft suede — shiny patent — woollen ones — and painted ones.— nuff said.

Plaids instead of losing their charm, have redoubled their popularity. Everything is plaid-skirts, blouses, coats, hats, dresses, and even socks. Even evening clothes have blossomed in plaid.

The new drooping hemlines may be extremely fashionable, but it is popular opinion that they are rather awkward-looking and do not add a great deal to the attractiveness of the gown. Fans will be sorry to note that skirts are growing longer.

Shoulders are bared to the elements in both daytime and evening dress. Sleeves range all the way from huge, long creations to complete extinction.

High school attire has remained much the same: soft sweaters, worn inside or out, pleated or straight skirts topped by wide belts, white blouses, socks up or down, and dilapidated loafers.

Till next time, kiddies . . .

MARY ELLEN PREISTER, '47.
MARILYN WRIGHT, '47.

THE STUDENT PRINCE

Sigmund Romberg's beloved operetta is coming to the opera house for a two weeks stay, beginning November 4. I most highly recommend that all who can possibly see it should do so. *The Student Prince* is a spectacle you will never forget, and needless to say, Sigmund Romberg's fine score for this operetta is already immortalized. Nothing more need be said, only seen.

CLAIRE BARRETT, '47.

SPORTS

Milton 20 **Latin 12**

Mr. Reardon's debut as coach of the Cambridge grid team was marred when Milton pulled out a 20-12 victory at Milton. Although Bill Cusick battered his way to an early touchdown, the Milton eleven surged ahead and in the fourth quarter scored the decisive touchdown. Jack Crowley, fullback for the Cantabs, scored a second tally in the second half.

St. Sebastian's 14 **Latin 13**

Playing this private school for the first time, Latin lost a heart-breaker, due to a solitary point after a touchdown. The "Big Red" scored first on a pass to Dick Walker from Cowley. Later, Dick Rigarzio waltzed across for another score. However, one extra point proved the difference between victory and defeat.

Quincy 15 **Latin 6**

A third defeat was added to our record when Quincy came to Russell Field and pinned a decisive defeat on the Cantabs. "Red" Polaro's touchdown gallop was the only bright spot in this tussle.

Rindge 24 **Latin 0**

The 32nd encounter in the inter-city series between Rindge and Latin saw the former roll to its 21st triumph. A capacity crowd of over 5000 (no kidding) saw Rindge capitalize on intercepted passes and fumbles to walk away with the game. Captain Earl Daurie was voted the outstanding Latin player in the game.

Belmont 12 **Latin 6**

This was another heart-breaker. Tied at 6 all in the last quarter, Latin fumbled deep in Belmont territory. Thereupon, the visitors proceeded to march down the field to score and win. Jack Cawley pushed over the only Latin score early in the game. Cawley also scored another touchdown, but it was called back.

Weymouth 26 **Cambridge 0**

Weymouth, one of the best teams in Class B, steamrollered over Latin — 26 - 0. Cambridge couldn't compete with them and were decidedly outclassed.

The members of the first team for Latin deserve commendation for their spirit and fight. The starting eleven are Walker and Daurie at ends; Biddle and Chaisson at tackles; Bourque and Bowser also at tackle; Lakis, Zaglakis, Lyons and Troy at guard; Monteith or Haley as center; Paul and Jake Boudreau at quarterback; Polaro, Rigarzio and Kelley at halfback; and Cawley at fullback.

The increased attendance at the games helps the team a lot, and should be kept up at all future games this year.

WILLIAM CRAIG, '47.

BELMONT 13 - C.H.L.S. 6

CAPT. DAURIE

CAWLEY

CHAISSON

P. BOUDREAU

BOURQUE

RIGARZIO

LYONS

BIDDLE

PALARO

R. BOUDREAU

WALKER

LAKIS

WYNATT (BELMONT) THROUGH CENTER, 1 YARD

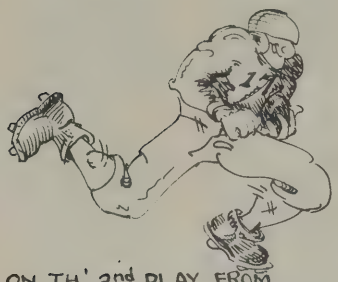
RIGARZIO (C.H.L.S.) OFF TACKLE
9 YARDS

CAWLEY (C.H.L.S) OFF TACKLE
4 YARDS

RIGARZIO (C.H.L.S.) OFF TACKLE, 2 YARDS

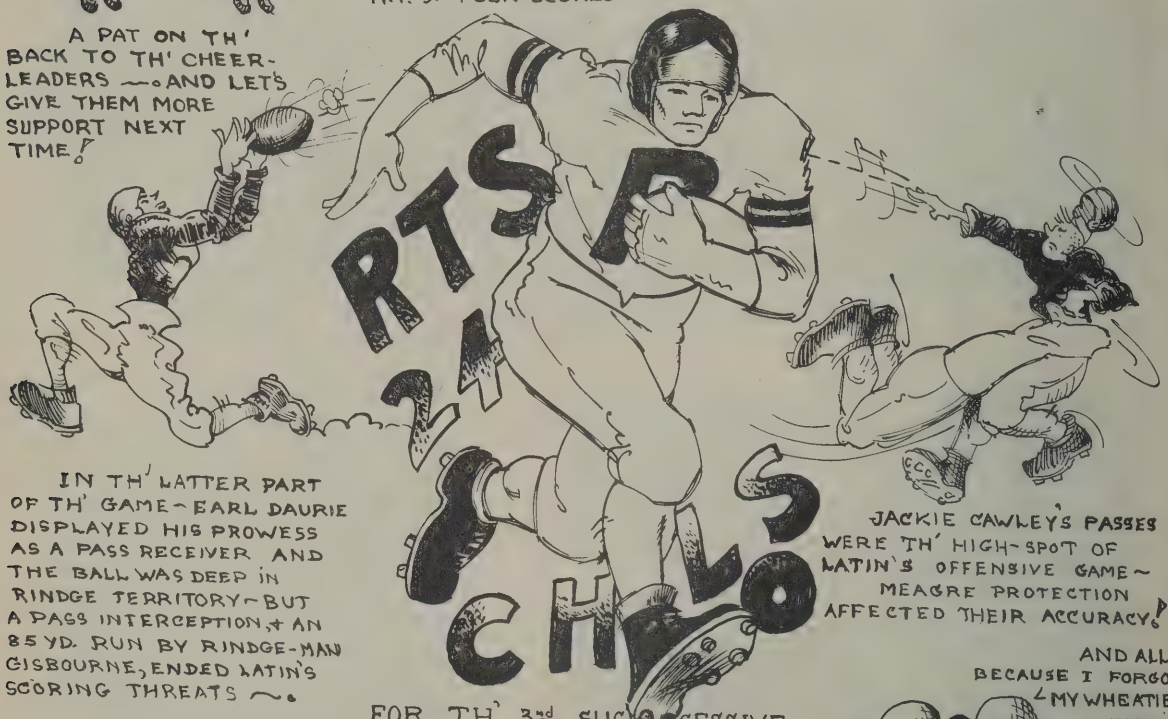
OMIGOSH !

A PAT ON TH' BACK TO TH' CHEER-LEADERS —. AND LET'S GIVE THEM MORE SUPPORT NEXT TIME!



ON TH' 2nd PLAY FROM SCRIMMAGE, TOM HEISE RINDGE STALWART, DASHED THRO' TH' ENTIRE LATIN LINE TO TH' END ZONE FOR TH' 1ST OF R.T.S.' FOUR SCORES —.

YAKA KELLY GOT OFF AN EXCEPTIONAL SPIRAL PUNT IN TH' FOURTH PERIOD —. BUT WE LOST ANY-WAY!

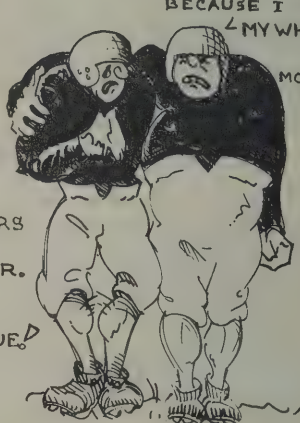


IN TH' LATTER PART OF TH' GAME - EARL DAURIE DISPLAYED HIS PROWESS AS A PASS RECEIVER AND THE BALL WAS DEEP IN RINDGE TERRITORY - BUT A PASS INTERCEPTION, + AN 85 YD. RUN BY RINDGE-MAN GISBOURNE, ENDED LATIN'S SCORING THREATS —.

JACKIE CAWLEY'S PASSES WERE TH' HIGH-SPOT OF LATIN'S OFFENSIVE GAME - MEAGRE PROTECTION AFFECTED THEIR ACCURACY!

FOR TH' 3rd SUCCESSIVE YEAR, LATIN WENT DOWN FIGHTING — AS RINDGE ANNEXED TH' CITY CROWN BY BOUNCING OUR BOYS 24 to GOOSE-EGG!

AND ALL BECAUSE I FORGOT MY WHEATIES THIS MORNING!

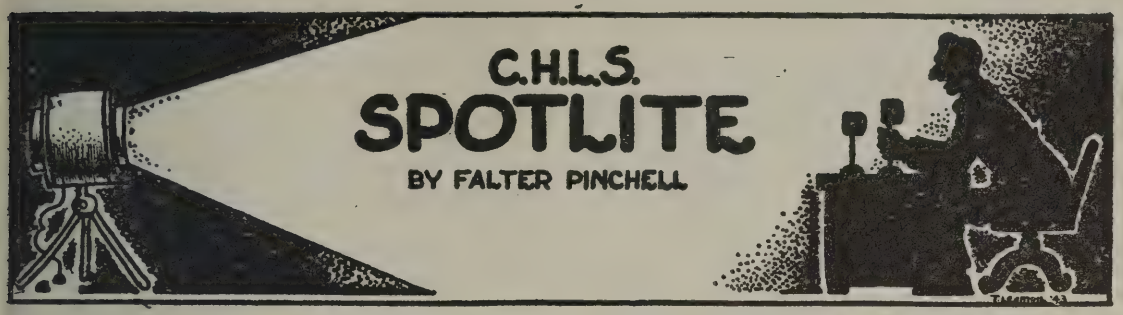


A CAMBRIDGE GENDARME HAD HIS HANDS FULL WITH AN OBSTINATE CANINE —.

YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, OLD BOY!

INDIVIDUAL STARS FOR A LOSING CAUSE WERE ERSTWHILE SR. CLASS PRESIDENT DICK WALKER AND BASIL "LUSH" BOURQUE! DICK'S SPARKLING DEFENSIVE PLAY KEPT THE BOILER-MAKERS ON THEIR TOES!

GEORGIA NYMAN—



HELLO again! Just like the inevitable dateless Saturday night, and those all too many bad report cards, the Spotlite once more is back with old and new faces and figures in the news.

We received the good news that John Hannon of room 315 finally finished that certain project he's been working on for the past two weeks. Dave Walsh is certainly full of pep 5th period. He's just another sleeping beauty! — Congratulations to the school band headed by Martin Martinian for its support behind the cheer leaders; to Earl Daurie on winning the cup for the most outstanding football player on the Latin team, and to the many faithful and loyal fans who show their school spirit by attending all the football games. Seen at the Belmont-Latin game were Marion Murray, Janet Irwin, and Janet White. Pat Powers is one of the many who hasn't missed a single Latin game so far this year. Keep it up Pat! ! Cheering loudly at the Rindge-Latin game were Peggy Sullivan, Joan Conway, and Peggy Kief. Thanks gals! — A little bird told us that Virginia Kin and Tootsie Chapman have become quite the dancers never missing a night at the Riverside Boat Club.— Georgie Nyman is the number one model in her art class. How she loves it! By the way have you noticed Vickie Gabriel's sharp yellow sweater? The $64 question: Who is the great veteran orator of room 306 History class, 2nd period? Huh?

Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for good luck go to the senior class officers — Dick Walker, President; Vin Chaisson, Vice-President; Pat Kennealy, Secretary and Warren McIsaac, Treasurer.

Seventh periods are becoming just part of the daily routine with Pauline O'Hara. What's the big attraction Miss O'Hara? — Hyman Lewis is recognized as being the shining light in the first period physics class.— A great many rivals for senior elections were present at the Rindge-Latin Victory Dance — Chaisson and Barbera, McIsaacs and O'Brien, Walker and Walsh.— Who is the blonde that's carrying a torch for a boy at Rindge? What's the matter with the Latin boys, Blondie?— Seen at a favorite gathering spot in Harvard Square are Loretto Sheehan, Eileen Dinan, Jackie Towers, and Jean Sullivan. Also sipping cokes there are: Lillian Druss, Joan Sullivan, and Barbara Palaro.— In these days of clothing shortages, Carolyn Townsend always gives the appearance of having stepped out of a fashion window. What's the secret, Toni? — Ask Frannie Ehler someday for the latest cheer. It's a honey! — We've never yet seen Karin Enebuske comb her hair. She just doesn't — believe it or not.— After hearing Art MacKenzie's excellent essay on "Dawdling" it's easy to see that he has other talents besides music. Why does Dickie Gurner always wear that bright red sweater? How come, Dick? — Attention, all girls! ! ! Beware the advice Nancy Petropolous gives out — Gloria Gramolini and Lucille Grenier are another inseparable pair as are Marilyn Wright and Joan Larsen. Any suggestions for breaking them up? Has anyone noticed that huge dictionary Florence Ridlon carries around? A number of inquiries have been received as to why Joyce Kelley likes "To Each His Own" so much. The third period Spanish class had a wonderful treat when Warren McIsaac brought to class the picture of his dream girl, "Lena, the Hynena"— Fat Kelley certainly enjoyed the first day of his History class; he fell asleep. He hasn't been seen there since! Stan Poole and Dick White can always be found on Cambridge Common playing football.— Everybody in room 113 is trying to find out whether a certain Donald in there chews the same piece of gum everyday or whether he just rents it from Paul Derby. Margaret Herman is one person that seems to know the answer. Which is the more brilliant — Joe Fournier's Ipana smile or James Rabbitt's Pepsodent one? Another query for our readers — Who is Lucy Lala, Alice Foley, or Joan Conway? — By the way Jimmy Prior rushes into his homeroom after lunch, he should go out for the track team. Another would-be track star is Joanne Barnes, who is always one of the first to reach the lunch room third recess. Betty Meuller and Peggy Donoghue are seen almost every Saturday night at

the Arlington Dances. Among those at our own canteen on Friday nights are Moe Leary, Dot Donovan, Joan Elms, Jack Rice, June Douglas, Gail Lynch, Leo Flanagan, Jimmy Curry, President of the "Under 21 Club," Dave Walsh, Rita Curry, Catherine Cullinane, Loretto Sheehan, and Evelyn Donoghue. Isabel McCrie and Clara Monti are a cute pair that have a gab session every day during recess periods. There's never a dull moment between Jean McLeod and Lucia Puntonio. — All the boys want Pat Haley's telephone number; all the deans want ours.— Alice Foley is always ready with a joke (That's a joke, son!) Have you noticed Lensy and Belle Chao's new permanents? Everyone also admires Doris Foley's new short hair.— June Douglas and Gail Lynch are as inseparable as Mutt and Jeff.— Jeanette White and Marion Murray believe in swapping clothes — Seen at a reecnt slumber party at Joan Conway's house were Ann Foley, Nancy Rose, Barbara Casey, Joan Mitchell, Maureen Coleman, and Mary Kennedy. Everyone had a game time staying awake! ! Helen Hickey seems to be having some trouble keeping her kerchief on in the school bus. We hope the temptation of working in a candy store won't be too great for Claire Connolly.— Mary Ritz, so we hear, is a holy terror. By the looks of the crowd pouring in and out of room 227 you'd think there was a sale of sugar.

Alice White is just dying to cut up frogs in biology as is Nellie Lee. The veterans just won't give up until they find a new way to do the examples in Math.— Sal DiMaggio has taken to wearing no coat in school. No more suspenders, huh, Sal? Phyllis Monroe usually strolls into her homeroom at 8:29.— The night of the G. A. A. Halloween Party, Loretto Sheehan was all decked up in a convict's costume.

Janie Butler, who is on the Filene Fashion Board, representing C. H. L. S. mentioned the Inter-Hi-School Dance to be given December 6, in the Louis 14th Ballroom at the Hotel Somerset. Exhibition dancing will be given by the Filene Fashion Board members with Arthur Murray instructors. Sounds like fun! By the way, who's this "Red Streak" we've been hearing about? Could it possibly be another Kilroy?

For the sake of all those who have been pleading to see their names in print, we reserved this paragraph. And to everybody we wish a happy Thanksgiving vacation.

Norma Higgins, '47
Emma Thomas, '47

JUNIOR RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

DURING the week of October 21st the Red Cross representatives held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers. Gail Fitzpatrick, a sophomore, has been chosen secretary, Joan Sullivan, treasurer, and Jeanne Eddy, chairman. Jeanne, who is a newcomer to C. H. L. S. hails from Springfield, where she served as Vice President of Junior Red Cross, as well as editor of the school paper.

The council has yet to be selected. However, names have been submitted to Miss Ward and will be counted as soon as possible. There will be five representatives from each of the four classes which will make a total of twenty.

From October 1 through October 15th we held the enrollment drive. The whole school has given one-hundred per cent.

During the month of November we shall start preparing for Christmas. Dolls will be dressed by girls and the boys will repair old toys at the Red Cross headquarters. All of the schools will fill gift boxes.

A few girls have volunteered to go to the Red Cross and help serve cocoa and do other tasks each week. This service is appreciated no end by many.

This will give you a bird's eye view of our planned activities through December.

Gail Fitzpatrick, '49.

OUTING CLUB

GREETINGS, nature lovers! Once again the Outing Club welcomes you to a year full of enjoyment spent in the out of doors. At our first meeting we made plans for future skating parties, weinie roasts, theatre parties, folk dancing, supper walks, a trip to the quaint Wayside Inn, a talk by Kenneth Korb on his treasures, and a trip to the Audubon house to see movies, in addition to our usual bird walks.

One sunny Friday afternoon we went on an excursion through the Mt. Auburn cemetery in quest of birds. Among those seen were the kingfisher, phoebe, chipping sparrow, and two ring-necked pheasants. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed himself.

On our second trip, to Fresh Pond, home of many beautiful birds, were seen meadowlarks, chipping sparrows, juncos, chickadees, black ducks, and herring gulls, to mention only a few of our feathered friends. Now that the hunting season has started, many rare ducks will be seen at Fresh Pond since they know they are safe there.

The club at present has a large membership and welcomes any new members, particularly freshmen.

Why don't you join the fun?

Lois Moran, '47.

"SOUND OFF"

LET'S drop a few hints "Tweet" Reardon's way and let him know about the lunch period football sessions that are being held on the library lawn, these crisp autumn days so he can gaze upon those superb reverses and passes "run off" by the vets. Too bad the vets haven't a football team as there is much talent in the person of Boudreau, Graham, Kelly, Foley, Raymond, Higgins, Spartachino, Margey, and Sullivan. The others not mentioned aren't to be scoffed at either.

While on the subject of sports we would like to mention that arrangements are almost completed for a vet's hockey team. With what known talent we now have, there is not a reason in the world why we shouldn't go undefeated. Among the hustling "goal getters" we have "Pebbles" Leary, "Mousie" Kelly, "Stan" Brinkerhoff, Eddie O'Connell, not to mention our goal tenders, Dwyer, (Belmont's Frankie Brimsek) and Spartachino. Hoping for a successful season with the vets, we invite the student body to keep us in the win column with their loyal support and vigorous cheering section.

"Jose" Gilmore beats a mean 88 as well as "Bill" (the Embalmer) Keough with "Bill" White on the drums.

Let's pause three minutes in memory of poor Mr. Barry during the third and fifth periods — too many vets A. W. O. L. for classes. Lewis and LaFonde and Tobin are Trigonometry masters. In closing, the enrollment of vets is 108 including two ex-Waves, and from observations we should say that the group is growing every day.

C. S. SULLIVAN,
P. L. FOLEY,
Veterans.

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

THE French Club held its first meeting on October eighteenth; a large attendance indicated strong student interest. John Boucher, the president, presented the other new officers:

Vice-President—Kirk Taylor
Secretary—Carolyn Cremens
Treasurer—Kenneth Carwile
Program Committee—Patricia Grogan, chairman; Helen Bequaert, Beverley Brown, Betty Ann Galvin, Joan Kelley.

The club hopes to continue to send bundles of food and clothing to French war orphans. Last year we "adopted" a girl and a boy and sent them each two packages a month for six months. Not only club members but also other students in French and Spanish classes contributed food, clothing, and money for postage. In addition some individual students "adopted" orphans and took full responsibility for mailing them two packages a month; the pupils of Miss Parsons' classes "adopted"two.

The French Club would greatly appreciate donations of non-perishable food, used clothing, and money from anyone interested in helping the war orphans.

Other plans of the club include going on a conducted tour of French painting at the Fogg Museum, seeing a French film, playing games in French, singing French songs, and having a *fête musicale.*

CAROLYN CREMENS, '47.

THE UNDER 21 CLUB

One of the main events of the year was the C. H. L. S.-Rindge Victory dance at the Rindge Gym. A record crowd showed up to see trophies presented to Earl Daurie and Tom Heise, elected by the patrons of both football teams. Coaches Reardon and Galligan presented the awards, which we hope will be treasured as a memento of the outstanding ability of these two athletes.

The club has been having juke-box dances every Friday night in the Latin girls' Gym, which has been our temporary location while waiting for a more permanent site.

Planned for the coming year are a Sadie Hawkins' Day Dance, New Year's Eve Semi-formal, classes in dancing of every description, debating, drawing, and numerous other activities which will be announced.

Any questions about any phase of the club may be answered by the following officers:

David Walsh—President

James Curry—Vice-President

Robert O'Brien—Secretary

Eileen Dinan—Treasurer

THE SPANISH CLUB

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Friday, November 1, in room 234. Jennie Katsulis is the new president. Miss Parsons and Mr. Frisoli are faculty advisers for the club.

TO THE CLASS OF 1950

THE present school year will mark the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of what we now know as the High and Latin School. Ours is a rich and fruitful heritage — a heritage to which we trust the members of the freshman class will add in good measure.

It is well to keep in mind the purpose of your coming. School has been described as a preparation for life — a preparation for a taking up of one's station and one's duty in that larger community of strangers we call the world.

Upon the fulfillment of your obligations here to your parents and yourselves will depend the success that is to come. Please make the most of your opportunities.

T. F. DOWNEY,
Headmaster.

TO THE CLASS OF 1950

WE are glad to welcome you as members of the Cambridge High and Latin School. We wish you to accept and enjoy the many extra curricular activities that the school has to offer. We also want you to realize from the beginning that your scholastic success depends primarily upon yourselves: no one can teach you unless you are willing to learn. This process of learning involves several factors, the first of which is the effort that you yourselves expend. This means constant, well directed study, regular attendance, and your acceptance of the discipline imposed by the school authorities.

In order to succeed, then, you must cooperate with all members of the faculty; they are here for the sole purpose of assisting you not only to become good students, but also to develop into responsible individuals who will be able to make your way in whatever field you select.

If you experience difficulty in any school activity, scholastic or social, your master and dean stand ready to help you.

JOHN J. SHEEHAN,
Assistant Headmaster.

HILDA F. RUSSELL,
Dean of Freshman Girls.

FRESHMAN NOTES

THE freshmen have started the year with a bang —they have their own football squad and what is more they support it with gusto. Seniors would do well to copy, and as you will see in this column they are very ambitious REVIEW supporters —

A question often heard among the members of the Freshman class is "Who is Kilroy," and it's such a stickler that even the Seniors can't answer it . . . Arline Nilson has to talk to her locker to make it open . . . Wonder how Nancy Powers and June Burgess manage to get in line first every day . . . We're all glad to see Pat Ouelette back after an attack of rheumatic fever . . . Ancient History in the time of the cave men,—"I came, I saw, I concked her" . . . Roberta Smith, Marjorie Taylor, and Mary Sousa are three girls with remarkable school spirit . . . Joan Worman, "Warmie," we call her, is always busy for the REVIEW — that's the spirit we like to see . . . Helen Trobasso and Lorraine Ugolini are very mischievous . . . Annie Holmes' wallet is full of the most interesting snapshots — sigh . . . some of our many members of the football squad are Ray Girad, Jackie Watts ("Broken Finger" Watts, they call him), Jimmy Bennett, Tommy Vessilla, Raymond Lewis, Bobby Tierney, Dick Foley, Lourie Wolacin, and George McCarron — keep up the good fight, boys . . . Is school wonderful! Especially when you know your lessons — and that is the honest truth . . . Patricia Breen has great talent in art and we hope that she gets places with it . . . With the help of Coach Reardon and Capain Henry Chester our team really ought to go places . . . Ann Murphy is by far the Quiz Kid of the Ancient History class — who can be her closest rival? . . . Marjorie Taylor, a loyal REVIEW worker, is known as the "Dime Girl" . . . Connie Grogan and Peggy Stewart are an inseparable pair . . . Nancy Morrison is known as the girl with the Pepsodent smile and she shows it often . . . Gene Palaro is very well known about in Room 127 . . . Seen at the recent Victory dance were Marilyn O'Brien, and Joanne Nauffts . . . Richard Costa is following in the footsteps of his brother and he, too, promises to be a great athlete . . . Jean Murphy has been able to attend the recent football games on her back porch . . . Ruth Morranian looks darling in the dresses she makes for herself with such skill. Dick Foley seems to make it every morning at 8:29 — someday it's going to be 8:30 if he doesn't watch out . . . Victor Ruffing has the most handsome ties . . . and have you seen the bright yellow sweater that Donald Edge wears? . . . We hope that Mary Tate does as well in New York as she did in Cambridge . . . Joanne Nauffts, Sheila Monteith, Arline Nilson, Joan Kidston, Nancy Morrison, Cynthia Coleman, and Sally Parnell have been seen recently taking a whirl at the social life . . . the latest in hobbies is Katrinka Jansen's collection of different types of hair . . . Wonder if Walter Curcio has writing abilities which equal those of his big brother . . . Have you noticed Joan McDonald's new hair style? —bangs, that is . . . Eddie Sax seems to be doing

splendidly after his operation . . . With Ancient "Misery" tests coming around soon everyone is nose-deep in books including Al Sanders, Franny Rowley and Madge Shatz . . . Speaking of reading, Barbara Rodley likes to be seen walking home with one eye on the road and the other on a book . . . Bob Sargeant seems to be doing a fine job on the REVIEW . . . Virginia Rivinius and Barbara Sandock are great football fans as they haven't missed a game yet . . . Gym classes are really hard to take out on the track 'cause on those cold mornings we get woken up — oh the pity of it all! . . . The girls seem to be getting taller every year and the boys shorter — what will the situation be like in 1950? . . . Room 118 has an enrollment of 58 — all the more reason why it should have a 100 percent REVIEW subscription, my dears . . . Found! one nightingale by the name of Mary Anne DeBose . . . not getting enough sleep these nights, Fred McKean? . . . G. A. A. initiation day brought out many unusual sights among the Freshman who really looked sweet and demure in their yellow ribbons, but many sore arms were had due to lugging the bags around . . . As you can see this is actually your column, Freshman, so keep the notes coming, and a hearty welcome to C. H. L. S. from your old, weather-beaten upperclassmen.

CONSTANCE PERIN, '47.
Freshman Notes Editor.

THEATRE

AT the Colonial Theatre June Duprez and Eva Le Galliene with the more than capable assistance of Victor Jory, Walter Hampden, Richard Waring, Philip Bourneuf, and Margaret Webster bring to life Barrie's immortal play *What Every Woman Knows.* Miss Duprez, as Maggie, gaves a characterization which will be hard to surpass. The conquerable Eva Le Gallienne is a remarkable, convincing, lovable, and tantalizing countess. The supporting players are each worthy of all the praise I could possibly give them. With the combination of players in this production, *What Every Woman Knows* is one of the best things that Boston has had during the past three months.

Helen Hayes appeared in Boston in *Happy Birthday.* It is not the type of play one would expect to see Miss Hayes in, but she has obviously once again got a hit on her hands. She has also a vehicle which proves the vast range of her ability.

CLAIRE BARRETT, '47.

G. A. A. REPORT

Hello, everybody!

The G. A. A. has started the year 1946-1947 with Peggy Kief as President, Pat Kokinakis as vice-president and treasurer, Jane Butler as secretary, and Nancy Becker, Joan Conway, Anne Foley and Peggy Sullivan on the executive committee.

The freshmen made a grand showing this year. There wasn't any initiation, but for one day they wore huge yellow bows in their hair and carried their books in old shopping bags. There was also a candle light ceremony in the gym on October 4th at which time the girls took their G. A. A. vows.

Due praise should be given our cheer leaders — Pat Kokinakis, Joan Kelley, Evelyn Donahue, Lois Moran, Frances Ehler, Jane Butler, Maureen O'Leary, Nancy Nugent and Dot Donovan under the leadership of Lorretto Sheehan for the fine work they have been doing. The girls certainly look smart in their new blue skirts and maroon sweaters.

Basket ball practice has started and so far the freshmen have the largest group. Come, Juniors and Seniors, we can't let our lower classmates beat us! The names of the class captains will be given in the next issue.

A Halloween party was held in the gym on October 25th. Joan Conway and Anne Foley, who were in charge of the decorations had the room trimmed in black and yellow paper with cut out cats. A skeleton, "Frank Sinatra," was draped on the wall at one end and a scare crow at the other end. Cider and doughnuts and apples were served by Peggy Kief and Nancy Beaker who were in charge of the refreshments. Pat Kokinakis and Peggy Sullivan were in charge of the entertainment; and prizes were awarded for the best costumes to Alice Carbonaro, June Burgess, Rose Mary Murphy, and Florence Decamento by the Misses Russell, McLaughlin, and George. Jane Butler was the official greeter at the door.

Here is a suggestion to the freshmen. If they wish to get the most out of the parties, they must learn to control their voices and bring to the G. A. A. the dignity as well as the fun that brings happiness to all.

Tickets for the Formal on November 15th may now be obtained from Miss Brown. Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores are asked to get their reservations early or they may hear the fatal words, "No more tickets."

See you next REVIEW time.

PEARL BOYCE, '47.

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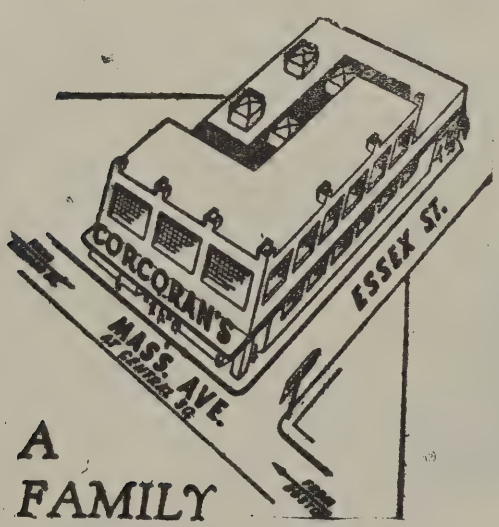

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'Twas the night before Christmas,
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Christmas Seals

. . . Your Protection Against Tuberculosis

The Christmas Seal Stamps had been sent out with care
In the hope that your help very soon would be there.
We sick ones were tucked in our hospital beds,
While visions of healthiness danced in our heads.
And our doctor in shirt sleeves and nurse in her cap
Had just closed their eyes for a much-needed nap,
When out of the night there arose such a clatter
God had to look down to see what was the matter.
From clinic to clinic, the news spread like a flash:
"All Christmas Seal Stamps have been turned into cash!"
And each cough-shattered chest and pain-ridden brow
Was less tortured, less shattered, less feverish now.
For all generous hearts had answered the call
By giving the greatest gift of all.*
More rapid than heartbeats, your Christmas gifts came,
And we wept and we blessed every unsigned name.
There were nickels and dimes piled high as hills.
There were quarters, half dollars, and folded bills—
A ONE, a FIVE, a TEN, a TWENTY,
Fifties and hundreds and thousands—a-plenty.
And then, in a twinkling, it all became clear
What good would be done with it all, next year.
—There'd be funds for research and the quick diagnosis
To prevent and control tuberculosis.
—Case-finding clinics for constant inspections
To cut down the rate and the root of infections.
—Vocational counselling to guide us back
And keep us on the healthy track.
So we closed our eyes with a grateful smile,
And slept and dreamed for a little while.
And God, whose job it is to nurse
A sick and ailing universe,
Thoughtfully nodded His kindly head
Then, in His voice of mercy said,
"Blessings on this freely-given wealth,
Merry Christmas to all and to all . . . GOOD HEALTH."

*The Greatest Gift of All Is Health

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

DECEMBER 1946

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In Memoriam

ON June 28th Grace Anna Coyle passed away at her summer home in Beachmont. For the past five years she had been in failing health, which had occasioned her retirement from her teaching position.

Born in Cambridge, she attended the city schools, receiving her A. B. degree from Radcliffe College and some years later her A. M. from Boston University. Her first year after graduation from college she spent as a lay teacher of English at Mt. St. Mary School for girls at Hooksett, New Hampshire, where she formed many enduring friendships. Later she taught in Revere and then became principal of the Fresh Air School in Cambridge. In 1915 she began her teaching in the Cambridge High and Latin School, where she continued until her retirement.

During her fuller years she had many interesting travels, several trips to Europe, one to the Wordsworth Country which particularly delighted her. Besides there were trips to South America, California and the South, and Alaska, where she saw the plane of Will Rogers just after the fatal crash.

She was truly great-hearted, a genuine lover of people, beloved by a wide circle of friends.

ELLEN C. DOHERTY.

BOTH pupils and teachers suffered a keen loss previous to the opening of the school year in the death of Miss Louise Kennedy, a teacher in the Home Economics department.

For some months, prior to her death Miss Kennedy had been ill, but though the ailment was severe she made a valiant effort to recover and for a time it appeared that her victory had been won and she returned to her classes for a brief period. However the effort proved to have so weakened her resistance that she was again forced to abandon her work. She grew steadily weaker and succumbed in August.

Miss Kennedy had been a member of the faculty for over fifteen years and enjoyed a genuine friendship among her colleagues and students. As a teacher, she devoted her best talents to her work and was rewarded for this endeavor by a sincere and deep respect which always had been given to her by the girls in her classes.

M. A. Harrington

FRIENDS of Miss Gertrude Mason at the Cambridge High and Latin School were grieved to learn of her death in November. Miss Mason taught the senior stenography classes for many years. She not only trained her pupils in the technique of shorthand so that they were able to take their places successfully in business, but she also inspired them to high ideals. The loss to the school was great when she retired, and there are many who will always remember her with kindness and gratitude.

M. L. Slade

Editorials

"NO man is an island entire to itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind." As a cry for universal interdependence, John Donne of England wrote these immortal words more than three hundred years ago. In a good beginning the members of the United Nations seem to be working to fulfill the not very deep content of this quotation. Let no one say that they are not on the right road, for the prophets of many ages have been trying to reach the same goal, and it has taken a war, a crude awakening, to bring men to attempt to stop giving lip service to the hope of interdependance and cooperation, and to act. Christmas, a symbol of brotherhood and good-will, is a better time than the aftermath of war in which to renew this age-old hope because all men everywhere are fully conscious that a great Teacher of almost two thousand years ago showed that "no man is an island".

The war did not touch us here at home any further than shortages, queues for hard-to-get items, rationing, and the loss of loved ones. We did not lose homes through the ravages of war, or starve for lack of food, and to the people of the world who did have these tragedies and many more, happen to them it is a definite reality and the mark of suffering will be long upon them. So, to us, preparing to celebrate the great festival marking the birth of Christ, all these facts seem very remote and far-removed from our lives. This cannot be so. If it is true that we are all a part of the continent of mankind, we are all affected by what has befallen our unfortunate brothers, be it in our consciences only. The effect on our consciences is cause enough for us to be concerned. However, being concerned without action upon this concern is like knowing that an examination is going to be given and not preparing for it. In both cases the result is the same: the concern and the knowledge do no one any good because there has been no action taken on either, and they remain merely a concern and a knowledge.

Let us remember that we are all involved in mankind, and the best way to put this reality into working use is right in our own lives. To realize this does not mean that we must attempt to do something for a person with whom we have no everyday contact because that would prove ineffective and useless. We can, though, begin with ourselves and the people around us. Jesus did just that in His life. Being involved in mankind is a gift that men seem to treat lightly; it is a gift that is given only once and the receivers, all men, should regard it highly and use it unselfishly. "Therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee".

C. P.

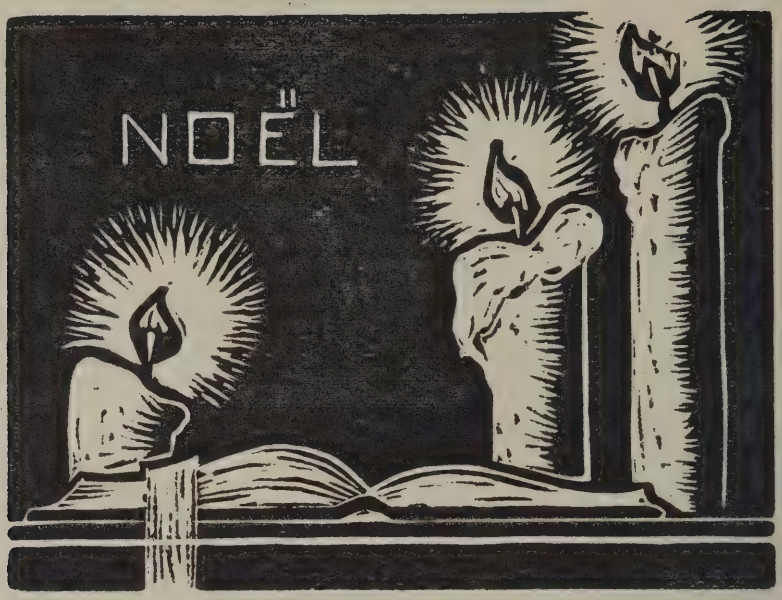
SCHOOL spirit seems to be a phrase unkown in the vocabulary of the majority of the students of Cambridge High and Latin. At our most important game of the season, the Rindge-Latin massacre, hardly one fifth of the school was represented. Every student who failed to attend the game should hang his or her head in shame. The game was played on a holiday in the morning, early enough so as not to disrupt any plans which had been made for later in the day, and late enough to afford ample time to catch some extra shuteye. Despite this fact, the greater number of the student body was "in absentia." Not so at the Belmont-Watertown game played Thanksgiving morning. Not only the present students but the alumni of both schools were present. The bleachers were thronged; the crowd overflowed onto the field, and massed behind the goalposts. How many years has it been since such a spectacle was witnessed at Russell Field?

The general belief here at C. H. L. S. seems to be that school spirit is "passe", a spectre of the dear, but dead past. It is definitely not old fashioned to give one's team the whole-hearted support which they deserve but a duty to uphold the honor of one's alma mater.

There is still sufficient opportunity to arouse the dormant school spirit at C. H. L. S. Hockey, basketball, and baseball are now in the offing, and this year our hockey team promises to be one of the best in the state. A trophy is to be awarded to the outstanding hockey player of the season, a prize any student should be eager to claim.

In the forthcoming months let the seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen of C. H. L. S. set an example for neighboring schools. Let us show them what is meant by school spirit. If the teams realize that their classmates are solidly behind them every inch of the way, they cannot help being champions.

F. McD.



Christmas Memories

ONE of the things I like best about Christmas is the memories it leaves that I can cherish years later. Christmas and the day before it are not ordinary days which come quietly and pass, unnoticed, into nothingness; parts of them are saved and enjoyed over and over again.

One of my favorite memories goes back to an afternoon before Christmas when I was quite little. I suppose I was really eight or nine years old, and thought I was awfully grown-up but it seems a long time ago now. Our Christmas tree was especially beautiful that year. I remember it perfectly. It was tall and well filled-out-much too big for the room, mother said, but I loved its majestic height. With its mass of dark, glossy needles and its heavy fragrance, it dominated the living room. I hung bright balls on the lower branches, which were the only ones I could reach. One ball I dropped, and it shattered into a thousand shining stars on the carpet. Of course I was heart-broken, but I remember noticing through my tears how the pieces glistened in the firelight. As I looked down at the broken ball, I did not know that years later I would recapture in my memory that afternoon, with the fragrant tree, and stars on the carpet.

I have memories also about waking up on Christmas morning, about that special thrill of excitement you feel when, half awake, you realize what day it is. There is one particular morning which I remember very clearly. When I woke on that morning long ago, my room was dark. It was cold, too, and I started to burrow deep down under the blankets. Then, all of a sudden, I knew. But could I get up yet? We children had promised, the night before, to stay in bed until seven o'clock. I fumbled for my clock, which I knew was on the table beside my bed, and at last felt its cold metal under my fingers. By peering closely at the hands, I figured out that they read six-thirty. By now I was wide awake, and terribly excited. The panes of the window at the foot of my bed showed as pale grey squares. Pulling a blanket around my shoulders, I huddled by the window to look out into the Christmas world. A wonderful surprise was waiting for me. Soft, feathery snow-flakes were falling quietly, powdering the world with magic. I opened the window and, feeling a little awed,

leaned out into hushed beauty. Snow fell on my hair, on my up-turned face, and each flake was caught for a moment in its perfection before it melted. With my bare hand, I scooped some of the white fluffiness from the window sill, and put it in my mouth. Always shall I remember its sharp coldness. A miracle of white beauty had happened overnight, and I alone was awake to see and feel its loveliness. Suddenly the spell was broken, for I heard bare feet coming along the hall towards my room. I shut the window quickly, and bounced back into bed. In a moment my sister was jumping on me, shouting, "Wake up, wake up; it's Christmas!"

I cherish these memories, for they mean that Christmas never dies. Our Christmas tree, the starry pieces of the broken ball, the first thrill of waking up that morning, the snow, these are memories which I hope I shall have always.

Susanne Stephens '47

CHRISTMAS CHEER

CHRISTMAS is supposedly a time of joy and cheer, but as each yuletide season rolls around and I begin my fruitless search among battling Christmas shoppers for suitable gifts, my joy and cheer slowly ebb away, leaving me in an all-time low despair. Each year I make a forceful resolution to myself to do my Christmas shopping early, and each year I find myself dashing off to town two days before Christmas to acquire a gift for some long-lost and forgotten relative or friend.

This year, at least, I decided to be extremely clever and to accomplish the tortuous task long before the rush. However, imagine my chagrin when I arrived in town and found the stores jammed, the streets packed with people, and nothing to buy. The prices on the few gift possibilities in the stores sent my eyebrows staggering skyward and left me with an open mouth and an empty wallet.

Battling the crowds requires deep determination, great perseverance, and perhaps a hat pin or two. Being smothered in a stout lady's fur coat in a crowded elevator is not my idea of delightful recreation, but the only alternative is to trudge up and down flights of stairs, after which I would be quite contented to be borne homeward on a stretcher.

My friends and relatives are of the type who, thinking they are being helpful, tell me outright what they want as a gift. Hours of weary searching reveal the fact that the articles are practically extinct in the stores. So out of desperation I purchase something which I am almost certain they already have.

For years I have tried by various means to persuade my mother to do my buying. For a while this worked quite well, as she is fond of shopping, but even she could not stand up under the onslaught, and once again I was forced to put myself at the mercy of the season's crowds. Getting up to a counter through the throng presents another problem. Unfortunately, I was not born with extra-long arms, nor am I eight feet tall. In fact, when after a century (or so it seems) has flown by and I finally arrive at the counter, the salesgirls seem to take great pleasure in waiting on me last. I usually emerge from these exhausting bouts with my feet mangled, my clothes in tatters, and my heart bitter. Indeed, by the time vacation is under way, I have lost all interest in it and cannot enjoy it comfortably.

Oh, how I yearn for the good old days when I was happily ignorant, when I believed that all presents originated with Santa Claus!

Marilyn Wright '47

CHRISTMAS EVE

THE most beautiful night in the year is Christmas Eve. Then the whole world seems at peace, and joy reigns over all.

Sitting at our firesides, gazing about us, we see a scene very close to us which reflects the joy and happiness which everyone feels at this time. In the far corner of the room gleams the gay Christmas tree with its glittering, colorful ornaments and twinkling lights. Beneath it wrapped in patterned paper and decorated with vivid ribbons and cheery seals, are heaps of presents which will bring much excitement for young and old alike. Outside, a group of cherubic carolers is singing the heart-warming and joyful songs of Christmastide, so dear to all. Around them the soft flakes are spreading a fluffy, white blanket over the earth, and on it play the bright-colored house lights.

Our minds shift from this scene to the time when Herod was king, and in the little town of Bethlehem, a babe was born to Joseph and Mary. He was laid in a straw bed in a manger, and around Him stood cattle, oxen and asses. Lowly shepherds left their flocks, and followed the bright star which had come to rest over this stable, and they came to behold and adore this child. Wise men from afar were gathered here also, to offer rare gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to Christ, the Savior, Prince of Peace. This child, born in a humble manger, was the Lord, whom men had waited for for years, and whom men, centuries later, still worship and adore.

Although there is, physically, a great deal of difference between these two scenes, one is sym-

bolic of the other. This is very important to remember at this time, for we must give our gifts and greetings to bring joy and friendship to others, as God sent his son to bring joy to us on that first Christmas so many years ago.

Joan Kelly '47

THE IMPENETRABLE FOREST

ONCE upon a time, at the edge of a dark impenetrable forest, lived a poor wood-cutter and his wife. The wood-cutter's name was Xo. Now, don't be surprised by the quaintness of his name, for it has a definite meaning in the language of his country. It means "gun." Xo's wife was named Xa. She was a good woman, making no complaints about her humble lot. That is, she *almost* made no complaints. "Next to a mink coat," she would say, "I long for a darling son."

Her wish was fervently echoed by her husband, the wish about the baby, I mean, not the wish about the mink coat. Unfortunately, their wish had little chance of coming true, for, although they were married for almost twelve years, their cottage did not yet sound with the clatter of little feet.

One fine morning, Xo set out for the forest with his ax in fine spirits. (I mean Xo was in fine spirits, not the ax.) Of course he did not go into the forest. Hadn't he heard that anyone who went into the forest never came out? Not being a fool Xo was very content to chop off the smaller trees at the edge of the forest. As his ax struck hard against a stout trunk, he heard a shrill twitter in the foliage above. Then a sharp voice cried out.

"Be a pal and spare our tree, huh, Mr. Woodcutter?"

"Who are you?" Xo quavered.

"I'm a bird."

"Birds can't talk!"

"I can, because I went to school."

"Oh, of course."

"Listen, if you promise to spare this tree, I'll see that any wish you make comes true."

This was wonderful! "Can you give us a little son?" he asked eagerly.

The bird thought it over for a while. "This is a tough one," he said, "but I tell you what. I'll give you a son under a certain condition."

"What is the condition?"

"I'll tell you in time."

This arrangement satisfied Xo and the two parted on the best of terms.

Next day, a son was born to Xo and Xa. The couple was delirious with joy. Xo exchanged all of his meager savings for cigars which he passed around to his astonished friends. Gurgling happily, Xa even forgot her desired mink coat in looking at her son. (I mean the baby was gurgling, not Xa.) Naturally, the parents wanted a suitable name for the child. Instead of calling his son Junior, as a fond papa would do in some countries, Xo called his son Xoxo, which means "son of a gun."

Years passed. Finally, Xoxo was old enough to take the ax and chop wood in place of his father. On a fine spring morning, Xoxo went to the edge of the forest. However, before he had a chance to chop at any tree, he heard the same shrill voice that his father had heard years ago.

"Hi there! You must be Xoxo."

"How did you know my name? Besides, how can a bird talk?"

"I can, because I went to school."

"Oh, of course."

"You know, you should be very grateful to me, because when your parents wanted a son, I was the one who gave you to them."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Birdie."

"You're welcome. Now, in return, I want you to go into the forest to bring back a pearl necklace for me. Run along and tell your father that this is the condition I made when I gave you to them."

When Xoxo told his father what the bird said, Xo was naturally dismayed. However, Xoxo wanted to go and he had three good reasons for going. First, his father had given his word. Moreover, Xoxo was eager for the adventure. Lastly, (This is the most important reason.) if he did not go, I would have no story.

Next morning, Xoxo set out in high spirits for the forest. Inside the forest, tall trees shut out the hot sun making the interior nice and cool. Before long, Xoxo rested and spread out his lunch which his mother had lovingly packed for him. An apple pie, ham sandwiches, and bottles of Coco Cola tasted delicious under the shade of the big trees. This job of getting the necklace was really not bad!

Twelve days later, Xoxo sank down exhausted beside a tree. He was hopelessly lost, hungry, and tired. His food had given out. No one handed any pearl necklace to him on a silver platter. He leaned back with a sigh and, without any warning, fell into a little hole. He was just in time too, for no sooner had he recovered his breath when he heard the thumping footsteps of a giant. Peeping out from his hole, he saw a giant so huge and evil-looking that his spine tingled with fright. The giant took off a bag from his shoulders and brought out from its huge joints of meat and great flasks of wine. Xoxo watched this feast being spread out, his mouth watering, but he didn't dare to ask the giant for any food because he was afraid of being eaten as dessert. Just then, his eyes caught sight of a slender stick. Xoxo, being a very smart boy, had learned to be a ventriloquist in his spare time. As the giant gorged himself with food, he

heard a stern voice commanding him to stop. Imagine his amazement and fear when he found that the voice proceeded from the stick of wood beside him!

"I am a magic stick gifted with wonderous powers. If you do not share your food with my dear friend who is resting in the hole yonder, I'll beat you to death!"

These last few words were uttered in such a threatening tone that the giant hastened to obey. Xoxo took the food offered by the giant and went right to work. After the (urp!) meal, Xoxo took up the stick and demanded to be lead to the giant's castle. How did he know that the giant had a castle? You should know by now that in fairy tales giants always own castles with lots of captives and treasures. Why should this giant be an exception? After miles of tramping, with the giant stalking sullenly in front and Xoxo waving the stick menacingly in the rear, the two finally arrived at the giant's huge black castle. Since the place was not calculated to soothe one's nerves, Xoxo immediately went to the point and demanded that the giant give up his treasures and free his captives. With and ugly scowl, the giant went down to his cellar and brought up a huge chest, filled to the top with brilliant jewels and gold. Then he went down to the dungeons and freed the captives. Soon the joyous cries of the freed captives filled the castle. There was a beautiful princess among the many captives of the giant whom Xoxo loved at first sight. (I mean the princess, not the giant.) She returned his love with interest and the two were married then and there.

It was a happy group of people who found their way out of the forest a few days later. Needless to tell, Xo and Xa nearly wept with joy to see their son again. They welcomed the princess kindly and treated her like a daughter. Only one thing more was needed to make their happiness complete. Xoxo opened the ponderous chest that the giant gave him. The eyes of his parents were fairly blinded by the brilliance of the treasure. Xo, the practical soul, immediately took the chest to the nearest jeweler to have some of it exchanged for cash. He was thunderstruck by what the jeweler told him. The jewels were not real! Fortunately, his philosophical view of life saved him. After all, shouldn't he be happy enough when his son came back safely and even brought home a beautiful princess for wife?

Years later, a son was born to the young couple. They named him Xoxoxo, which means "son of a son of a gun." As the boy grew up, he showed a marked tendency to explore. It was not long before he, too, set out for the forest. A few weeks later, he also came back with a beautiful princess and a chest full of (I weep to say) imitation jewelry.

However, stubborness runs in the family.

Just yesterday, I talked to a descendant of Xo. He had just come back from an expedition to the forest with a beautiful princess and a chest full of imitation jewelry. Tis name is Xoxoxo-xoxoxoxoxoxoxo, which means "son of a son of a son of a son of a....."

Perhaps the giant doesn't have any real jewelry. How did the bird make Xo's wish come true? It seemed that he was a big white bird with a long beak and very long legs.

Lensey Chao, '47

THE ART OF ENJOYING

CONTRARY to general opinion, enjoyment is not something one inherits, nor is it a gift to be used, and then carelessly cast aside until one finds oneself in need of it again. It is an art. It is as much one of the fine arts as music, poetry, or painting. Enjoyment is an art to be treated gently, cultivated carefully and which will, with the proper attention, provide one with an abundance of pleasure.

Enjoyment, like most arts, can not be learned in a day, but when once acquired remains forever in one's possession. Some people declare they cannot possibly enjoy classical music. Such people do not seem to realize that their state of mind is what makes their enjoyment of the music impossible. They sit down by their radio, or set off for the concert with the thought in mind, "I won't like this," or, "This should be a boring two hours." If they were to confess, it would probably be revealed that they are afraid of being considered some sort of strange creature to enjoy classical music.

To enjoy the music, first of all it is necessary to understand what is being played, and to know something of the composer, his life, his ambitions, his background. The most important factor contributing to the enjoyment of the music is a person's attitude. If one believes that it is not possible to enjoy a certain thing, one convinces oneself of just that, and it becomes truly impossible to find pleasure. However if a person thinks, "This should be a pleasant program. I'm sure I'll enjoy it," it is entirely possible for what you are thinking to occur and quite painlessly.

The attitude of a person when venturing into a new field of pleasure is all important, for the attitude will either open the gateway to new experiences and enjoyment, or slam the door to such pleasures in one's face.

Frances McDonnell '47

GOING FISHING

THERE is a small island not far off the coast, which is very familiar to passing ships. It is a symbol of safety for the seafaring men, because they then know that home is not far away. On this island, when I was a boy, I climbed over slippery wet rocks to the top of the light house, viewing the horizon for miles around. I returned to this island recently, and I found my recollection unchanged by years.

When I came to the window of my house, I pulled up the shade to see what kind of day I had to go on my trip. It was a gray day, with soft gray skies, a choppy gray sea with gleams of steel running across, and trailing sheets of mist shutting off the mainland, leaving the island alone with the ocean. I dressed for foul weather and then out into the morning air I went, through the mist along the wet beach until I reached the fish dock. Small inshore boats were bobbing up and down in the water, and my friend, the fisherman, was standing in his boat, making up his nets for the morning catch. He was the only one ready to start his morning trip because he believed the fish were more easily caught in the early morning. My friend was a rather short man, with a grizzly beard, and the salt of many a fishing season was on his brow. As I neared his boat, he lifted his head from his work, immediately recognizing me. The many enjoyable trips we had made together came back to my mind as I stood on the deck talking with him. Without asking me if I were staying aboard, he started his engine and off we went headed for the fishing bank. While the boat was tossing about in the water, I sat down on top of one of the fish barrels, thinking how the island would look.

As I remembered the place, it was a little rocky island, heaped and tumbled together as if a giant had thrown the rocks away after making larger islands. At one end, the shoreward end, there was a tiny, deep cove where all the fish seemed to be, and beyond this cove a bit of silver sand beach, but all the rest was rock. At the farther end of the island, the rocks formed a barrier against the pounding and bashing of the waves. On top of the island rose a sturdy white lighthouse which guided many ships to safety. We now neared the cove, and without hesitation I jumped up on the bow to guide my friend up the cove. After we were safely anchored, the process of casting our nets took place.

A bad or untaught fisherman will get himself tangled up in the nets, or pull his net up too soon, losing most of the catch. A good fisherman hardly ever makes mistakes with his nets, and comes home with a big catch before the heat of the day.

The mist was just beginning to rise, marking the best time to throw the nets overboard. I was a bit reckless about throwing my first net out, but the trick of handling soon came back to me. It was not long before the fish barrels were full and we were heading home. I hated to leave that small cove because it was there that I had learned the tricks of the fisherman's trade.

As soon as we returned to the fish dock, the job of sorting the fish stood before us, but experience helped us clear up our morning trip in a matter of a few hours.

All day long both of us sat on the fish dock looking out over the water in the direction of the island, talking over our lives since our last meeting. It was beginning to get dark and every boat was sharply outlined on the surface of the water. My friend got up and paid me my wage. I sat motionless on the dock after he had left, wondering when I would be able to make another trip hoping that it would not be long.

Elliott Croft, Veteran

LOOKING BACKWARD

WHEN I look backward, I remember such unimportant little things! I should think that only the big events, the things that loomed large at the time, would stay in my memory, but it just doesn't seem to be that way. People have often told me about the place where we spent the summer when I was four years old, but I really can't remember much about it. The one thing I do remember from the whole month we lived in that house is sitting on the stairs one evening after supper and being given a small glass dish with some honey in it. I can see that narrow staircase and the golden color of the honey as clearly as if I had been there yesterday. I wonder why it is that my mind chose to keep that one picture out of the thousands is must have.

Besides little details, I also remember feelings when I look backward. I remember having felt exactly the same way at different times in different places. Sometimes I feel as if I had to shout from sheer joy, as if I could fly. When I look backward to skiing one weekend, the first thing I think of is not the weather nor the mountain itself, but the sense of exhilaration I had as I came rushing down the slope. I remember the same free, flying feeling when I think of riding one afternoon in Vermont, or standing on top of a mountain after a long climb. When I look back to any of these, it is that wonderful feeling that sticks in my memory.

Sometimes I think of how terrible it would be if when I look backward I couldn't see anything—

if my memory were a blank. It would mean that every moment that passed would be gone forever, whereas actually I can recapture time. I treasure my little details, for they are like clues to the mystery of what I have thought and done in the days and years that are past. When life seems boring, and I feel that there is nothing but physics problems and dirty dishes, then I can look backward and feel again the exhilaration and joy of flying down a snowy slope on skis. Every experience is made especially wonderful because I know that I can feel its pleasure over and over again.

Susanne Stephens '47

THE ART OF NOTE PASSING

PASSING notes is an art. It demands the utmost skill and experience, which must be acquired by continual practice. One hears of notes passed by Freshmen being intercepted, but rare is the occasion when a Senior's note is found. This may lead Senior teachers to believe that the note-passing stage in our lives has passed, but my fellow artists and I smile innocently. No, it is the many necessities of this Senior existence that have perfected our skills. Dates are much more serious, a crowded schedule forbids any gossiping in the corridors, and classes start on time, allowing not a second for conversation. Thus passing notes is the only method of communication left to a desperate Senior.

There are several methods of passing notes that are in fashion. That used most commonly is the "hand-to-hand" passing, which goes on in the left-hand part of the class room while the teacher is facing right. Books piled on the desk offer protection to the note, until the coast is clear for it to continue its journey. Alas, there is often the problem of an empty seat, which is solved by using the most dangerous method, "throwing". A student is not surprised to have a note drop suddenly as if from nowhere on his desk. The accepted procedure, then, is for the student to read the name on the note, and, if he is the lucky recipient, to assume a look of intent interest in the class, while perusing the contents of the note, and, as is ethical, writing a reply in the next mail. The third, and almost obsolete method, "passing in a book" must be mentioned because it can be used as a last resort.

If a note is intercepted on its journey, the consequences can be dreadful. The teacher has the legal right to read the note, because she will not be tampering with the United States mail. However, nowadays, most teachers are disappointed with the contents. In the first place, the modern note-passer may have used a code, a practice now in vogue. Then students often write such insignificant epistles as "Yes, that is a good idea." Referring such a note to the dean only makes the teacher feel foolish. As a result, a note-passing artist seldom lives in dread of a deportment mark.

Helen Bequeart '47

THE DRAGON AND SIR CHAUNCY

IN the days of Arthur, king of Scotland, when knights were bold and damsels as fair as the morning breeze, there lived amidst the moors of Scotland a knight-retired who spent his time gathering furze upon the heath to keep his body from stiffening with age. Now as every clansman knows it was common knowledge that dragons, who had roamed these heaths previously, had been exterminated through the gallant efforts of Arthur and his knights. Therefore it was indeed with great wonder that our knight, whom we shall dub Sir Chauncy Les Grand-Pas, did gaze one morning upon the charred remains of his previous day's toil . . . It was not the loss of the fuel that troubled Sir Chauncy so much, for he could always listen to Gabriel Heater, but rather it was that this looked exactly like the work of a dragon who had been breathing indiscriminately about the gathered furze.

Now as you will recall, Sir Chauncy was a pensioned knight and well on to old age; therefore the prospect of sparring with a dragon of perhaps sizeable proportions was none too pleasing to him. But as news, particularly that which is bad, travels quickly, the entire countryside was soon aware of this impending danger and looked to Sir Chauncy as their only means of protection. Certainly no knight, especially one who was receiving sixty-five pounds a month (minus parliament withholding tax) pension from the famed Round Table, could refuse such an entreaty.

Thus Sir Chauncy set forth one morning in search of his foe. The obvious place to look, as every zoologist knows, was the heath with the highest growth, for dragons were very fond of such places since they made the best back scratchers. Having trudged about the countryside the larger part of the day, our hero decided to rest his weary bones before setting back for home. The knight was sitting in the shade of a rather high hill when suddenly the hill began to move. It was the dragon!

As Sir Chauncy stood petrified, for he had never in all his days of knighthood seen such a terrifying sight as this monster, the dragon began to roll lazily to and fro, emitting great volumes of smoke and fire. It stretched out, three-hundred feet if it was an inch!

Perhaps it was Sir Chauncy's appearance, for he was a sorry sight with his rusted armor falling loosely about his age-bent figure, straining to survey the huge hulk in its entirety through his pince nez. But whatever it was the dragon took no heed of him and kept rolling lazily from side to side. When he had satisfied the last itch, the dragon reared its ugly head above the gallant knight to get a better view of its frightened onlooker who by this time was frozen to the ground with fear.

"I say there, old boy, I do hope you aren't one of those nasty dragon-killing chaps. They're such a nuisance, you know."

"M-my goodness!" stammered Sir Chauncy, amazed at the dragon's ability to speak perfect English, "I had no idea that dragons were in the habit of acquiring education."

"Oh rawther. Mater and pater were both free thinkers and when I determined to acquire a formal education they backed me up to their fullest extent, which was quite a ways, we dragons being quite long by nature, you know."

This filled Sir Chauncy with new hope and he began to continue the conversation that he might have time to bolster up his courage.

"To be truthful about the matter, I did come here with the intention of killing you but your size quite took my breath away. But since you are an educated dragon, I don't suppose that you would eat me, would you?

"Oh, but I'm afraid I must. I'm an Eton man, you see."

Sir Chauncy's hopes faded like a puff of smoke, and he began shaking anew.

"My word," resumed the dragon, "you do look downcast. Are you one of those Democrats?"

"It's not exactly that;" responded Sir Chauncy, "but it looks as if I'm going to be the only knight without a Ford in my future."

Now as everyone should know, a dragon has a wonderful sense of humor and Sir Chauncy's words had a flavor of mirth to the dragon who was most appreciative of a quip such as Sir Chauncy had unwittingly stammered. Throwing back its huge head, it thunder-and-lightened a roaring laugh. Sir Chauncy was quick to see his opportunity and swung his axe with all the strength of his younger days upon the snake-like neck of the dragon. Down crashed the head with such force that the heath shook for miles around as if there had been an earthquake. Sir Chauncy was much too exhausted and the head much too heavy for him to drag back to his lodgings at that time. As it was getting to be time for afternoon tea, he decided to come back the next day for the head when he was better prepared.

Early the next morning when the dew was still heavy upon the heath, Sir Chauncy arose and gathered together some ropes and set off towards the spot where he had left the dead dragon. It was indeed with great amazement that our hero viewed a cloud of steam in the general direction of his destination. And it was with greater astonishment that he looked upon the scene in a nearby vale.

There, busily washing its face in the dew, sat the very dragon that Sir Chauncy has decapitated. About its neck was wrapped a Scotch plaid, the only remnant of its unfortunate breakfast. It appeared that the dragon had tied his head back on!

This was, certainly, a puzzling situation for the knight, for he had come unarmed and was now faced with the task of slaying the dragon again. But our hero was not perplexed for long. The rising sun gave him a bright idea. Stealthily making his way behind the dragon, he focused the rays of the sun through the lenses of his pince nez onto the tail of the dragon. Evidently the dragon was not a "dead end kid" and sharply turned its head around at the sudden pain. Off toppled the head, the bandage having come loose at the sudden movement. Sir Chauncy had won again!

This time he would take no chances. Sir Chauncy tied the head to the nearby brush and decided to return later with assistance to move the head and body from the country-side, for it took up a great deal of room.

The next day Sir Chauncy returned alone, for he could find no one who would dare aproach even a dead dragon, only to find the dragon sunning himself with his head bandaged back onto the rest of his body again. It seemed to Sir Chauncy that the dragon was making a fool out of him. This made him very angry, for he still retained his knightly pride.

The dragon regarded him hopelessly since it was in no condition to encounter the knight with the dreadful "hangover" it suffered from losing its head twice in two days, and besides it was not sure it could weather another beheading just now. But dragons are by nature clever, and this one was an educated dragon.

As Sir Chauncy charged toward it, the dragon suddenly began to speak.

"My word! Are you at it again!"

The knight skidded to a stop. The dragon's ability to speak fascinated him. This was just what the dragon was counting on, and it spoke as fast as it could think of an escape.

"You know, old boy, I have great admiration for you. You certainly are persistent. The first time you beheaded me you showed great courage; the second time, you displayed your resourcefulness, both admirable qualities in a knight."

The knight enjoyed the complimentary discourse and permitted the dragon to go on.

"But now you are faced with the supreme test. You are undoubtedly quite angry with me because of my disgusting tenacity to life. Temperance and the ability to forgive are great qualities which very few possess. Now if you would permit me to go my way, for I was beginning to find the climate in Scotland rather troublesome to my rheumatism, anyway, you would display these virtues also. The villagers would be happy to be rid of me; I would be happy visiting my relatives in Surrey, and you would be happy knowing that you are a knight in the true sense of the word."

Sir Chauncy was, indeed, such a knight, and, lowering his axe, bade farewell to the dragon, who was so happy that it almost lost its head twice as it galloped towards the south. The knight returned home where it is said he lived quite happily ever after devoting his time to collecting his pension.

Arthur MacKenzie, '47

CLASSROOM PERSONALITIES

IN the sense that a group of pupils are together pursuing a study (and occasionally seizing part of it) they may be called a class; but in another sense they definitely are not a class—they are individuals. The plugging stay-at-home and the carefree gad-about; the genuinely witty student, who injects a delicious note of humor into a dull recitation period, and the half-witted practical joker, who hides a classmate's chemistry notebook and howls with glee at his own cleverness; the meek, uncertain boy who begins in a wavering voice, "This may not be right," and the authoritative young man who asserts, "I am positive,"—all go to make up a so called class.

One pupil listens to everything in silence with an expressionless face. No one ever knows what he thinks or even whether he does think. Another garrulously holds forth on any topic at all and is an inveterate (though often irrelevant) question-asker. There is never any doubt about his opinion on anything from the quality of the food in the school lunchroom to the progress of the peace-makers at the United Nations Assembly. To prove the same point, some girl, with a distorted sense of humor, will giggle at the slightest provocation; whereas another one, with a sober expression will remain stolid and stern-faced at the most hilarious remark. Then there is the yielding person who will never stand up for his own convictions when challenged, and his opposite, the argumentative type whose constant hope apparently is to prove a teacher wrong.

Not to be overlooked is the sensitive soul who imagines that everyone is picking on him and the thick-skinned individual who cannot take a hint unless it is accompanied by an illustrated lecture (or a well-placed blow). Familiar to all is the malingerer who somehow develops a mysterious illness just before every big examination so that he has to spend the whole period in the nurse's office; less rarely met with (but extant, I assure you) is the student with the shining attendance record who would almost rather die than be absent. The latter would want to come to school even if he were delirious with pain; the former would be delirious if he wanted to come. "And thence a paradox which comforts while it mocks"—Here is a class which is no class at all.

Carolyn Cremen, '47

THE WOMAN WHO COMES TO CLEAN

OUR family seems to be one of the fortunate few endowed with a cleaning woman. We have had others in the past, but this particularly esteemed lady is truly a gem. One would not think to look at her that she was such a miraculous being; she is tall and bony, with straight black hair and large, snapping black eyes. Her clothes are probably the latest thing in cleaning apparel, and my mother never ceases to wonder at how she can appear so spotless after a hard day of dusting and window-washing.

She is so thorough that at times this trait becomes a little troublesome. She cleans everything in her path, and has been known on one occasion, when the family was out, even to give the dog a bath. If soiled clothes are left conveniently lying around, she will scrub them cheerfully. The only drawback to this is the fact that she is saving on soap, and will wash linens in the same suds as cooking utensils.

Her sense of humor knows no bounds. She listens to every radio program broadcast and will regale you for hours with hundred of jokes a' la Hope, Skelton, and Morgan. During the day she finds a morbid pleasure in soap operas, whereupon my mother is forced to retire to the sanctity of her room to escape "Life Can Be Beautiful". Amid the whir of the vacuum cleaner, Rosetta, as our jewel is named, can be heard chuckling over the mishaps of "John's Other Second Uncle's Cousin's Wife" and "Stella Dallas."

The diet of this remarkable woman consists solely of carrots in any way, shape, or form. Where she acquired this peculiar liking for them I do not know. A large helping of carrots is enough to fortify the dear lady for the entire day. When we offered her part of a sacred pot roast, she merely scorned us, and turned to her beloved carrots.

If we should ever move, Rosetta would be heartbroken, as she has formed a deep affection for my family, and surely we should never find anyother to compare with her.

Marilyn Wright, '47

THE PLEASURES OF LOITERING

PEOPLE rarely seek to loiter. I have heard a person say that he is going to spend the afternoon reading, working, or playing, but I have never heard a person express the intention of spending some time just loitering. Yet loitering is a very pleasant pastime provided that the loitering is not physical, but mental. A person may be sauntering along aimlessly, yet he is not really loitering if his mind is busily tearing at a problem. With his mind at leisure, he tastes a pleasant sense of freedom.

When I loiter, I sometimes find my mind balanced delicately on the fulcrum of indecision. Indecision is agonizing when the situation demands a solution; but when loitering, I find it rather pleasant to be undecided. I feel like a rich man with plenty of money to spend, not being obliged to buy any particular object because he needs it or because it is economical. "What shall I do? Shall I take a walk? Shall I read?" These questions my mind asks like a polite salesman standing in awe of his rich patron. Not being obliged to do any of these things, I pass over them disdainfully and go on being pleasantly undecided.

When the mind is free to loiter, it sometimes flits between reality and fancy. It can dwell comfortably on only the happy things in the past. What need is there now for stern truth and strict realism? The future, too, is bathed in the warm glow of optimism. Triumph and glory are easily attained. Palaces are built with an ease that astonishes a genie. Boundless treasures come free to a free imagination. This type of loitering of the mind is neither wise nor profitable, but it is extremely pleasant.

Sensuous pleasures become keener to the loitering mind. Food tastes more delicious when the mind is free to concentrate on it. Commonplace things become more beautiful. Every morning in the way to school, I hurry too much to notice the scenes around me. One day, when I walked alone slowly over the same route with nothing occupying my mind, I noticed with surprise that the sky was very blue over the school building. With no thought of Latin, mathematics, or physics associated with it, the building suddenly seemed beautiful. The trouble with most of us is that we are too busy trying to get "somewhere" to observe that on the way, there are things to be enjoyed. Liotering gives us time to enjoy some of the pleasures around us.

Lensey Chao '47

STYLES

BOYS' styles, to us girls anyway, don't change as visibly as girls' styles. The boys merely adopt some article of clothing and before we know it, in three of four years, it's the style.

Barrel sweaters are now very popular with shirts in contrasting colors, for instance a white or yellow sweater with a blue shirt or a green or brown sweater with a white shirt. Ties are noticeably absent from these outfits, but when they are present, we are apt to find them the splashy hand-painted variety. Several cases of orange neckties have occurred recently which together with kelly-green socks, lend an air of charm to the well-dressed man.

White or yellow sweat shirts worn with jackets are being favored as are sport jackets with plain trousers and vice-versa. Flashy reindeer sweaters and hand-tooled leather belts survived last winter and have been revived again this year.

For outdoor wear, the boys are taking over the alpaca lined jackets from the Navy, or those patterning themselves after the college boys choose the three-quarter length alpaca lined coats.

Our veterans, thought by some people to be the best dressed men in the school, are definitely in favor of bright colors, but, and our other boys might profit by this example, they haven't lost their polish or smoothness by going back to civilian clothes.

M. E. Priester '47

OUTING CLUB

The new officers are Lois Moran, President; Kenneth Korb, vice president; Claire Barrett, secretary; Roger Carwile, treasurer.

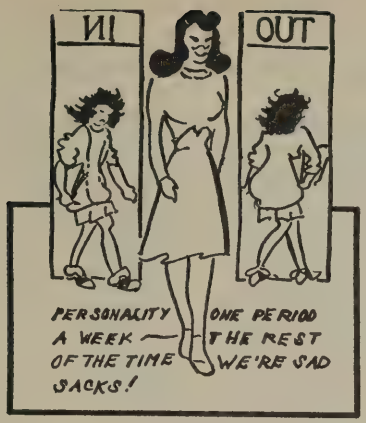
The members of the club visited Audubon House, Boston, where three films and an interesting lecture on Northern birds were given by Mr. Grayce of the Audubon Society.

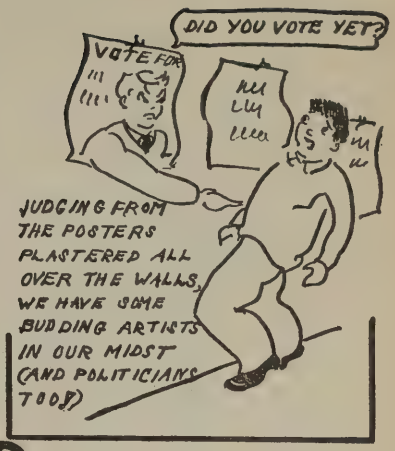
A trip to Franklin Park Zoo, along with many other events has been planned for the enjoyment of new and old members.

Claire Barrett
Secretary

Christmas Seals

. . . Your Protection Against Tuberculosis




DID YOU VOTE YET?
VOTE FOR
JUDGING FROM THE POSTERS PLASTERED ALL OVER THE WALLS, WE HAVE SOME BUDDING ARTISTS IN OUR MIDST (AND POLITICIANS TOO!)

IN AND AROUND C.H.L.S.

CAROLYN CREMENS

S'A FUNNY THING...

349
956
72
LEMME SEE, EIGHT AND NINE IS... AH... IS... AH
MILK, SEVEN CENTS... TWO SANDWICHES AT EIGHT CENTS EACH... CANDY, FIVE CENTS— HEY! YOU OWE ME A NICKEL!
1.
2.

OH, SURE!
IF ALL THE FRESHMEN WHO HAVE OPENED THE WINDOW AT THE WORDS "FERMEZ LA PORTE" GOT TOGETHER, THEY COULD FORM A FRENCH ACADEMY OF THEIR OWN!

FRESHMAN NOTES

Now that the drumsticks are well in the past it is time to turn to tinsel, holly, and presents; here is a little gossip to fill the time until the opening of presents is in order.....Carolyn Bosco's watch is so impatient until Christmas that it refuses to keep good time.....Marjorie Barrett always seems to be at a loss for a pencil..... Priscilla Anastos has the same trouble with a pen.... Eleanor Abbt's homework seems to make the rounds before it gets to class.....Virginia Anzalone and Joan Adams have become fast friends.... Chief pencil sharpener: Theresa Borelli.....Mary Barth's new hairdo is very good-looking..... Room 118's officers after a good fight are Charles Beckford, president, Joan Allen, vice president, Florence Ahlberg, secretary, and Margarey Banatt, treasurer.....Josephine Johnson seems to have an aversion to singing early in the morning.... the watches of Mary MacMillan and Christine Brennick have finally become synchronized..... Ann Morris is always locking herself in at lunch by sitting at the end of a table.....Charles Helburg always has a cheery "Hello" for everyone..... Meet the ladies' man Wallie Curcio.....the frosh football team has a grand variety of players..... Quiet prevails once more now that Sheila Montieth and Nancy Morrison no longer sit together while studying.....Geraldine Melanson and Lillian Mitchell are what keeps gum manufacturers going.....William O'Connell is the saving type now that bus fares have gone up he walks to school.....Gerry Helberg's bow tie seems to have quite a bit to do with his getting elected vice-president of his homeroom.....Phyllis Gun is starting a career in basketball.....why don't some more of you young and able Freshmen do the same..... Phyllis can tell you that it's wonderful fun.....We'll all be missing Marguerite Gigi, as she moved to Somerville.....Room 120 sends wholesale congratulations to those who made the honor roll.....Joan Crocket is a pretty good artist, so we hear.....Katrinka Jansen has a stocking hat.....quite a novelty here at school.....Earnest Jillson has been elected vice president of his class.....Madge Schatz has been seen at the Opera House.....does she hope to sing there some day?.....Eddie Saxe is a whiz at Algebra problems which are getting harder daily.....Bob Sargent is always being hauled out of his homeroom by pretty girls for the reason that he is a Review agent.....How did the big party in 102 come off?.....Francis Rowley certainly livens up his Ancient History class.....Patricia Cochrane, Henry Chester, Dorothy Carolina, Marjorie Bush, the homeroom committee of 119 have all received honor roll marks,.....that's setting a good example.....Charles Smith and Robert Tashjian really liven things up during recess in their homeroom.....Al Saunders and Wally Scales hold cross room discussion.....and girls are supposed to be more talkative than boys!.....Barbara Sandock and Virginia Rivinius are the champion baby sitters.....Rosemary Higgins is bridesmaiding at her sister's wedding.....

Loyal football fans who did their best by attending the Danvers game were Nancy Morrison, Cynthia Coleman, Fred Curtis, Miriam Babcock, Frances Tierney, Joan Kidston, Shiela Montieth, Alice Tutle, Rosemary Phanneuf, and Barbara Rodley.....Merry Christmas to all and to all a good bye until we meet again under the cherry tree and by the split rails.

Constance Perin '47
Freshman Notes Editor

G. A. A.

Greetings, Fellow Members!

The formal, which, incidentally, was held at the Hotel Commander on November 15th, was certainly a great success. Larry Duncan's superb orchestra proved to be one of the best we have ever had.

The president, Peggy Kief was escorted by Bob Hurley and the secretary, Jane Butler by Jerry Zyfers. Members of the Executive committee present were Nancy Becker with Buzz Cullen, Joan Conway with Joe Fournier, and Peggy Sullivan with Dick Gurner.

The patrons and patronesses of the evening were the Misses Brown, George, McLaughlin, Bligh, and Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, and Mr. John Twoomey.

Given out during intermission were little colored crepe paper hats for the boys and colored leis for the girls to wear around their necks.

A grand march, under the direction of Mr. Twoomey, was led by Peggy Kief and Bob Twoomey.

The "ideal couple" chosen by the patrons and patronesses was Arlene Rich and Richard Madera. Arlene received a pin and ear ring set and Richard received a pen.

Many thanks to Mildred and Margaret Sweeney, Betty Mansfield, and Patricia Whartan for their invaluable help at the door.

Our Christmas party is to be held after school in the gym, December 18th. Here is a chance to meet Santa Claus.

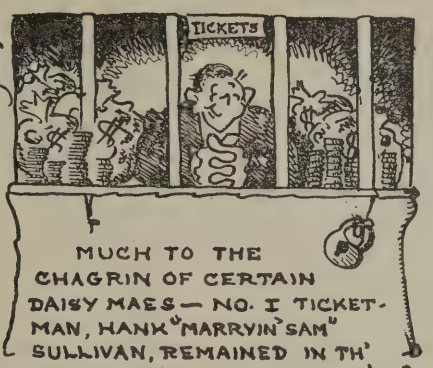
Anne McCusker was elected senior basketball captain. As yet the other captains haven't been elected.

By the time you read this report, there will be two new members to take the places of Anne Foley and Nancy Becker on the executive committee.....See you again next Review time.

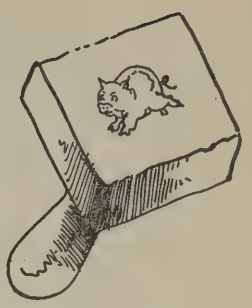
Pearl Boyce '47

HAPPY DAY!

PUSSY 'DAISY MAE' MUNROE WAS ONE OF THE HIGH-SPOTS OF TH' S.H. DANCE WHEN SHE PUT IN HER APPEARANCE DECKED UP IN A 'DOGPATCH' ORIGINAL ~~.



MUCH TO THE CHAGRIN OF CERTAIN DAISY MAES — NO. 1 TICKET-MAN, HANK "MARRYIN' SAM" SULLIVAN, REMAINED IN TH' TICKET OFFICE ALMOST ALL NITE!



'SALOMY' WAS TH' PASSWORD ~~ AFTER LI'L ABNER'S DOGPATCH PORKER ~~.

RAY FLANAGAN WENT CAVEMAN AND KEPT HIM-SELF AMUSED BY INTERRUPTING TH' GALS TO GIVE EACH PIGTAIL A LOVING (OUCH) YANK!

INCLUDED IN TH' CONGA LINE STARTED BY JIM JOHNSON, WERE JANIE BUTLER, CHARLIE DURAKIS, JANET WHITE + JIMMY CURRY, WHO RISKED BROKEN BONES EVERY TIME JIM TURNED A CORNER ~~.

IT WAS EVERY GAL FOR HERSELF AT TH' NOVEL 'SADIE HAWKINS DAY DANCE' SPONSORED BY TH' "UNDER 21 CLUB". THE GALA AFFAIR TOOK PLACE ON NOVEMBER 9th AND WAS RIGHTFULLY TERMED A 'SMASH SUCCESS.' POPULAR MR. SULLIVAN NEVER RAISED AN EYEBROW AS HE COLLECTED TICKETS AT TH' DOOR FROM STRANGELY-CLAD CHARACTERS.

'UNDER 21 CLUB' PREXY, DAVE WALSH AND PHYLLIS MONROE DESERVE 3 CHEERS FOR THEIR WORTHWHILE EFFORTS THAT MADE TH' 'SADIE HAWKINS DANCE' ONE THAT HIT TH' HEADLINES!

BILL MONTEITH HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH A JALOPY, SO HE ABANDONED IDEAS OF ARRIVING IN STYLE AND RE-SORTED TO WALKING ~~.

STEADIES MARILYN ROACH AND RINDGE-MAN JACK RUTTER, MADE QUITE TH' DREAMY PAIR.

GEORGIA NYMAN ~~.

MAY WE PRESENT . . .

MARY ROMANIECKA

MARY Romaniecka, our special senior of the day, was born in Cambridge, April 17, 1930, and has lived here all her life so far. She attended St. Hedwig's grammar school and was regularly on the honor roll there. Her favorite subject is English, and for three years she has been off and on, mostly on, the honor roll here at C. H. L. S. Mary's chief ambition is to be a secretary, and she hopes to go to business school after graduation.

One of Latin's most ardent basketball fans, Mary has participated in that sport as a forward for four years, and was elected captain of the Junior class team last year. Aside from basketball, Romie likes to dance and ice skate, and enjoys watching football, hockey, and figure skating. Her activities vary from membership in the G. A. A., St. Mary's I. C. S., and the Polish American Citizens' Club to singing in the church choir. Mary's favorite movie stars are Franchot Tone, Tyrone Power, and Barbara Stanwyck. Mary dresses neatly, and likes to wear up-to-date "vogue-ish" clothes for dressing up. Mary's ideal man is six feet tall with brown wavy hair, blue eyes, and is moderately handsome-ah! the dreamer! Romie of the blond hair and bluish-grey eyes is five feet, seven inches of dynamic senior, a real person whom anyone would be happy to know, and who incidentally, is known by a lot of people.

BARBARA MUSE

BARBARA Muse, the future swimming star in our Junior class, was born in Cambridge on November 25, seventeen years ago. Although she has spent most of her life in Somerville where she attended the Prescott Grammar School, Barb came back to Cambridge to go to C. H. L. S. She is an honor student here as well as one of our best girl athletes.

Barb plays on the Junior basketball team and the softball team, but her first love is swimming. She is on the swimming team at the Bunker Hill Girls' Club in Charlestown, and also is assistant to the swimming instructor there. A hockey enthusiast, also in her spare time Barb likes to attend hockey games. In the summer she is a junior leader at a girls' camp where she instructs—you guessed it—swimming. If Barb could do anything she wished, she would sleep until ten and then go swimming every single day. Her idea of a real boy is one who is tall, blond, silent, husky, and not at all bossy, for Barbara is very independent. We of the Junior class wish the best of luck to Barb, for we are sure that she will be a great aquatic star.

ANNA SALADINO — SOPHOMORE

ANNA Saladino, whose name may be found on the Honor Roll of homeroom 201, was born in Cambridge in 1932. Two years ago she graduated from the Wellington Grammar School. Blondie, as she is called by her intimates, is four feet, eleven inches, has brown eyes, and blonde hair as you have probably surmised. Anna's hobby is collecting photographs of movie stars, particularly Guy Madison who is her favorite. After she leaves school, Anna goes to her father's store and helps him out, and in the summer she spends her time at her father's farm. Anna's ideal man must be approximately five feet, seven inches, have dark hair, and be handsome, naturally. He must not be conceited, coy, or lazy. Anna has a very generous nature, for when she was questioned as to how she would spend one thousand dollars in a day, she said first she would spend some to remodel her father's store; secondly, she would buy her mother a few things she had always wanted, and with the remainder she would buy herself a new wardrobe. With such a generous member as this, how can the class of 1949 help succeeding?

ARLINE RICH

ARLINE "Slim" Rich is the tall, pretty blonde, blue-eyed Sophomore who is aiming to go to Columbia Teacher's College to be an English teacher. She was freshman spelling bee champion last year, and also received honorable mention in the Caroline Close contest. An honor graduate of the Peabody School, Arline has continued on the honor roll here. Naturally, English is her favorite subject.

Slim belongs to the G. A. A., the Spanish Club, and the Girl Scouts. In the summer she spends half of the time at scout camp, half on the Cape. She enjoys watching football and hockey games, but her own favorite sports are baseball, swimming, and very very important dancing, especially waltzing. Slim claims the biggest thrill in her life was winning the award for the smoothest couple at the G. A. A. formal last month. Arline's favorite author is Shakespeare; her favorite composer is Gershwin, with "Rhapsody in Blue" her top movie. If she had a thousand dollars, Arline would traipse off to South America. When asked about her ideal man, Slim says that she is not looking for one anymore. I say that there is certainly one lucky boy in Rindge.

ANNE MURPHY

ANNE Murphy, a peppy, alert freshman, with dark brown hair and eyes to match, graduated last year first in the class at the Russell School. Continuing on the honor roll here, Anne is considering seriously going to Radcliffe, and majoring in history or philosophy. Her ambition is to become a professor in college and to write a few books on the side. Now her favorite subjects are history and Latin.

Anne takes piano lessons at the New England Conservatory; she likes to sing and especially to listen to the opera. Skating and swimming are her favorite sports, but she enjoys above all watching baseball and figure skating. Ann's favorite actors are Laurence Olivier and Katherine Cornell. Her best liked pastime is reading non-fiction. So far, Anne has joined the G. A. A., but she hopes to join other clubs, and also write for the Review. In the summer she goes to the Cape, "where", she says, "I do nothing but loaf." Anne's ideal boy, she claims, must have a serious purpose and a sense of humor.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

This year the Dramatic Club was off to a bang up start. Our Hallowe'en Party at the Boat Club was a huge success, even though some of us weren't any good at bobbing for apples.

Our December meeting should be most humorous. We are presenting a radio program consisting of a quiz program, singing commercials, and advice to ye Romeos and Juliets.

The different members are writing their own scripts for experience. The club has spared no expense in securing Kirk Taylor to act as master of ceremonies on the quiz program. Questions such as, "How much does one pay for a three cent stamp?" and "What color was George Washington's white horse?" are expected to keep our board of experts on their toes.

The most important news to date is our Christmas Formal on December 20. This promises to be a wonderful dance; hope you'll all be there. The music is by Ken Reeves' Orchestra and the hall will be decorated in the spirit of Christmas, with trees, snow, holly, poinsettias, candy canes, bells, and, of course, Santa Claus. Jeanne Culhane has charge of the reception committee, Larry Cochran, the ticket committee, Helen Bequart, the poster committee, and Carolyn Townsend, the decoration committee.

Hoping to see you at its formal, the Dramatic Club wishes you "A Merry Christmas."

Carolyn Townsend
Secretary

PATRICIA COCHRANE

PAT Cochrane, an attractive, hazel-eyed blonde, is president of Freshman homeroom 119. Trish, who was born in Winnipeg, Canada, fourteen years ago, hopes to attend the University of Manitoba when she finishes high school. Since she ranks first on her homeroom honor roll, we predict that she'll return to her home province wreathed in honors.

Pat plays the piano, and participates in a figure skating carnival held annually at the Winnipeg Skating Club. Being a very normal freshman, Pat dislikes Latin, and thinks Guy Madison is tops. Her ideal man is tall, dark, and handsome, a good athlete, popular and a good conversationalist. Trish is irked by people who talk degradingly of others. Pat's favorite song is Buttermilk Sky, and her favorite clothes are, as if you didn't know, sweaters, skirts, sox, and loafers.

Good luck to you, Trish; keep up the good work, and, who knows but with your infectious smile you may be Senior class president in four years.

Reporters: Claire Barrett, Helen Bequaert, William Craig, Betty Anne Galvin, Frances MacDonnell, Mary Priester.

DEBATE CLUB

The Debating Club recently held elections and the new officers are

President — Estelle Gianatiempo
Vice President — James Delaney
Treasurer — Leonard Sugarman
Secretary — Elaine Ring

Meetings are held every second Thursday afternoon after school in room 227. The National High School debate topic for the school year 1946-1947 is "Resolved: That the Federal Government should provide a system of complete medical care available to all citizens at public expense."

This year the debating club is under the direction of Mr. Dugan.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

The Junior Red Cross Council met to formulate plans for a project to work on during the coming year. However, as yet no decision has been reached.

Many thanks to the many volunteers from the Cambridge High and Latin who have given their time on Tuesday afternoons! Through their efforts over five hundred gift boxes have been packed and inspected. Many children will now spend a happy Christmas who would otherwise have had nothing.

With the aid of the art and commercial departments, the Junior Red Cross has contributed menu covers for servicemen at sea and in hospitals.

Jeanne Eddy, Chairman

Tempus fugits (we know, but we couldn't think of anything else) and here we are back again saying fond farewells to the football team including Paul Boudreau, Charlie Durakis, Jackie Cawley, Basil Bourque, Dick Walker, Vin Chaisson, Steve Biddle, Jakey Boudreau, Jack Lee, Yaka Kelley, and their very capable leader, lanky Earle Daurie. Earle, by the way, will also be the captain of our hockey team. Francis Bane, Dick Rigarzio, George Larsen, Dick Smith, Paul Quinn, Larry Brennan, Ty Cleary, Jackie Donoghue, Calvin Tassinarry, and George McLaughlin are all on the team. We expect great things from these boys, don't we, girls?

Dallas "Bob Hope" Burrows was home on furlough recently looking extremely handsome. We caught a glimpse of him as he was running away from a mob of girls chasing him.....Iris Roach is one of those lucky girls.....She went to the Harvard-Yale football game with a Harvard student, no less.....Kilroy has even entered the Gamma Math class.....There will be a green cheese moon if James Coleman ever gets to school on time.....He hasn't got a chance.....Paul D' Agastino practices basketball by throwing papers into a wastebasket in his homeroom.....Too bad for him if he ever misses.....Paul Cleary recently received another haircut, wiffle to you.....Buddy Gross almost had a book thrown at him in Physics class by a fellew student.....Roberta Reardon and Carol Dias work in the Ten Cent Store in Harvard Square after school. (Which counter, girls?) Jaunita Tustin looks sharp in her new bangs.....John Balfe will make the basketball team someday, maybe.....Marilyn Wright and Joanne Larsen both seem to enjoy each other's lunch better than their own.

Our sympathy to William (Oakie to you) O' Connell, well-known Rindge football star, who broke his wrist while in shop at school.....Alice Foley and Rickie Freeman are always ready with a joke.....Get in touch with them if you need some cheering up.....Lois Moran has certainly had a lot of kidding since the last issue of the Review.....Lillian Druss and Margaret Herman enjoy the dancing down in the gym very much..... Betty Goldberg and Jean Spartichino are Chamberlain models now.

Seen at the G. A. A. Formal were: Doris Shea and Bud Ryan, Joan Mitchell and Jimmie Curry, Phyllis Monroe with Luky Maher, Janie Butler and Jack Sypher, Evelyn Donoghue with Tom Haney, Loretto Sheehan and John Good, Eileen Dinan and Bob Hughes, Ann McMenimen and Joe Sheehan, Janet Iriwn with Frannie MacNamera, President of the Club, Peggy Kief with Bob Hurley, Mary Kennedy and Dave Walsh, and finally Joan Conway with her "Joe" and Barbara McQuade with her "Jackie".....Most everyone headed for Chickland after the dance.....

Flash.....Popular Bob Hughes has left school to join the service.....If you can't finish your lunch tell Doris Foley, she'll help you.....Alan Rodman never stops smiling in French Class. How come, Al?.....Everybody gets Joan and Barbara Hayes mixed up even though they don't look alike.....Looks like we've got a good goalie in Donald Vakey, a *young* Sophomore.....(We'll have to stay away from all Sophomore homerooms for awhile after that remark.).....Charlie Fosgate (Fossil) is quite a photographer. You should see his collection.....Wilma Coutomas would give her right arm to have her homeroom seat changed.....No reflections, of course, on Bob Curnane, who sits in back of her.....Persis Wilkshire, Lillian Winkler, and Joanne Spitzer all received the same marks the first term..... Mighty suspicious, if you ask us..... Mary Kasper has a hard time keeping her locker open after school.....Every vet that walks by has a try at slaming it shut.....Hank Sullivan, who recently moved to Brighton, is still seen around the C. H. L. S. portals.

For *The Vets* who are getting a little bit tired of answering the question "What branch of the service were you in?", we write the following: Elliot Croft.....Navy, Dick Mackenzie.....Army Air Forces, Manuel Gonzalez.....Sea Bees, Edgar Trask.....Navy, Joe Stanley.....Navy, John Higgins.....Marine Corps, Tommy Tobin.....Coast Guard, Bill White.....Army, Alvin LaFond.....

Navy, Hyman Lewis.....Army, James Forde..... Army, Paul Foley.....Navy, Tom Burke.....Navy, Charlie Sullivan.....Marines, Joe Sullivan, Jr. .....Army, Frank Facey.....Army, Teddy Goodwin, Bob Leary.....Paratroopers.

Loretta Butler gives out with a great sigh of relief every day at 1:45.....Who doesn't? Dick (Red) Gurner's face nearly turned the color of his hair the other day in his 6th period class..... He was slowly being choked to death.....Paul Derby is always talking; people wonder what he can find to say because he never stops.....Claire Russell is a very popular girl——Ted Zacharakis always shouts out the wrong answer at the wrong time.....(We just hide behind the person in front of us).....Have you ever seen Claire Kilfoyle without a large pile of books in her arms? Vickey Gabriel could also be put in the class of "a books carrier".....Estelle Andelman recently received a beautiful orchid.....All we ever get are gardenias.....Alba Amorosa, Abby Wise, and the other girls who study (?) 5th period in 315 are quite offended.....Dave Walsh deliberately changed his study room to 312.....Eleanor Russell is forever forgetting to bring the right books to class.....P. G. Fred Ward should study harder. He only got a 99 average in math the first term.....Even we can do better than that..... Who could miss Gertrude Roseman in that sharp yellow sweater of hers?.....Who is going with whom to the Dramatic Club Formal?.....It looks as if it will be one of the most successful events of the year.....

On November 23, Jean Porch and Nancy Burgess gave a gay party.....Among those present were: Georgie Nyman, Janie Butler, Viv Weenberg, Phyllis Gasselin, Marion Murray, Janet Irwin, Betty Goldberg, Gordon Nickels, Paul Crawley, Basil Bourque, Jack O'Hara, Jimmy Haley, Bill Monteith, Marine,.....Eliot Knight, Paul Holian, Bob Keator, and Frank Frorillo..... Personally, we're mighty offended that we weren't asked.....

Dick Walker had better take back what he said about us girls in the last issue.....Nancy Rose's hair style is the envy of all Latin girls.....and boys.....Why does Marilyn Grinham always rush so to second period?.....Barbara Jacobs, Eva Silverman, Phyllis Stern, and Evelyn Andelman are always together during the recess periods..... Rita Spartichino and Mary Larce are two very quiet girls on Fridays.....What is the racket outside rooms 231-229 every 3rd recess?.....Kirk Taylor says he could sell banana peels to people with glass feet.....Ask hopper Karin Enebuske why she likes chocolate frappes in striped glasses? .....Dolores DeNuazio, Joanna Kiernan, and Sarah D'Albo were also seen at the Commander on the 15th of November.....Ask Arthur MacKenzie why a certain person loiters around 305 so much? .....He knows.....What makes Evelyn Wong so noisy second period?.....Rosemarie Talarico, Review agent for room 220, is very glad to say that her homeroom is subscribing 100%.....Cosmo Albano recently gave her homeroom a tour of the "Cape" by way of movies, in a Thanksgiving Day celebration.....

The following notes have been submitted by Sophomores, Dorothy Brogan, Peggy Dearden, Alice Carbonaro, Anna Andella, Ruth Gallup, and Bella Chao.....And at this time we want to thank everyone who has submitted notes for the first two issues.....Notes may be left by anyone in the mail box outside the Review office at any time.....

Congratulations to Bella Chao for her high average.....Let us in on the secret, but please don't tell us that we have to study.....We all hope Louise Welch will recover from her accident soon..... In spite of the fact that she has been in the hospital for several weeks, she made the Honor Roll .....Some people in 202 were in a dither over how the Honor Roll on the board should be arranged.... Jacqueline Dordis' long golden tresses have taken a shortcut.....Joan Hayes and Gail Fitzpatrick are regular visitors to the Boston Skating Club..... Why is everyone anxiously awaiting the first snowstorm? Is it the coasting, or maybe the "No School" signals?.....Anna Andella plus her new earmuffs equals an Eskimo.....Theresa Barbeau with her Hawaiian guitar is really clever..... Kenneth Korb is interested in snakes.....Imagine that.....Trumpet combination Harry James and Kenny Carwile.....Kenny Balsar of the Reading team is still in the hospital after a C. H. L. S. game.....Please, someone find out where Claire Prasinos got that gray jacket.....Jeanne Doyle's future career is that of bill collector.....She does a fine job in Room 115.....Never call James Coleman "Curley".....If you value your life, make it "Red".....

Among those seen on the bus going to the Danvers game were Mary Small, Virginia Sprague, Helen Bequaert, Catherine Cullinane, Rita Curry, Marion Murray, Winnie Lombardi, Louis Eghian, Jennie Sinoski, Mary Francis.....others seen shivering in the Danvers country air were James White, Billy O'Brien, Alice White, Roland Perkins, Janet Irwin, Joan Kelley, Lucille Boyle, Jimmy Curry.... drivers to the game included Jack Barry, John Boucher, Tom Archibald, and David Walsh.

'Nuff said for now, so we'll close, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New Year.

Norma Higgins '47
Emma Thomas '47

SPORTS

The luckless Cantabs dropped their seventh straight game to Norwood, 13-0. The Latin eleven punched its way to the four yard line in the second period, but the half ended before it could score.

At Reading, the team gained a little solace by tying a powerful Reading High eleven, 0-0. The strong Reading aggregation never was able to punch over a legitimate score (one was called back).

Dedham High eked out a close 6-0 verdict at Russell Field. A touchdown in the first quarter provided the margin of difference. Late in the fourth quarter Latin drove deep into Dedham territory, but time ran out, and Latin's luck with it.

The record of the team should not reflect on the spirit of the boys, who have tried all year long. The passing of Jack Cawley, the defensive work of the line, aced by Chaisson, Daurie, Biddle, Lyons, and Walker, aided by Zaglakis, Bowser, Troy, Bourque, Haley, Montieth and Lakis; added to this, the offensive work of Polaro, the two Boudreaus, Yaka Kelley, and Dick Rigarzio have spotlighted an otherwise dismal year. There's always next year, though.

The basketball and hockey campaigns will soon get underway, with the latter first gaining the spotlight on December 6; basketball starts early in January.

The hockey sextet will have Calvin Tassinari guarding the vets, flanked by Captain Daurie and Jack Lee on defense; Dick Rigarzio, Richie Smith and Paul Boudreau, along with Jake Boudreau, Paul Quinn, Paul Cleary, George O'Laughlin and Jackie Donahue make up the team. Arlington provides the first opposition; as this team is a contender for the title, the game will foretell Latin's chances for the coming season.

In the basketball department, the team which we forecast last April as contender for the Suburban league crown has begun to take shape.

Captain "Yaka" Kelley is leader of the team which is made up mostly of lettermen, including Al Franciscone, Herb Lewis, Jack Cawley, Bob Curnane, Charley Durakis, Red Polaro and Kenny Lyons. This should be the team's year. Only time will tell.

Track practice begins in December and the Cantabs look forward to a good year. Captain of the squad is Charlie Durakis, a junior and a two letter man. Dick Barbera, Allen Bowser, and Basil Bourque form the main body of the team, which soon begins the winter indoor campaign.

Let's all attend the athletic events at Latin: It aids morale 100%.

There should be as much attention paid to other sports as there is to football. After all, the boys on the basketball teams try just as hard as the football players and win their share of games. We advocate more rallies and pep talks to increase interest in these sports.

William Craig '47

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1946-1947

Alfaro, Juanita
Archibald, Thomas
Balko, John
Bartlett, Robert
Becker, Mary
Bequaert, Helen
Biddle, Stephen
Campbell, Emily
Carter, Barbara
Carter, Samuel
Casey, Barbara
Center, Marilyn
Chao, Lensey
Chapman, Lorraine
Cockburn, Margaret
Connelly, Katherine
Connors, Lillian
Cremins, Carolyn
De Vito, James
Dinan, Eileen
Donaghue, Evelyn
Doyle, Barbara
Doyle, Robert
Duncan, Lorraine
Ferrante, Flavia
Finnegan, James
Foley, Paul
Forde, James
Foti, Matilda
Fournier, Joseph
Giannotti, Mary
Gonzales, Manuel
Gorman, Charles
Grenier, Lucille
Grogan, Patricia
Harrington, Alice
Harris, William
Hart, Francis
Heller, Saul
Hennessey, William
Jenkins, Donald
Katsulis, Jennie
Kelly, Joan
Kilfoyle, Claire
Kurth, Barbara
Lee, Annie
Lee, Nellie
Lewis, Florence
Lewis, Herbert
Lopolito, Giuglio
MacKenzie, Arthur
MacLeod, Doris
Madore, Thomas
Mansfield, Elizabeth
McCarthy, John
McCarthy, Virginia
McCusker, Anna
McGovern, Dorothy
McMenimen, Anne
Michalchik, Nadia
Minkiel, Stephen
Moran, Lois
Obelsky, Eileen
Olive, Gloria
O'Neil, Lorraine
Panselinas, Catherine
Parker, Winifred
Payzant, Anita
Pereira, Amelia
Perin, Constance
Priester, Mary
Puntonio, Mary
Raduano, Leonora
Ratner, William
Regillo, Serafino
Rezendes, John
Ridlon, Florence
Riley, Lorna
Robichaud, Gilbert
Rosenfield, Aaron
Sheehan, Loretto
Slater, Glenna
Smith, Fred
Spitzer, Joanne
Stephens, Suzanne
Stevens, Irene
Stone, Helen
Sullivan, Charles
Sullivan, Joseph
Taylor, Kirk
Thibault, Margaret
Thomas, Emma
Tobin, Thomas
Traynor, Doris
Walter, Sylverlin
Wilkshire, Persis
Winkler, Lillian
Wright, Marilyn
Zen, E-An

THEATRE

Blue Skies starring Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Callfield features the unforgettable music of Irving Berlin. The above information leaves nothing more to be said, since that combination doing their best leaves nothing to be desired.

Claire Barrett '47

THE SPANISH CLUB

At the first meeting of the Spanish Club, Jennie Katsulis, the president introduced the new officers: Secretary: Beatrice Rodgers; Treasurer: Eugenia Felipe.

Serving on the program committee are: Lillian Connors, Eugenia Felipe, Idalia Miranda, Florence Lewis, Genevieve Savage, George Lakis, Salvatore Arena, and Matilda Souza.

We had a large number present at the short meeting, but hope to have more new members, the more the merrier, keeping in mind that this is not a class, but a club. Unless I'm wrong, there will be fine entertainment at our Christmas get-together.

¡Felices Pascuas!

Beatrice Rodgers

THE FRENCH CLUB

Bonjour, mes amis! November fifteenth we went on a guided tour of paintings at the Fogg Museum. Depicting everything from spring bouquets to dead fish, the works represented American, English, and Italian art, as well as French. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

We wish to thank those who have so generously given used clothing, canned goods, and postage money for the war orphans in France. At this printing the first package has been mailed, and more will soon be on the way, we hope.

Carolyn Cremens '47

"I Want You — I Need You" .....E's
"Give Me Five Minutes More".....Term Test
"Always" .....Late
"Counting the Days" .....Until Graduation
"Zing Went the Strings of My Heart" Failure Slip
"Night and Day" .....Homework
"Best Man" .....Gregory Peck
"Rhapsody in Blue" .....Sailor
"To Each His Own" .....Locker
"I'm a Rambling Wreck from" .....C. H. L. S.
"Buckle Down" .....College Boards
"Full Moon and Empty Arms" November 15, 1946
"I Fall in Love With You Every Day"
'46 Convertible
"California, Here I Come" .... To Get Defrosted
"It's All Over Now" .....First Term

Norma Higgins '47

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1946-1947

Abbt, Eleanor
Adelman, Ruth
Ahlberg, Greta
Aldenberg, Jane
Allen, Joan
Banatt, Margaret
Barrett, Marjorie
Barry, Elizabeth
Benson, Doris
Bequaert, Francis
Berman, Eleanor
Bosco, Carolyn
Buchanan, Lorraine
Burgess, June
Bulkowski, Gloria
Burns, Mary
Bush, Marjorie
Butt, George
Cahill, Margaret
Caroli, Carol
Carolina, Dorothy
Chester, Henry
Ciano, Tina
Ciarlone, Angeline
Cochrane, Patricia
Coleman, Cynthia
Coleman, Virginia
Collins, Doris
Cooke, Ruth
Corcoran, Joseph
Costa, Natalie
Damouras, Demetra
Day, Eleanor
D'Arcy, Raymond
DeCarlo, Eleanor
Dempsey, Mary
DeSimone, Ida
DeVito, Eleanor
DiClemente, Florence
DiNapoli, Pasquale
DiPietro, Helen
Donagher, Frances
Donhan, John
Dubay, Charles
Durso, Philomena
Eddy, Laurice
Egan, Catherine
Elciewicz, Eleanor
Epstein, Alan
Feld, Stephen
Fitzgerald, Ethel
Fitzgerald, Leo
Flowers, Sally
Frost, Roxanne
Geovanis, John
Giggi, Marguerite
Giragosian, Queenie
Girouard, Raymond
Gonsalves, Dolores
Good, Albert
Gross, Gerald
Gunn, Phyllis
Hagopian, Elaine
Haley, Patricia
Halford, Marjorie
Hanlon, Marie
Harvey, Barbara
Hasapides, Nicholas
Heffernan, Albert
Hollett, Barbara
Holloway, Joan
Holmes, Anne
Horne, Virginia
Hurley, Jeanne
Ippolito, Constance
Jakeway, Beverly
Jansen, Katrinka
Joyce, Barbara
Kelley, James
Kelley, John
Keegan, Patricia
Karagozian, Harold
Kaufman, Gloria
Kaufman, Norman
Kouroyen, Charmaine
Lacombe, Pauline
LaPlace, Desmond
Love, Shirley
MacGillvary, Barbara
MacLeod, Joyce
Macone, Mary
Mailhoit, Collette
Mandell, Kennard
Mark, Lois
Marion, Rose
Magliozzi, Mary
Mazullo, Michael
McGrath, Helen
McNeice, Shirley
Medoff, Beatrice
Moranian, Ruth
Murphy, Anne
Murphy, Jerry
Murphy, Rosemary
Noe, Dolores
Nogueira, Beatrice
Noonan, Mary
O'Connell, William
Oster, Arthur
Penniman, Barbara
Perry, Wendell
Peters, June

Phaneuf, Rosemary
Porras, Jean
Presho, Barbara
Procopio, Anthony
Rana, Jennie
Ray, Barbara
Rivinius, Virginia
Rogers, Catherine
Sahady, Helen
Salto, Anna
Sandock, Barbara
Sawers, Carolyn
Saxe, Edward
Schatz, Madeline
Sebastian, Paul
Shea, Ruth
Sheehan, Cecelia
Sheehey, Claire
Sherlock, Leona
Shoer, Doris
Smith, Roberta
Sousa, Mary
Stanavich, Anna
Stickley, Jo-Ann
Taylor, Marjorie
Thornhill, Esther
Travers, James
Vaudo, Elda
Verrochi, Anna
Verrochi, Dorothea
Vessella, Thomas
Wadden, Ann
Wallace, Jacqueline
Williams, Mary
Wolozin, Lawrence
Worman, Joan

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

Abbott, Edward
Alamanos, Dorothy
Alexander, Faith
Andrews, Joseph
Aronson, Adelle
Baker, Dorothy
Barnes, Joanne
Bates, Barbara
Beers, Joan
Belbin, Margaret
Boudreau, Wilfred
Bozer, David
Brewer, Dorothy
Brogan, Dorothy
Brown, Barbara
Carbonaro, Alice
Cardullo, John
Chao, Bella
Christopher, Mary
Cone, Evelyn
Conomacos, Thomas
Conway, William
Culolios, Nicholas
Darcy, James
Drotter, Dolores
Eatough, Marvin
Eldridge, Alice
Ellis, Patricia
Emberley, Edward
Foti, Virginia
Gallup, Ruth
Gaspa, Lorraine
Gerhardt, William
Giampetruzzi, Josephine
Gilman, Suzanne
Gonsalves, Dorothy
Gorman, Elizabeth
Gouveia, Laura
Grady, Margaret
Green, Ruth
Greenstein, Saul
Gruhn, Dorothy
Harrington, Barbara
Harron, Gloria
Hatch, Jean
Herman, Margaret
Holly, Doris
Humphrey, Ann
Hurlburt, Ruth
Ifill, Jean
Johnson, Gladys
Johnson, Lillian
Katsulus, Christine
Kirylo, Marian
Korb, Kenneth
Ladner, Patricia
Lampron, Nancy
Laudman, James
Larensen, Pauline
Lightfoot, Patricia
Little, Margaret
Lopolito, Pasquelina
Lynch, Gail
MacLeod, Joan
MacLeod, Marguerite
Marcantonio, Elizabeth
Marshall, Mary
Mathison, Edith
McCarthy, Joseph
McCormack, Barbara
McCree, Isabella
McPartlin, Nancy
Mersereau, Dorothy
Murphy, Donald
Murphy, Garrett
O'Connor, Jean
O'Keefe, Mildred
Oliver, Verna
Oster, Rose
Oteri, Victor
Ottaviano, Virginia
Owens, Clair
Phillips, Dorothy
Pohakis, Irene
Polimon, Ellen
Ramsey, Harold
Rich, Arline
Richard, Mary
Rosa, Edith
Russell, Claire
Saladino, Anna
Sapack, Helen
Schaub, Barbara
Schlein, Milton
Scontolides, Thalia
Sears, Joseph
Serpa, Robert
Shaw, Mildred
Shechy, Dorothy
Smyth, Nellie
Snell, Geraldine
Sparre, Thelma
Spooner, Ruth
Stankowski, Norma
Steinberg, Harvey
Stevens, Barbara
Surman, Selma
Sutherland, Majorie
Talerico, Grace
Travers, George
Verandes, Diana
Venturini, Joan
Wagner, Florence
Welsh, Louise
Wright, Jean
Zacharakes, Anna

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Archibald, Joan
Ashenden, David
Blomquist, Marion
Bolduc, Constance
Bonacci, Theresa
Brezinsky, Alvin
Brown, Shirley
Burke, Carroll
Burke, Dorothy
Burke, Mildred
Camelio, Louise
Canning, Audrey
Capraro, Gemma
Carr, Helen
Carr, Irene
Carrieri, Stella
Carwile, Roger
Cheeves, Constance
Ciampi, Lucille
Colarusso, Jean
Connell, Barbara
Connolly, Claire
Corbeil, Shirley
Cosman, Alice
Cronin, Timothy
Donnelly, John
Donoghue, Margaret
Dooley, Pauline
Dragun, Phyllis
Dubay, Jessie
Duggan, Marjorie
Durakis, Charles
Egan, Thomas
Fairburn, Donald
Fehlan, William
Fields, Doris
Fleet, Martha
Fulkerson, Lorraine
Galvin, Betty
Gardner, Charmaine
Gates, Isabel
Gerasim, Constance
Gilbert, Charles
Gillis, Robert
Goffredo, Margaret
Goldberg, Elizabeth
Goldberg, Norman
Gosselin, Phyllis
Green, Shirley
Greenstein, Mary
Griffith, Elaine
Grossman, Selma
Hammond, Doris
Harnum, Louise
Haskell, Cecily
Hebert, Rosemary
Herlihy, Mary
Hickey, Helen
Hill, Gladys
Hiscock, Frederick
Hornsby, Marcia
Iosne, Louise
Isnor, Marjorie
Jackson, Louise
Janko, Elizabeth
Jones, Eleanor
Karlson, Walfreda
Kenney, Raymond
Kizer, James
Landry, Marilyn
Lavalle, John
Leahy, John

Levine, Arnold
Linihan, Edna
LoPresti, Joseph
Lowry, Mary
Lubin, Lois
McCabe, Evelyn
McDonald, Richrad
Mackey, John
Mangan, Audrey
Martin, Ida
Mercuro, Michael
Messuri, Mary
Michalonski, Gladys
Miller, Alfred
Mueller, Elizabeth
Mullin, Dorothy
Murphy, Dorothy
Murray, Marion
Muse, Barbara
Nelson, Gloria
Orrok, Timothy
Pedrini, Helen
Pendleton, Helen
Phelan, Phyllis
Roderick, Ann
Roseman, Gertrude
Rutkowski, Edward
Sack, Irene
Sargent, Grace
Saidnawoy, Elaine
Savina, Fred
Scalese, Frances
Sgouros, Helen
Silverman, Eva
Sperakis, Sally
Stead, Osberta
Taverna, Marie
Taylor, Marjorie
Tenore, Elizabeth
Thornhill, Elsie
Tomaino, Roumere
Torp, Phyllis
Toto, Albert
Traveis, Leonard
Tufenkjian, David
Walters, Mary
Ward, Joan
Wharton, Priscilla
White, James
Witham, Margaret

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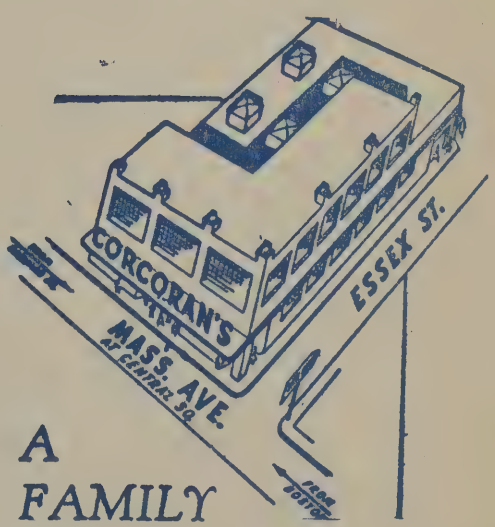
December 19, 20, 21

"ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER"
and
"BLACK BEAUTY"

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
December 22, 23, 24, 25

"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"
Van Johnson with Keenan Wynn

"FOOTBALL THRILLS OF 1946"



A
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'Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the land
was the Spirit of Giving a Helping Hand.

Christmas Seals

. . . Your Protection Against Tuberculosis

The Christmas Seal Stamps had been sent out with care
In the hope that your help very soon would be there.
We sick ones were tucked in our hospital beds,
While visions of healthiness danced in our heads.
And our doctor in shirt sleeves and nurse in her cap
Had just closed their eyes for a much-needed nap,
When out of the night there arose such a clatter
God had to look down to see what was the matter.
From clinic to clinic, the news spread like a flash:
"All Christmas Seal Stamps have been turned into cash!"
And each cough-shattered chest and pain-ridden brow
Was less tortured, less shattered, less feverish now.
For all generous hearts had answered the call
By giving the greatest gift of all.*
More rapid than heartbeats, your Christmas gifts came,
And we wept and we blessed every unsigned name.
There were nickels and dimes piled high as hills.
There were quarters, half dollars, and folded bills—
A ONE, a FIVE, a TEN, a TWENTY,
Fifties and hundreds and thousands—a-plenty.
And then, in a twinkling, it all became clear
What good would be done with it all, next year.
—There'd be funds for research and the quick diagnosis
To prevent and control tuberculosis.
—Case-finding clinics for constant inspections
To cut down the rate and the root of infections.
—Vocational counselling to guide us back
And keep us on the healthy track.
So we closed our eyes with a grateful smile,
And slept and dreamed for a little while.
And God, whose job it is to nurse
A sick and ailing universe,
Thoughtfully nodded His kindly head
Then, in His voice of mercy said,
"Blessings on this freely-given wealth,
Merry Christmas to all and to all . . . GOOD HEALTH."

*The Greatest Gift of All Is Health

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

and Help Stamp Out Tuberculosis

CAMBRIDGE TUBERCULOSIS and HEALTH ASSOCIATION
689 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

The REVIEW gladly donates this space in behalf of a most worthy cause and solicits the earnest support of all High and Latin School pupils to make this year's sale of stamps the best ever.

TIMOTHY F. DOWNEY, *Headmaster*

Feb.
1947

CAROLYN CREMENS '47

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FEBRUARY, 1947

VOLUME 62 NUMBER 3

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Leander A. MacDonald

IT would be in keeping with the innate modesty of the man and the wish that we know would be his, were we to record simply that Mr. MacDonald died on December 27th at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. It is fitting, however, that we pause in the day's occupation to pay our tribute of appreciation, inadequate though it be, to years of service given in the classroom and on the athletic field.

A graduate of Bridgewater Normal School, with subsequent study at Harvard University and Tufts College, Mr. MacDonald came to the school in September 1918. He was a capable and conscientious teacher, well-trained professionally, and vigorous in his concept of classroom procedure. Excellent as was his record with his classes, he will be remembered chiefly for the lessons he taught through the medium of sports and for the force of his own exemplification of the meaning of true sportsmanship.

There was nothing of the whiner or of vindictive nature in Mr. MacDonald's makeup. He could take his successes calmly and his losses without alibis. In the broader sphere of Life's game he accepted the buffets of fortune with a twinkle of the eyes, an understanding smile and a meaningful shrug of the shoulders. His love of youth was amply demonstrated when upon retirement from active association with the athletic life of the school he continued his interest in sports with boys of pre-high school age. The splendid tribute of respect and affection paid by these selfsame boys will long be remembered by those who saw it at the close of the services at St. Paul's.

The time that he gave to Youth is reaping its timeless reward.

T. F. D.

Editorials

"THIS is a terrible school!" we heard someone complain yesterday. Think a moment. Of whom is your school composed? Are you and your friends terrible? Are you doing your share in backing and improving your school?

Supporting the teams is the most obvious way of backing our school, and in this we have greatly improved this year. A vote of appreciation must be given to our hockey and basketball teams and to their loyal supporters. Let us back them until the end of the season, and then stand behind our baseball team throughout the spring.

Fun, friendship, and a real share in the school can be gained through its extra-curricular activities. Do you consider the clubs dull? Have you ever actually tried any of them? Why do you not add a spark of enthusiasm that will liven the club, making it one that other schools will speak of and envy? What interest you—stamps, chess, photography, debating, books, or outings? These clubs welcome new members with ideas. Will you give your talent to support the orchestra, the band, the Glee Club, or the Dramatic Club? Most of us girls belong to the G. A. A., but do we participate in its very interesting program? Girls can play for our school in baseball and basketball. Indeed, these teams have had very good seasons, playing, and usually beating, Arlington, Somerville, Belmont, Newton and Waltham. The G. A. A. parties, dances, and, of course, the spring picnic offer fun to all.

The rules of a school exist to keep it running smoothly. Corridor rules actually do prevent accidents; rules for silence help those who wish to study in school; short lunch periods give us a short school day. However, the school needs improvement, and we must not be indifferent to what we believe is wrong. Your deans will listen to your logical arguments; instead of complaining, act. Back your class officers and give them suggestions.

High school is a very important part of our lives. We must have fun and make lasting friendships, but we must also prepare ourselves for what we hope to be. Alas, our high school record will follow us throughout our future. Let us make the most of everything, our studies, our friendships, and our recreation, so that after we graduate we can proudly say, "I came from C. H. L. S." Then, our school will reply with even more pride, "He is one of our graduates."

H. B.

NO one feels superior to anyone else because his shin-bone is longer, yet many people feel superior to others because their skin is lighter; but the length of the shine-bone, as well as the color of the skin, indicates a person's race; and a light or dark complexion does not influence a person's character any more than a long or short shin-bone. People cannot be judged by their

SOME STAFF MEMBERS AT WORK
C. Perin H. Bequeart E. Thomas K. Taylor M. Priester

color, but only by their inner qualities. This truth is much clearer when applied to individual cases, for anyone who has had a close friend of another race realizes that his qualities are completely independent of the pigment of his skin. Then why should militarism, laziness, or greed be ascribed to a whole race, especially when man is such a complex being that no two people are alike?

Religious intolerance is as groundless as racial intolerance. The goal is not to accept all religions as equally good for everyone, but rather to respect another's way of worshipping God as we expect him to respect ours. It is irreverent for people to fight about religion; the essence of Christianity is respect for others who are different from us, as illustrated by the tale of the Good Samaritan. Religious and racial prejudice is a reflection on the holder of the prejudice, rather than on the object of it.

Then too, everyone belongs to a minority of some sort, racial, religious, sectional, or occupational. Hitler started by purging Germany of Jews; Catholics were next on his list; after he had wiped out the stanch Protestants he might have decided to get rid of all the red heads among his people so that they would be more of the "pure Aryan" blond, blue-eyed variety. "You Swede," or "You Greek," sloppy thinkers yell at each other. It is just a matter of name-calling, for any minority group can be picked on. Therefore when one minority is persecuted, everyone is in danger because his group may be next—and people who live in glass houses . . .

C. C.

ON Saturday, December 7, representatives from approximately thirty Greater Boston high school newspapers and magazines assembled at 10:00 A. M. at Station WCOP in New England Mutual Hall, to hear and participate in Elizabeth Woodward's program for teenagers. Immediately following the program the editors listened to interesting stories of studio activities, related by Mr. John Malloy, program manager and engaged in games testing them on the social graces. At twelve o'clock, the group adjourned to the Hotel Lincolnshire, where they were served a delicious luncheon of chicken a la king, cold cuts, potato chips, rolls, ice cream, cookies and a choice of milk or "coke" at the expense of the Boston Globe.

After the luncheon, Miss Woodward attempted to smooth out the many problems flung at her by the visitors. The most troublesome

problem of all seems to be whether or not to "go steady." Numerous views were presented, particularly by the male of the species, and all seemed to agree that "going steady" is necessary and good for teenagers. Miss Woodward, however, held a slightly different viewpoint. Miss Woodward believes that it is all right to go steadily but not steady, that is, go out with one person a great deal but not to confine dates to one person entirely.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, the female participants of the program were presented with copies of Miss Woodward's books **Let's Have A Party** and **Privately Speaking,** and the male participants with cartoons of Miss Woodward drawn by a member of the Globe staff. Prizes were also awarded for the best write-ups of the recent Helen Hayes party.

F. McD.

WORLD WAR II

On Monday, washday, which begins the week,
A tumult, thorough going-over, beats
Against resistance in the huge machine.

Allied, the forces of the soap and water
Are overcoming dirt, dissolving it,
Or taking it to where it cannot harm.

United Nations rinse the article
Until the Whiteness meant, again shines through,

In drying to a shapely peace, the form
Is shrinking toward a firmer unity:
For this is caused by ways and waves of air.

Let not ill wind, those uninformed of God
To such extent that they have disbelief,
Permit itself to grow to be a storm
Of hate or greed, and cast upon the ground,
In ruin, loss and uselessness, what now
Begins to show a sparkle in the sun.

Roger Carwile, '48.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

IN a tiny map shop in Venice in the year 1493, a poor cartographer painstakingly etched the shoreline of a newly discovered country. The mapmaker's name was Amerigo Vespucci, and he named the new land America. This was the country that Columbus discovered, that Washington fought for, that Nathan Hale died for, that Francis Scott Key christened "the land of the free and home of the brave." This is MY country, the country that means so much to me.

There are hundreds of reasons why America is important to me, and paramount among these is the opportunity it extends to all. A foreigner once observed that all Americans seem cocky, self-confident, almost conceited. Disraeli once said, "Every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful." In the comparison of these two statements, we find America's greatest offerings. Every American has a right to be self-confident because he knows that he has as good a chance as the next fellow to make a success of himself. Look at Lincoln, who became one of our greatest presidents, although born in a log cabin. Look at Andrew Carnegie, who was one of America's most successful men, although born the son of a poor weaver in a small village in Scotland. These men knew that in America they had a chance for success, and they took it and made good.

Security is another of America's great offerings. Basically, security is freedom from anxiety or care. America seems to me to fit that definition perfectly. The late President Roosevelt summed up this feeling in his "Four Freedoms." Taking these one by one, we first find freedom from fear. We here, in America, need have no fear that we, like Joseph, will be sold by our brothers out of pure hatred. We need not fear that we will be placed behind barbed wire because our political beliefs differ from those of the individuals in power. And with our freedom of speech we can say anything short of libel for or against whatever we please. We can print our convictions in a newspaper or magazine and let other people know our thoughts. With our freedom of religion we can attend whatever church we please without our choice being approved by the government. No American need ever starve with the city, state, and national relief agencies to provide freedom from want. Here, in America, we cannot be sentenced or executed for a crime by the will of one man; trial by jury is one of the basic American privileges. America is a land of liberty.

These are only the fundamental things that America means to me, the things that I would first consider when I contemplate this wonderful country of ours. Besides these, America connotes a pulsating, vibrant football game, the glistening splendor of fresh fallen snow, the awakening of spring, the beauty of the fall, in short, all of the things that are associated with love, honor, home, and the joys of life.

Kirk Taylor, '47.

THE JOYS OF WINTER

TO one who lives in the country, winter, for all its force and fury, is mainly memorable for its small joys such as sights and sounds that hit the sharpened senses like a silver hammer; the glow of early lamplight, the tick tack of sleet on frosted window panes, the morning crackle in the kitchen stove, and the stillness of the winter woods.

Winter's ways are so different from those of the slow, sweet scroll of summer on which buds swell into blossoms, sunshine melts into rain, and day drifts into night. Winter, however, has many enchantments, for it feels good to see, through the swirling snow, the smoke of one's own chimney. It feels good to jump shivering into bed and feel the warm flannel-wrapped stone which mother has tucked away between the blankets. Another delightful sensation is to race downhill on a sled with the ends of a scarf streaming behind.

Most of all, at night, when a blizzard is beating in baffled fury against the stout walls of the farmhouse, how good is the snugness of that sanctuary! Never did the kitchen seem so warm and cheerful, the lamplight so bright. By the time mother has brought her sewing close to the lamp and father's stockinged feet are propped up to the open oven, one can have the cornpopper waiting, or be ready for checkers or dominoes.

Sometimes a storm lasts for two or three days. That means a big job of breaking roads. As the neighbors get ready their horses and plows, one blinks at the dazzling white blanket that has spread across the valley and tucked itself into the tall pines on the hills. One shivers with delight to hear the men shouting, the dogs barking, and the sleigh bells jingling. Always the road to the schoolhouse is broken first, and as the crew comes to the homes of the sick and old folks, it plows out the dooryard to make sure everyone is all right inside. No one ever minds breaking roads; it is a small price to pay for the friendship of one another and the joys that winter offers.

George Francis, '47.

MY FAVORITE RECREATION

THERE are many things which I like to do in my leisure time, but since winter is here, I will write on my favorite winter pastime—listening to the opera on Saturday afternoons. The reader must note by the way, that I said **listening,** for here is one confirmed opera-lover who prefers to hear rather than see most of her lyric drama, for reasons which she will explain later.

I prepare for the weekly broadcast in this way: as a national member of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, I receive each week throughout the season a copy of the Guild's magazine, "Opera News." This contains interesting and informative articles about the opera of the week, its composer, and the famous singers who have appeared in it. There are pictures of the cast and settings, and other notes of things operatic. I copy the entire cast, with conductor, etc., into my notebook, as a record of the occasion.

If possible, I follow the performance with a vocal score, taken from the library of the New England Conservatory of Music, where I study, or from my own exhaustive private collection of three. The score is an immeasurable aid in fully enjoying the music, and from it, one can often learn scraps of French, Italian, or German, plus a great deal about the pronunciation of those languages. Often, however, when cuts are made, there is quite a scramble to keep the place.

During the opera, after all these preliminaries, I give my imagination unqualified permission to run away with me. That is why I have little desire to see an opera a la Metropolitan. The stage directors of that venerable institution allow the singers to sing while striking the conventional, time-sanctioned attitudes and poses, without much regard for the dramatic feeling of the work. But when I hear the **music,** I can plan costumes, settings, and the like to suit myself, and end up with a production all my own.

I think that more people should take up listening to the opera as a pastime, since so much pleasure can be derived from it. Even if you can't read a note, familiarize yourself, generally with the story of the work, and, when you hear it, try to make it mean something for you. (You need not accept the verdict of critics that "Carmen" is part of everyone's musical heritage, or that to enjoy "Aida" is to show discriminating musical taste, if you don't agree with them.) Remember that most composers wrote for everyone; therefore, more people should wake up to the possibilities of opera as an enjoyable form of recreation.

Anne Murphy, '50.

GOING FISHING

RECENTLY I accompanied a friend, an avowed lover of the great out of doors, on a fishing trip. Because I had foolishly professed a little knowledge of fishing, he invited me along. This young man takes all of his outdoor adventures seriously, and I received quite a jolt when I observed all of the equipment gathered on the launch. To me, fishing is merely a sport for leisurely whiling away a summer's afternoon, but this is not so to this avid enthusiast. I was overwhelmed with the tangled confusion of ropes, lines, hooks, and cans of bait. I had carried along a volume of poetry and a luscious box of lunch, which I realized later must have amused him a great deal. As in my past experiences, I had envisaged an afternoon lazily lolling on the shady bank, feeling an occasional pull, and when my mood so dictated, pulling in my line. Usually I waited until the latter part of the afternoon to pull in my tackle, and if I came home with a minnow or two, or a starfish, what difference did it make anyhow? If I really wanted a sea food dinner, I could go to one of the hundred or more New England restaurants, which, according to their road-side signs, specialize in shore dinners. I pride myself that I am really fond of fishing for its own sake, and am not like many of my neighbors who have to impress their relatives from the middle west by taking them clam digging for a real old-fashioned New England dinner.

As the afternoon wore along, my friend became more and more technical, obviously showing off his hard-acquired knowledge of this very simple task. I questioned why he was taking such scholarly pains to develop this sport. Were not fishermen always rather simple ignorant folk since Biblical times? Perhaps, however, like everything else in this modern atomic age, the simple must be made more difficult, and confusion and tenseness increased. He became more taut and more excited at each tug, making incoherent remarks, shouting one minute, straining his ears and arms the next minute, and finally resigning in disgust. The afternoon's catch consisted of several medium sized cod and haddock, but I must confess that when I considered the energy expended in the process, I would prefer to go to the nearest market, and for a few cents, quietly obtain my fish and keep my blood pressure down and my heart action quiet.

Never again will I go fishing with an expert; going fishing for me from this time on will mean a delicious snack, a shady nook, a soft mossy bank, with only the chirping of birds and the buzzing of insects to interrupt my solace and meditations on the world.

Lillian Connors '47

A PARAGRAPH

THE weather-man must lead an unenviable existence. He gets more blame in the course of a day than anyone else I can think of, for he cannot please everyone. In fact he cannot even please one class of people. If he attempts to make winter sports enthusiasts happy by an abundant supply of snow, he has succeeded only in pleasing the skiers. The skaters then begin to complain. Exerting his energy toward a perfect summer day, he finds that the farmers have been wanting rain. In New England he has to work overtime to send a variety of weather in the same day; this is in keeping with tradition. Every year he must break a few records, and make one day the hottest November 4th since 1885, or another the coldest June 18th since 1902. We can hardly expect perfection from someone so overworked.

Roland Perkins, '48.

OUR HISTORY CLASS

OUR History Class is unique simply because of the contrast in students. There are two types of individuals in this particular seat of learning. First, there are the brilliant students who from day to day never fail to present a detailed, precise and always correct answer. I am beginning to suspect that they have the minds of cameras. They are positively infallible. As soon as certain names are called, the rest of us lean far down on our spinal columns, comfortable in the knowledge that we shan't be called on until a neat little oration has been delivered without a flaw.

As those who know me will state without hesitation, I am not a member of the former rank although there are many times when I fervently wish that I were. I am classed with the second variety, known to all as the "plodders." This group is easily distinguishable by our recitations. The question falls like the axe of the guillotine, and after several minutes of deep concentration, we make a start. This stab in the dark is usually wrong, but at least it is a beginning. More often than not, no answer at all presents itself, and I (note the change in person) stand with my mouth slightly ajar, hoping desperately the answer will strike like a bolt out of the Blue. Most of the time it doesn't as the people around me don't whisper quite loudly enough.

We the "Plodders" of the Class will probably go jauntily along life's pathway just as we do in class, but don't feel at all sorry for us. Think of all the fun our teachers would miss without us.

Ursula Von Zarsk, '47.

LOCKER DAZE

HI, Mary! Hi, Jane! Whew! Am I out of breath! Guess who I walked to school with! Wait a sec till I open this thing. Left, right, darn, missed it again! Ah, here we are—Jane, you know that new vet in our English class? Well, I walked with him.

Yes, he is kinda goodlooking. Is it hot in here! Can't wait till I get this coat off. Say, my history book is a mess. Jane, dear, gimme a couple a sheets of block paper to wipe it with. Thanks. You see, Jimmy (he's the vet) was walking a little ways behind me and my history book fell, but I didn't mean it to fall in a puddle.

Yup, he picked it up and I said—Jane, will you lend me your comb? I can't find mine anywhere . . . Well, yell down and ask Mabel if I can use hers. And, are you through with your compact? I gave mine to Joe last night, and forgot to ask him for it so he'll have to call me up today . . . Thanks a million. Yes, we had a super time. Went to the Smith House afterwards. Hey! There's the twenty-five! Gotta hurry. When? Oh, about one, I guess. I didn't look. But, wait until I tell you about Jimmy. I said, "Say, you aren't in my third period English class, are you?" Then he said, "So you're in that class! Isn't it dull?" Then guess what he—Hi, George! Hey, you're not supposed to be in here. Don't you know this a girls' locker room? Well, I'm sorry, I'm busy tonight, but not Saturday. Is that O. K.? Swell, Then I'll see you around 7:30. So long.

Say, Jane, here's your compact. Hey, I love that lipstick of yours. May I try it at lunch? What shade is it? Last night I wore Tiger Blood—Joe loves it . . . Quick, someone, please can I borrow your David Copperfield? Mine's at home somewhere. Where is my pencil? There, guess I've got everything. Let's go.

Oh, sure, Nancy, you can borrow my pen. Better let Mary write it, though. She wrote your last one. Oh, say you had a splitting headache or something. By the way, did you have a good time yesterday? Say, we'd better hurry out of here. Jane, you should have been there last night. The orchestra was swell, and there was a—Oh, Jane, I just remembered. I got a letter from John yesterday. It's in my locker. I'll dash back and get it . . . There. Oops—missed that combination again. Here's the letter in my shorthand book. Look—it says "Dearest Pat." Isn't that marvy?

No. Well, O. K., I'll let you read the first page. Here. You can give it to me second period. Let's hurry.

Oh darn! There's the last bell. We'll have to wait till they finish saluting the flag. What do you bet she'll mark us late again? She just doesn't understand.

Helen Bequaert, '47.

ALONG THE WATERFRONT

THE waterfront section of the port of Boston, despite its reputation for lawlessness, is really a much quieter place than other American ports, not hampered by lack of modern port facilities as Boston is. The insufficient length and breadth of piers for the accommodation of modern ocean-going vessels, outweighs the advantages of having little ocean current, good water for draft; and an excellent crew of stevedores. It is this absence of the big ocean trade which makes the waterfront district of Boston a comparatively clean, uninteresting region, composed mostly of soot-darkened brick ware-houses and spotted here and there by a restaurant or an occasional bar.

Shanghai, however, offers a sharp contrast to Boston. Its antiquated docking facilities make Boston look like the Model Port of Tomorrow. The river, onto which ships must unload, is cluttered with sampans, home, to hundreds of families who spend their entire lives on the water. Ships can enter only at certain times because of tides, and they are further delayed by the outmoded methods of dispersing cargo. Small, manually-propelled lighters are used to carry freight from ships to shore where it is thereafter transported by coolies, who move slowly through the streets half singing, half wailing dreary songs to lighten their burdens. On hot nights, the people sleep on filthy, waterfront streets which reek of the stench emanating from the "honey boats," small, open, river going vessels, which pass twice a day, carrying fertilizer to the farmers up the river. Stores along the water front are curio and luggage shops, whose primary purpose seems to be the defrauding of souvenir seeking foreigners. There are also peddlers in the dock section who sell vegetables to the sampan population, and Scotch labeled, poisonous, Honkew whiskey to the seaman. At the Bund, the financial section of the waterfront, the buildings would be like those of any modern American city but for the high turbaned, heavy bearded, Sikh Indian guards, supplements to the Shanghai police, who make a very impressive spectacle. There are other sights in the city, strange to foreigners but taken matter of factly by the population: the corpses, floating down the river, of people dead from typhoid fever, bubonic plague, or just plain malnutrition; the ancient trolleys which just barely manage to rattle along Broadway,

the main street of the waterfront, over Suchow Creek, and into the Bund; the low type of bars, in go-down buildings, catering to gatherings of persons from every corner of the globe; and gangs of cut-throats, who prey upon foreign seamen and when they feel especially playful, upon each other.

Waterfronts there are in Boston and waterfronts there are in Shanghai; but walk about these districts and you'll find yourself saying, "East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet."

Gloria Hanover, '47.

PLACES I HOPE TO REVISIT

CHARM is an intangible word, usually applied to a person; however, charm may well apply to places. What is that charm which a quiet village or a huge city has that brings people back time and again? Perhaps it is the scenery, the atmosphere, the people, or the pleasant memories which attract them—probably it is a combination of all these things. There are many places which appeal to me, but perhaps my favorite spots are the few I am going to mention.

The first of these is Marblehead, Massachusetts, a quaint village situated on the rocky New England coastline. It has many unique charms, but the one that stands out most clearly in my mind is a very old house, built before the Revolution. I'm sure its builders never imagined that it would have a huge slice taken off one of its corners! Yes, that is what happened. When Lafayette and his troops were parading through in full array, the winding streets were so narrow that they couldn't march in order; as a result this drastic step was taken. However, Marblehead is not admired only by history lovers, but by sports lovers too. It has an ideal harbor for yachting, and sailing enthusiasts the country over meet there in July for the annual yachting competitions. What a thrilling sight to watch the graceful yachts catching every breeze and tipping at precarious angles, the sun highlighting the stark-white sails!

Another place I love to revisit is my childhood home, Fitchburg. The first impression one gets is hills; it is said to be built on seven hills. The surrounding country with its orchards, farms, and streams is a beautiful sight at any season, and is a sportsmens' paradise from the youngest skier to the oldest huntsman. The people there are simple, warm-hearted folk, and never were there truer friends for anyone.

My last visit I shall make to a desolate, almost frightening spot near the tip of Cape Cod. It is a beach, looking out on oceans wild and deep, called, "The Grave Yard of the Atlantic." It is appropriately named, you would say, if you could see the scattered skeletons of ships lining the shore. As weird and thrilling as the beach is its approach. To reach his destination, one must tramp a mile or two through the desert-like sands of Truro's famed sand-dunes. It is like being in another world, trudging through those sands of ever-changing shape and hue. All it lacked was a caravan of camels, and I would have imagined I was in Egypt, and nowhere near New England!

If anyone were to visit these places, his impressions might be very different from mine, but I am sure he would want to revisit them.

Mary Herlihy, '48.

THE PASSING OF A PEN

BEAUTIFUL, slim, smooth, Dotty was just what I wanted. From the first moment that I saw her until recently, we have been the best of friends. Formerly, she has always been most efficient in writing my homework and letters. Yes, Dotty was all that I could desire in a pen. But I am afraid that she is getting old. She used to skate along gracefully and smoothly, performing perfect figures-of-eight or any other figure that I could wish to write. Lately, however, she no longer glides along. She scratches along, and the scratches are woefully uneven. Some of my words are pitifully thin and hair-like, whereas others are harsh black furrows.

Dotty's stomach not being so strong as it was, it is useless and dangerous to feed her in large quantities. Now, I feed her three meals a day, like the rest of the family. I must also be careful of the quality of her diet. Quink is the only ink mild enough for her. Why, formerly, she could take blue, black, green, black blue, blue black, blue green, green blue, permanent blue, permanent black, permanent green, permanent blue black, permanent black blue, permanent blue green, permanent green blue, washable blue, washable black, washable green, washable blue black, washable black blue, washable blue green, washable green blue, and red.

Yes, truly, Dotty is getting old. Soon, very soon, I am afraid that she and I must part company. In spite of her recent failings, I shall say good-bye to her with much regret and great sorrow because of our long friendship. I'll weep for her as she is already weeping at the thought of our parting. Her sorrowful tears drop copiously on the paper as I write. Tender heart!

Lensey Chao, '47.

MAY WE PRESENT . . .

JOHN McCARTHY, A SENIOR

This slight, slender upperclassman was born in Cambridge in 1929, the year of the stock market crash. He has lived on Howland Street all his life, and as a result, attended the nearby Agassiz School before coming to Latin. In his four years at C. H. L. S., Mac has an honor record, something to be envied by all students of learning. Taking the college course, he plans to enter either Harvard or M. I. T. Last year, he was awarded the Geometry prize as well as a special prize from the Harvard Club of Boston for excellence as a student. His favorite subject is Math (no kidding), but Mac refused to be quoted on his most unpopular one for obvious reasons. Mr. McCarthy's pet peeve concerning Latin is the lack of elevators to the third floor, (School Committee please note). On the "interesting" topic of girls, he had this to say: "They talk too much." (Nuf said.) Under pressure, he admitted that he prefers blondes; (A man after my own heart), not too tall, quiet and possessing a sense of humor. However, let's forget the females for a while and concentrate on John.

In his leisure time, Mac dabbles in the art of developing pictures, a hobby which must be expensive if not interesting. Hockey and football are his favorite sports, with baseball a close third.

When asked a purely hypothetical question, "How would you spend a thousand dollars in one day," he replied, "I'd go to New York and paint the town red." (A pretty natural answer at that.)

This dark complexioned mental giant's chief activity in the summer is loafing, the occupation of so many of his fellow students. John thinks that his main fault is being too quiet. That may be true, but his teachers must love him for it.

John is not the only member of the McCarthy Clan to have entered the portals of Latin; three of his sisters have graduated in recent years leaving John to bring up the rear.

He has proved himself a credit to our school by the record attained during his tenure here. He should be proud of himself.

W. C.

IRENE LEWIS

Irene Lewis was born in Boston, on November 16, 1928. She has lived in Cambridge all her life and attended the Blessed Sacrament school, where she was a member of the home room committee. She hopes to go to Boston University next year. Her great ambition is to be a legal secretary. She belongs to the G. A. A. and the Blessed Sacrament Drill Team. Her favorite sports are swimming and tennis, and she loves hockey and baseball. In her spare time she likes to listen to good music and to read good books. Summers are spent in expeditions to Maine or the Cape. Her favorite movie stars are Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck, her favorite song is "For Sentimental Reasons," favorite food is lobster, favorite books are Emily Loring's, her favorite clothes are sport and tailored clothes, and she greatly admires Earl Daurie (don't we all) whom she claims is her favorite athlete. She would like to take a trip around the world if she could do whatever she wanted, and if she had a thousand dollars she would spend it first for the trip and buy a car with the rest. Irene is a tall, attractive girl with dark brown hair, brown eyes, and a sunny disposition. Irene's ideal man must be tall, with light hair, have a liking for dancing, be athletic, and have a marvelous personality.

Her favorite subjects are History and Chemistry, and she claims she doesn't have any dislikes.

Her nickname is "Sis." The thing she dislikes most in boys is their conceit and the fact that they don't give girls a chance to know them. When asked what great event had happened in her life she pondered for a long time and said that she guessed the greatest was being born. As for famous relatives in C. H.L. S. she admits ownership of a noisy brother, who is a veteran. At present Irene is on the Reception Committee, is a representative for Red Cross, and declares that the thing she likes best at C. H. L. S. is her homeroom.

M. W.

WILLIAM PAINE

Senior William Paine, a graduate of St. Mary's, wants to be a public accountant after finishing high school. He is extremely interested in Latin America and hopes to go there some day. Needless to tell, his favorite subject in school is Latin American relations. Bill's mother christened a ship, the U.S.S. Robert Paine, which was named after his brother. He likes sports, movies, and his favorite movie star is . . . oh, I just remembered that he asked me not to tell. He likes to eat raw . . . but I was told to keep my mouth shut on this, too. He likes girls that are . . . that are . . . well, anyway, he likes sports.

L. C.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

G. Lakis, Vice President C. Durakis, President P. Sullivan, Secretary J. Rogers, Treasurer

CHARLES DURAKIS

Now we are going to introduce you to the recently elected Junior Class officers. Tall, handsome Charles Durakis, the President, is an honor graduate of the Morse School. Here at Latin, he is on both the track and basketball teams, and is planning to go out for baseball this spring. A very athletic minded boy, he likes basketball, basketball, and even more of the same. Charlie's pet peeve is the lack of school backing of athletic contests. We're behind you, son. His favorite athlete is Johnny Hopp of the Braves, which team he hopes will win the pennant next year. Charlie does his best work in French and not so well in Latin. After graduating he plans to go to Harvard Medical School.

After careful thought, Charlie said his ideal girl must be five feet, seven inches tall, have chestnut hair, and hazel eyes. She must be blessed with a good personality, and good looks. Good luck, Charlie, and may your year as Junior Class President be successful and profitable to the school and yourself.

B. G.

GEORGE LAKIS

Here is the president's right hand man, George Lakis, vice prexy. George is five feet, seven inches tall, has black hair and brown eyes, and an nice smile. George graduated from the Haggerty School. He is on the football team and would like to go out for track. Another sport fan, he likes football, hockey, and basketball. George's favorite athlete is Fernie Flaman of the Boston Bruins.

George likes Spanish very much, and is on the entertainment committee of the Spanish Club. He wears comfortable sports clothes, and is always without a tie. A girl with dark brown hair, about five feet, four inches tall, with a good personality will suit the vice-president. She must be pretty and can not be talkative. You probably have all heard of Jimmy Lakis, the C. H. L. S. football star of a few years ago; he is George's older brother. After high school George hopes to go to Boston College, and after college he is going to teach gym.

B. G.

PEGGY SULLIVAN

Vivacious Peggy Sullivan, Junior class secretary is five feet, five inches tall with short brown curly hair and blue eyes, and has just turned sweet sixteen. Last year she was the sophomore choice for Teen Queen. Sully is a busy, hard-working member of the G. A. A. executive committee, she belongs to the Spanish Club, and she's a Junior officer in the Under 21 Club. She likes to swim, bowl, play tennis, go to hockey and baseball games, and would love to have the chance to learn how to ski. Peggy's favorite pastimes are dancing and making her own clothes; after school she often works as a baby-sitter. Frankie and Ingrid Bergman are her favorite stars. Her ideal man must be big, athletic, not necessarily handsome, but definitely sincere. Peggy's ambition is to go in training at the Children's Hospital after high school.

H. B.

JOSEPH ROGERS

The members of the Junior Class may rest easy in the knowledge that their funds are in the capable hands of Joe Rogers, recently elected class treasurer. This is not his first office, for in his freshman year Joe was homeroom chairman. This year he holds also the position of treasurer of the homeroom.

Joe was born here in the University City in 1929, and attended the Longfellow Grammar School, where he lent support to the various teams there. He has continued his interest in sports here as a member of the basketball team, and a prospective member of the baseball team.

Joe, who incidentally has light brown hair, gray eyes and stands five feet, eight inches, usually spends his summers in Rhode Island. Last year he attained the enviable position of being placed on the payroll at Braves Field, and during the season became acquainted with a number of the Braves players. Line forms on the right!

F. McD.

GEORGE SPARTICHINO

George Spartichino—Sparty to his friends—is five feet, ten and a half inches and 175 pounds of energy. A sportsman, he is interested in football, baseball, and, at present, skiing. He was born in Cambridge, attended and graduated from the Ellis grammar school. George was playing football, in his junior year, when the army lured him away. He served three years as a P.F.C. and was with the 82nd Air Borne Division in England, Normandy, Holland, Belgium, France, and Germany. A B. A. R. (Browning Automatic Rifle, to the illiterate), man in the paratroopers, Sparty's biggest thrill came with his first jump. He jumped nine times altogether, one of them being a combat jump in Grospect, Holland where he was wounded by German shrapnel. Wounded again in Belgium, he was sent to England for three months' hospitalization. Back in school, Sparty is finishing up in hopes of going to Franklin Institute for a course in architectural engineering. In his spare time he is president and treasurer of the G. and A. taxi association. Sparty's ideal girl is a good dancer, who is sports-minded and who doesn't drink or smoke—Line forms to the right. Oh, yes, he has brown eyes and black wavy hair.

M. E. P.

BARBARA MODEST

Sophomore Barbara Modest is a pretty, petite brunette with a husky voice and a quiet smile. "Babs" graduated from Morse grammar school, and, after graduating from high school, she intends to go to college. Finishing college, she wants to be a social worker. Her favorite sport is swimming, and her favorite subject in school is French. Babs has been playing the piano for four years, and ought to be good enough to perform now. Her favorite colors are deep green and red. Her ideal man is six feet, one inch tall, dark, lean, bass, intelligent, and something of a Burt Lancaster.

L. C.

SHEILA MONTIETH

Sheila Montieth, a blonde, blue-eyed freshman, is the sister of our well-known center, Billy Montieth. Ding, as they call her, has lived in Cambridge fourteen years, and is a Russell School graduate. Her ambition is to be a good secretary. Ding is a G. A. A. member and an industrious contributor to the Freshman Notes. Softball and skating are her favorite sports; she loves to go to football games. She also likes to attend movies starring Alan Ladd or Barbara Stanwyck. Her spare time she spends reading, eating, and baby sitting. Ding's ideal man is tall, dark, athletic, with a sense of humor.

C. P.

JAMES LEHANE

"Stuffy" Lehane is a sophomore sports enthusiast, five feet, five inches tall, with brown hair and grey eyes. Last year he went out for freshman football, and he plans to go out for practice this spring. Stuffy likes to play basketball and baseball also, and to go to all these games. Of course, his ideal girl is one who likes sports, too. A graduate of the Ellis School, Jimmy is taking the college course with geometry his favorite subject. He belongs to the Spanish and Debate Clubs. Jimmy already has his mind made up—he would like to become a certified public accountant after he graduates.

H. B.

SHIRLEY ACKERLY

Shirley Ackerly of the class of 1950 was born in Cambridge in 1932 and last year graduated from the Webster Grammar School.

Shirley's favorite screen star is June Allyson, her favorite subject English, her favorite author Charles Dickens, and favorite food fried chicken.

Shirley spends her summers in Port McNicholls, Canada where she indulges her bad fault of being a tardy riser.

Shirley, a blue-eyed blonde, five feet, five inches tall, almost drowned while swimming one summer in Wilmington. Let us hope she has no similar experiences, or the world will lose a capable secretary which we are sure she will be some day in the not too distant future.

F. McD.

Exchanges

The Students' Pen
Pittsfield High School
Pittsfield. Mass.

The Who's Who column in your October issue was especially interesting. It was very friendly and informal. All the jokes in your humor column made us give out with a hearty laugh. The poem "Autumn In Massachusetts" by Patricia Adams was very lovely.

The Item
Dorcheter High School for Girls
Dorchester, Mass.

In your December issue the story "After the Dawn" was deeply moving. The clever illustrations added zip to an already wonderful magazine. We enjoyed especially the gossip columns for each class.

Betty Anne Galvin,
Exchange Editor.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS

DURING my grammar school days, my vocabulary was not too extensive, but yet I knew what the word "corridor" meant. I agreed with Mr. Webster's interpretation of this word. But, as the years go by, one becomes more experienced, his vocabulary increases, and he finds that many words have more than one meaning. My vocabulary having undergone three and one half years of high school training, I find myself resolved to declare my own explanation of the word "corridor," the corridor of a secondary school.

A high school corridor (Noah W. take note!) is a very slow and difficult means of connecting distant classrooms, being thoroughly congested between class periods. I feel it my duty to propose to the School Committee that the rules of driving should be taught to the pupils as they could use several automotive signals in their two-minute excursions through the jungle of feet, hands, heads and books. Freshmen are not excused. The pupil who arrives a minute early for a class is usually a high-spirited student who plows through everyone, or a skillful "driver" who knows enough to stick out his left arm for a left turn. There are always those nonchalant students who ramble along as if they were in a museum. One must use tact in passing them, as they take up the entire right side of the corridor, leaving no room for a polite pass.

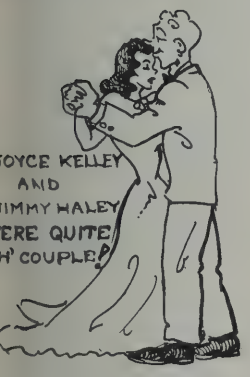
But, it is not just the crowed corridors that are hazardous; the empty ones can be just as full of surprises. In the early hours of the morning about eight fifteen B. S., (Before School), the corridors are quite empty and a person can become very careless. All the rules of safety are forgotten. Some pupils have been known to walk down the wrong side of the corridors and collide with some teacher coming out of a classroom, while there are always those who take the corners on the wrong side. Swinging doors, as another concrete form of resistence, are the most unnecessary thing I have seen in school, next to books. It can be very inconvenient to try to pass through a swinging door that persists in swinging at the pupils. Just one word or two from the headmaster and I'm sure that at least a dozen pupils, who feel as I do concerning these obstructions would be willing to take them off. Enough said for the inconvenience to be found in our school corridors; as for their good points, they can be found in following lines.

Serafino A. Regillo, '47.

XMAS FORMAL

BARBARA CASEY ALMOST MISSED UP ON TH' AFFAIR, BUT SHE CURBED A BAD CASE OF TH' SNIFFLES AND HAD A SWELL TIME WITH JOE BREEN

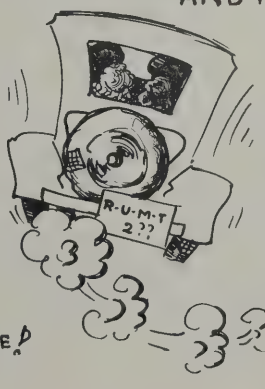
SEEMS AS THO' TH' SHORTEST FELLAS ALWAYS GET TH' TALLEST GALS!



JOYCE KELLEY AND JIMMY HALEY WERE QUITE TH' COUPLE!

PAUL WILLIAMS GAVE HIS TIN LIZZIE LOADS OF EXERCISE WHEN HE GOT CONFUSED AS TO TH' WHEREABOUTS OF SHIP'S HAVEN ON TH' PIKE!

ON TH' 20th OF DECEMBER TH' DRAMATIC CLUB SPONSORED A CHRISTMAS FORMAL IN TH' MAIN BALLROOM OF TH' HOTEL COMMANDER. AT TH' DANCE HAILED AS TH' GALA EVENT OF TH' YEAR, MISTLETOE + GAY SPIRITS PREVAILED WHILE ALL PRESENT DANCED TO TH' SWEET MUSIC OF KEN REEVE'S AND HIS ORCHESTRA!



A NOVEL WAY OF SWITCHING ACQUAINTANCES WAS INTRODUCED BY TH' VARIETY DANCE', EACH PERSON WAS GIVEN A SLIP OF PAPER BEARING TH' NAME OF A FICTIONAL CHARACTER THEY WERE TO LOOK FOR.

JIMMY PRIOR WAS SHOCKED OUT OF 10 YRS. GROWTH BY TH' ODD SCENES HE WITNESSED AT EXCLUSIVE STEUBEN'S, WHERE HE SQUIRED EVELYN DONAHUE AFTER TH' DANCE!?!

MIKE HAMILTON KEPT A WATCHFUL EYE ON HIS G.A.O., CAROLYN 'TONI' TOWNSEND, WHEN HE DISCOVERED EACH GIRL WAS BEING GIVEN A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE TO WEAR AT TH' DANCE.

GEORGIA NYMAN—•

FEBRUARY MORNINGS

I DREAM I am adrift on an iceberg in an Arctic blizzard. In deafening crescendo the wind whips around my numb body. Then suddenly I awake and find that my mother is pulling the blankets off me. (By now she has discovered that calling is useless.) As I think of the cold world without, I feel like snuggling back under the blankets, but instead I fumble for my slippers and stumble to the bathroom. Since the hot water supply has been exhausted by earlier risers, I wash in water icy enough to have come straight from my dream. Then, dressing in my warmest sweater and skirt, I am ready for breakfast. Unfortunately it has been ready for me for some time; the coffee is lukewarm, the toast and bacon, cold.

When I have eaten, I must see what the temperature is; I rub a frosted window pane until I can read the thermometer outside, but not trusting that instrument, I open the door and put the cat out. If she scratches and meows to be let in again, I know it is cold. (This method is obviously much simpler than listening to weather reports on the radio; they are so cluttered with information about the sunshine, yesterday's temperature, and storm warnings at Cape Hatteras.) Although it is a little early, I think I shall leave for school now. All I have to do is gather up history, English, French, and chemistry books, and put on boots, scarf, coat, kerchief and mittens. Strange to say, it is now a little late.

Once outside, I am thankful for all this protection against the cold. Shrouded in clouds, the sun gives little light and apparently no heat. The freezing temperature has even dispersed the little group that always stands outside the corner drugstore. My nose is red and my cheeks are tingling as I hurry along. Some people may think my bare legs and boots incongruous but, anyway, I do not wear a fur coat and no hat (perhaps because I do not have a fur coat.) Shivering as I near the school door, I hear a friend remark, "Beautiful weather! Isn't it?"

Carolyn Cremens, '47.

ITALIAN CLUB

THE second meeting of the Italian Club was held on December 13. A short skit entitled, "The Tight Shoes," was presented by the members of the club. The leading parts were taken by James DiVito, Albert DeSimone, Jennie Parisi, Florence Viola. Everyone enjoyed the skit. We hope to welcome new members at our next meeting.

Leona DiGiolia, Secretary.

THE REVIEWING STAND

The Covered Wagon by Emerson Hough is a tale of our pioneering forbears who braved hostile Indians, turbulent rivers, and the strange fevers which were more deadly than the first two combined. Mr. Hough's book is unusual in that the romantic interest is kept in the background and the bravado and boldness of the men and women who worked side by side to fight the Black Crows, Iroquois, and Algonquins, form the main interest of the story.

It's A Woman's World, a collection of short stories and essays by such famous writers as Gertrude Stein, Dorothy Parker, Colette, and Edna Ferber, is a book to arouse the interest of boys and girls. The girls will enjoy it because it points out the different types of female mind and character at their best, and the boys will be interested because once they have read it they need only type their favorite girls and they will know what to expect next from that strange phenomenon the SHEMALE.

Call Me Mister's long popularity in New York is easy to understand once you see it at the Shubert. This story of a G.I.'s exuberance at the idea of return to civilian life which is soon darkened by the realism of his reconversion problems thrills the evening audiences at the theater. Of course the happy ending of the story and the delightful singing of Betty Keane contribute in no small way to the success of this wonderfully presented musical comedy.

Claire Barrett, '47.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

THE Junior Red Cross is starting a gift box drive for high school pupils of other lands. Among the gifts will be educational supplies, jack knives, hair ornaments and the like. These gift boxes provide a great deal of joy and happiness to the people of Europe who have been through a terrible war.

Volunteers have helped pack supplies for the Senior Red Cross Fund Drive. Their efforts are greatly appreciated.

Under the direction of Miss McCaffrey and Glenna Slater, a senior taking Latin American Relations, correspondence albums are being prepared. Through these albums we hope to help to give the Mexican children a better understanding of our schools and our city.

Through the efforts of the Junior Red Cross, over two hundred and fifty pupils have enrolled for the Home Nursing Course.

Jeanne Eddy.

SPORTS

AT last, the millenium has arrived; Cambridge Latin has two potential championship teams in one season! Both the hockey and basketball teams are roosting in positions from which they can reach the tops of their respective leagues.

The hockey team has four wins, one loss and two ties. After being on top for most of the season, the team slumped a little and ended up in second place at the end of regular league play. The starting lineup includes goal tender Cal Tassinare, defensemen Earl Daurie and Jack Lee, and center Dick Rigarzio, flanked by wingmen Dick Smith and Jackie Donahue. The second line, the "B" line, has Jakie Boudreau, and Larry Brennan.

In its first game against Arlington, Latin was held to a 1-1 tie. Richie Smith was the "old lamplighter" in the close-fought game.

Rindge became its first victim, falling 4-2. The game was never really close as Latin pulled away to an early lead. Again Richie Smith led the parade slapping in two goals, while Jackie Donahue and Jakie Boudreau chipped in with the others.

Newton was shut out, 2-0, as Latin played its best game defensively. "Smittie" drove in both goals, one a penalty shot.

In a crucial game with Melrose, Earl Daurie became the fair-haired boy, registering both markers in a 2-1 triumph. The last goal was a rink length solo, a real beauty.

Riding high, the Cantabs were undermined by feeble Belmont, 1-0. A long shot by Vigirolo proved the margin of difference as Latin failed to score for the first time.

Stoneham was easy meat, succumbing 3-1, to the combined efforts of Smith, with two goals and Larry Brennan, who sank a third tally.

Tied for first with Arlington, Latin was held to a tie by cellar-dwelling Medford, 2-2. Dick Rigarzio scored the first marker, while Jack Lee kept Latin from losing by sinking an equalizer in the last period.

Going into the play-offs, Latin is one point behind Arlington and hopes to close the gap and come out a winner.

The net-tending of Tassinari has been good enough to keep the Cantabs right up there; he is, in fact, the least scored on goalie in the league.

The basketball quintet has five wins and one heart-breaking loss to show for the season. The first five consists of guards "Yaka" Kelley and Herb Lewis, and center, Earl Daurie, flanked by forwards Bob Curnane and Charlie Durakis.

Latin captured the first five games, starting off by beating Arlington 29-23. Bob Curnane had a field day, dropping in 12 big points and providing the spark by which the Big Red stayed in front.

Watertown was smothered next 45-14. Lanky Earl Daurie paced the Koslowsky crew, garnering 14 points while Kelley threw in 12.

At Brookline, the Cantabs had trouble pulling out a 29-22 verdict. Captain Kelley again led the parade with 12 points, followed by Daurie with 11.

Against inter-city rival, Rindge, the boys in Red ran wild, fashioning a 45-19 triumph. Junior Charlie Durakis captured scoring honors with 9 points.

Having swept four in a row, the Latinites faced Newton, a formidable foe, and last year's league champion. It was not the same team this year, however. Paced by Kelley and Daurie, both of whom tossed in 12 points, Cambridge crushed the Orange and Black, 42-32, holding giant center Red Jennings to a mere 7 points.

Now came the crucial test, Waltham. Unbeaten, the Watch City team played host to the Latin five, (also unbeaten). At the end of the half, the latter led 14-12, but Waltham closed the gap in the second half and eked out a 21-20 win in the dying seconds of the game. The defeat may cost the Latin players a Tech Tourney bid, but they can achieve it if they conquer Waltham on their home grounds late in February. They weren't outplayed at Waltham; they were out-lucked.

At half-time in the season, "Yaka" Kelley leads the scoring column with 48 points, an average of 8 a game; Earl Daurie, with 45 is second and Bob Curnane holds third place with 32 points. Kelley falls below former captain Johnnie Paredes' average of 13 markers per game last year, but still is up in the league high scoring column with Daurie.

Track has come into full swing with two meets already run. However, this year's entry has not the expectations of either of the other winter sports. A meet with Huntington School illustrated this as Latin led by Charlie Durakis, was swamped 52-25. The whole Cantab team relied on Durakis, who copped 10½ of the 25 points gathered. He ran away with the 300, and aided and abetted by Bourque, Carwile, Rice, Barbera, Lewis and Kaufman piled up 25 points. Ron Flink won the 600 to gain 5 points. In the Northeastern meet, Durakis won his trial heat, and finished fourth in the final to win the only Cambridge point.

William Craig, '47.

C. H. L. S. SPOTLITE

Dear Readers:

Just think, it seems as though school has just started and yet half the year has passed. Seniors had better enjoy the last half, for this is their last time. Seems like graduation is fast approaching—class rings, pictures, caps and gowns, etc. Speaking of pictures, reports have been received that Mary Pergamo's and Angela Cotter's are very cute! . . . By the way, Jack Lee, one of Latin's outstanding hockey players seems to be quite taken up with that newcomer from California, Connie Read. Some of the boys want to know how you do it, Jack? Seen having a gay time at Ships' Haven after the Dramatic Club Formal were Jimmy Haley, Joyce Kelley . . . Teddy Murray, Joan Adario . . . Paul Williams, Connie Read . . . Those poor hungry seniors, how low they look when third recess comes . . . We don't believe that there is a more quiet and diligent girl in C. H. L. S. than Barbara Carter . . . After that Chem. Exam 6th period in 320, the kids looked as if they had come off a roller coaster . . . Right here we want to warn people not to take notes out of the Review mailbox. That refers to vets also! . . . Those lucky five, Abbie Wise, Ursula von Zarsk, Dave Walsh, Karen Evebuske and Kirk Taylor are the only living people ever to be seen in the Review office now . . . Barbara Publicover and Mary Pergamo are reported to be at every hockey game. That's school spirit . . . Dorothy Alamonia is known as the "charm girl." Betty Anna Urbon is so tiny you can't see her when she's walking through C. H. L. S. corridors . . . It's quite evident that John Petit doesn't suffer from insomnia. Too much History homework, or too much night life? Hmm? . . . How did a certain basketball player get the nickname "Two Points Curnane." . . . Three cheers for Cal Tassinari. It's goalies like him who help keep their hockey teams on top . . . They tell us that Louis Egian and Leon Poirier are going to be the world's next greatest chemists . . . Maybe they will invent something to counteract the A Bomb . . . what do you say, boys, there's a future in it . . . This year we will be very good children and not mention a thing about Steve Biddle's big ears . . . Jimmy Curry certainly has a keen method of keeping a first period History class well humoured.

Perched up on a Lab stool, anxiously watching a solution boil was Joanne Spitzer. When asked what she was looking at, the intelligent reply came back, "I'm watching the stuff cook." Ah me, our studies seem in vain . . . Just why is Joan Larsen always running around in a daze? . . . Could it be a person by the name of Pierce Lane? He's from Brown and Nichols, no less . . . Irene Pahakas is known as the Quiz Kid of her bookkeeping class. Who is it that Loretta Sheehan is always imitating? Lizzie Marcontomo's bangs look sharp, so we hear . . . Just look at Rosemary Talarico and you can see why she gets her class to subscribe 100 per cent for Reviews from her class. We wonder whom Juantin Fustin received a friendship ring from? All we ever get are blank stares . . . Inquiries are made concerning the message Steve Biddle has for Marsha Hornsby each history period . . . Could it be from Mac? Mystery of 320, who are the three pests? . . . It might be interesting to know that George Saideh, a veteran here at C. H. L. S. was the founder and first president of the Outing Club. He wrote up the charter and constitution. George graduated from here in 1944.

Flash! Seen at the exclusive Dramatic Club Formal: Joe Breen and Barb Casey, Rickie Gallant and Jean Kennedy, Lukie Maher and Phyllis Monroe, Anne Foley and Sus Shea, Maureen Coleman and Ray Shea, Toni Townsend and Mike Hamilton, Joanne Dubuque and Don Twomey, Connie Read and Paul Williams, Jimmie Haley and Joyce Kelley, Evelyn Donaghue and Jimmy Pryor, Larry Corcoran and Clair Barret, Dick Barbera and Lorraine Malkat, Jimmy Pryor was embarrassed no end at Stuben's after the formal . . . Paul Williams should have had a compass along with him while looking for Ship's Haven. After the formal, many escorts were found to be "heroes of the night" by carrying their "ladies fair" over wet snow and so protecting many dainty slippers . . . On New Year's Eve, there were so many parties no one knew who was where and everyone wondered why such and such a person hadn't been there. (Probably no invitation) . . . There are many mysterious persons who never divulge their middle name . . . Among these we include Alfred "E." Nugent . . . Pat Delery and Nancy Watson are two of the few who take the "bush" walk to school every morning . . . "But I'm a Vet" shouts John Aruda in sixth period class. Georgie Nyman is one artist who will never starve. Things to eat seem to pop out of nowhere for her. Is there a secret method, Georgie? Jimmy Haley and Paul Williams think 6th period is wonderful . . . Class or no class? That is the question . . . Vickie Gabriel's new hair style is quite a change for

her and very becoming we might add . . . At the Latin-Rindge basketball game were scores and scores of Latin rooters, including "Red" Sanders, Don Twomey, Steve Biddle, Dick Gurner, Nancy Watson, Joyce Kelley, Joan Sullivan, Peggy Donaghue, Irene Lewis, Paul Williams, Evelyn Donoghue, Ann Delaney, Jane Butler, Valerie Brussard, Jeanette White, Jimmy Curry, Eileen Dinan, Dave Walsh, Dot Donovan, Jackie Towers, Paul Crowley, Basil Bourque, Ray Myers, Barbara Tagers, Frances Ehler, Hank Sullivan, Janet Irwin, "Midge" Sullivan, and Jimmy Haley . . . Treason! Don Norwood seems to be quite the rooter for Watertown High! The $64 question now is: When, oh, when is Bob Suprenard going to return that certain book to a certain person?? Everyone certainly receives a warm welcome when walking into "Red" Landers' homeroom. Attention! . . . The streaks of light that are seen every third recess are no fiery comets but merely the poor, half-starved seniors whizzing to the lunchroom for "their bit to eat." Who does all the cheering for Jakie Boudreau at the hockey games . . . Whoever makes all that noise ought to be in the cheerleader's section next year . . . Come Rain or Come Shine: Dorothy "Chic" Checchi is one of the very few, if not the only one, to have attended all the hockey games this season. That includes all the exhibition games too! She can always be heard at every game, cheering louder than twenty-five boys. Good luck, "Chic" keep it up. Besides "Chic," heard at all our hockey games cheering for all our players are Lou Crowell, Nancy Dunokin and Jean Hildebrand . . . We are beginning to get suspicious about those notes Nancy Petropoulos and Wally Burgess keep writing in their homeroom . . . Must be terribly interesting . . . Someday we'll see! . . . Jimmy Prior's house sure was a popular place during the Christmas vacation . . . 317 has certainly had quite a variety of teachers since school started . . . Who's the junior that makes Rose Santos' heart stop? We hear he's tall and handsome! . . . Why is Ginny Sencabough interested in fourth period all of a sudden? . . . Gerri Jackson, alias Jeri Jaxon, is going to have her voice recorded by one of Boston's leading news commentators, Neal Wallace. Academy Award Candidate! . . . Gloria Harrow, a pretty blue-eyed Sophomore is studying to be an actress. If you ask us, she'll be on Broadway in less than five years . . . Charmaine Gardiner attends the concert at the Boston Opera House, directed by Arthur Fiedler, almost every Sunday . . . It's too bad, some people don't even listen to it over the radio . . . Lois Moran proved to be quite a dancer at the recent party thrown by Ursula von Zarsk. Never was there a more flamboyant combination seen in C. H. L. S. than the combination of green plaid shirt plus red and yellow flowered tie worn by Art "Scotty" MacKenzie . . . Whew! What's that we hear about egghead Marshall Fosgate's being voted best looking at a beauty contest? Does the small spoon which Joyce Kelly sports on her sweaters indicate that she has a small appetite? You can imagine Jimmy Hickey's surprise when he opened his locker and found Dick (Woody) Wood greeting him with a hearty good morning from inside the locker. Buster Gruen should be awarded the "National Jaw in Motion" prize for his is perpetually so, with or without food. Taking a glance into the future we see Barbara Casey happily settled on a chicken farm. Wanted! One secretary to handle all notes which seem to trouble Jimmy Haley and Paul Williams. Why all the gloom expressions after a certain history class on January 22? Have you seen the luscious new parkas Nancy Nugent and Pat Kokinakis are sporting? Seen at the Filene's formal with their beaus were "Sis" Lewis, Peggy Keif, Jean Pennamin, and Marylin O'Sullivan. And where did they go afterwards? . . . Inseparable pals are Joanie Sullivan, Barbara Palaro, and Louise Priest . . . Could those happy smiles on the faces of Pat Grogan and Claire Kilfoyle have anything to do with the K. B. formal? . . . Even the girls are starting to wear those loud red jackets the boys are all so crazy about . . . Has everyone met Marcia Hornsby, the sweet little girl from Kentucky? . . . All the freshmen miss Dorlores Nae greatly since she went to join her father.

Robert Wilkie's party Saturday night, January 18, was a great success. Everyone was there including Charlie Durakis, Bob Curnane, Paul Crowley, Joan Williams, Marion Murray, and Jeanette White. Who was the character who tried to pass around a bottle of Worcestershire Sauce at this party? . . . What made Roberta Wilkie jump and scream in her debating class, eh Sus? . . . Cal Tassinari walked nonchalantly into his Spanish class the other day and practically blinded his fellow colleagues with a bright yellow and black lumbershirt. Highlights! The Filene's formal at the Hotel Somerset was a huge success. Janie Butler was one of the models and alumnae Betty Grove sang. Betty, by the way, was escorted by vet Huck Wallace. Seen there were, Alumni Claude Doucet, Joan Howard, Jane's escort, Hugh Graham in his sharp uniform, Barb Casey and Joe Breen, Jean Kennedy and Richie Gilbert. Miss Casey was

fortunate enough to be chosen to dance with an Arthur Murray dancer . . . Evelyn Donoghue comes running to her locker every morning at 8:35, and pulls out a twelve inch comb for her hair. Pat Delery frantically studies her Chem 1st and 2nd recesses. Sorry to say we hear that Frannie Bane and Steve Biddle are not very good influences on their home-room . . . Did you ever notice Catherine Breen stop talking? And where did Berry Gordon get that laugh . . . We can't understand what, or should we say who, is causing Mary Kennedy's eyes to star? This seems to be the question department. Who is this "Bob" that Grace Maher is continually talking about? Loquacious character, isn't she? Have you seen Elly Russell, Claire Kilfoyle and Dot McGovern trying to sell K. B. tickets to people? Mary Citino and Kay Ferolito can be seen skating any night on Fresh Pond. Where does Joan Archibald get those stories that she tells Elizabeth Tenor? Who owns that "Abigale" that Pat Delery runs around in lately? . . . Did you know that Frankie Bane's nickname is "Buck"? What happened to Barb Casey in Chem the other day? . . . It seems that Ann Delaney and Al Nugent are always in trouble in their history class . . . John Kienan is the Peck's Bad Boy of his home room . . . Some day John Pleckovitch will be caught in the act . . . Where does Nancy Nugent disappear to? She can never be found when wanted. Audrey Morgan's personality makes Room 219 a pleasant one. If you hear a noise in Room 309 you know it is either Buster or Dizzy . . . Cookie Bank's refrain at the end of every school day is "Oh dear, tired, tired, tired." How did Steve Minkiel ever get into a row with three Carolyns? P. G. Gossip! Fred Ward should stop closing girl's lockers when they are in a hurry. Ginny Fraser came in along 8:29½. We think she is getting old. The three musketeers are Mary and Ginny Fraser and Helen Stone. Seen all piling out of one car New Year's Eve at Harvard Square were Dave Walsh, Gail Lynch, Frankie Bane, Janet Irwin, Valerie Broussard, Janie Butler, Rita and Jimmy Curry, Charlie Durakis, Frannie McNamara, Ernie Anastos, Joan Williams, Virginia Buckley, and Hank Sullivan. Roland Dansereau has a mania for shutting locker doors. Seen at Joan Archibald's country home one week-end were Peggy Atkins and Betty Anne Galvin. Do you think that Marie Taverna and Rita Ferolito look alike? Does Rosemary Hebert's green nail polish go with her red hair? Louise Josue and Beatrice Korenthal spend their recesses drawing pictures of each other. Louise Camelio lost a penny and put up a reward for it. Maybe it was a lucky one, huh? Who is Bob Bartlett's mysterious caller? Lorraine Fulkerson sets a style by wearing a man's tie on her hair. Regulars at the skating club are Mary Kennealy, Ann Murphy, Fred and Bert Good, and Joan Archibald. Valerie Broussard had a ring-side seat for a recent wrestling bout. And so to end this epistle we now endeavor to give our impression of what makes C. H. L. S. what it is. Those three flights of steep stairs (ask the Seniors, kiddies), Review Office, dashers to the lunchroom, seventh periods, pleasant (?) odors from the Chem Labs, prom (oh, the trouble we have getting a man), hockey and basketball games, school buses, and leave us not forget the most important of all, those many, many studious intelligent, beautiful and handsome students, who are the pride of the school! (We shall now pause for one half hour to allow all cheers and applause to quiet down.)

'Bye now.

Norma Higgins, '47.
Emma Thomas, '47.

K. B. NOTES

K. B. welcomed twenty-one new members of the Junior and Senior classes this year. A candle-light initiation took place December fourteenth, at Eleanor Russell's home. December twenty-third, after caroling at the Holy Ghost Hospital, K. B. attended a Chrismas Party, at Nancy McMenimen's. January tenth, we assembled at Lucille Grenier's home to combine a business and social meeting. To date, these are the highlights of the K. B. agenda; however, our most popular gathering is yet to come. It's the Valentine Formal! We hope you'll all join us February fourteenth at the Hotel Commander for a delightful evening. YOU may be the Queen of Hearts! Loretta Sheehan, Secretary.

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

THE French Club has not gone into the motion picture business, but at our last meeting we had a French film, some of our members are planning to see another at the Exeter, and we are supporting Mr. Sullivan's plan of presenting a movie to the public.

Our project, the "adoption" of a French war orphan continues with success; we have sent her several packages of food and clothing and received, in turn, some very interesting letters and a picture of her wearing some of the clothes we had given her.

Besides the French film at our Christmas meeting we sang carols to the accompaniment of Oswald Campfield and John Holman and enjoyed candy, donated by Miss Ford. Our next meeting will be in February.

Carolyn Cremens, '47, Secretary.

FRESHMAN NOTES

YOUR notes are wonderful; keep sending them in . . . Everyone is waiting for Fred McMinniman to bring his pencil to class, if he has one, that is . . . Paul Sebastian has a very good collection of foreign stamps . . . It's always a race between Patricia Sullivan and Betty Stanley for the lunchroom, and Pat seems to be the winner—what's the matter, Betty, no vim and vigor? . . . James Sullivan is quite the talked about young man—by the girls, anyway . . . Marjorie Taylor and Gertrude Sawyers have a musical interest in Rindge; they take trumpet lessons there and are doing very well . . . Natalie Souza of 103 has a affinity for room 101 . . . At this point it looks like Jackie Rogers is going to have a fan club in his name . . . Peggy Stewart seems to be the champion locker opener especially when it is Bobby Smith's . . . An addition to Miss Hagerty's flock is Charles Smith . . . Lillian Salvato is no longer the small girl she was in grammar school—all due to the influence of high school, of course . . . Room 103 sends sympathy to Mary Souza on her leave of absence . . . Mary Fitzgerald and Mary Embery are great talkers —a lot must happen to them . . . Eleanor Elcewicz's birthday party was a great success . . . Doris Collins is a jitterbug fan . . . and Jeanne Hurley loves ice skating . . . Kathleen Dourie is going to be on time for school one of these days . . . while Barbara Collins gets into school at eight every morning . . . Best wishes to Richard Cohon for a speedy recovery . . . Babs Rodley has a terrific record for not having missed any games in any sports this year, a record that can't be topped . . . Among those who get sick in time for term tests is Franny Rowely . . . Ginny Rivinius is one of our best baby sitters . . . Al Sanders and Wally Scales seem to stay at their lockers most all the time . . . Bette Shaw and Caroline Sawyers like French songs—vive la companie! . . . Paul Tratto and "Stuffy" his pal, are forever beating out the intellect—keep it up . . . Inseparables: Joan Crocket and Patsy Haley . . . Chrissie O'Brien and Beatrice Butler are now our ballroom dance step experts . . . Needed: Old pencils, or new ones, for Abbie Davis who never has one . . . Mary Griffin will soon learn that it doesn't pay to chew gum in school . . . Helen Halloran is the budding artist of Room 123 . . . Margaret Dore seems to have Spring fever a bit early this year . . . Virginia House is the answer girl—she seems to have them all . . . Joan Warman, Jackie Wallace, Ann Mahoney and Anne Holmes are as inseparable as bread and butter . . . Irene Griffin will be playing the Grieg Concerto on Talent Night —something to look forward to . . . Ruth McKeowis has joined the sect of people who wear their hair in bangs . . . Janice Glyn never seems to have any homework . . . Marion Clark, soprano, will sing on talent night . . . Kilroy is out of the picture and Richard has sneaked in by way of the back door . . . Teresa Hickey's nickname is "Peanut" for appropriate reasons . . . Sign language is the mode of communication that Queenie Girogosian and Pat Stiphens use at recess . . . Joan Adams is in such a rush to get home that she leaves her books behind her or maybe she just doesn't want to do homework . . . Virginia Anzalone has no objections to going to school—at Rindge, that is . . . Freshman girls on the way to gym can be identified by the bags they carry and the way they rush . . . Katherine Azadian is another one who has that magic touch when it comes to opening lockers, and the person who needs her the most often is Miriam Babcock . . . Betty Boudreau has hopes of using her ice-skating as a profession . . . Nancy Powers waits for Rindge to get out every day and no one knows why . . . There is a sad rumor flying that Jackie Watts doesn't like girls—oh come now, let's not be coy . . . Seen at almost all of the hockey games are Arline Nilson, Cynthia Coleman, Nancy Morrison, Sheila Montieth, Joan Worman, Jackie Wallace, Ann Holmes, and Ann Mahoney . . . Ann Murphy is very happy, or so it seems because she sings almost all the time . . . Cynthia Coleman gets superb marks in Latin . . . Sallie Parnell's hair is its curliest on rainy days . . . Katrinka Jansen likes things hot and spicy, when she isn't eating them, anyway . . . Gerry Mendez, too has bangs—why don't they form a bang club . . . Mary Monez is the ink supplier for all of 127 . . . Susie Nelson has been nicknamed Blondie—is there a Dagwood somewhere? . . . Robert Costa always manages to liven things up, no matter where he is . . . The G. A. A. Boy-Girl Dance was a big hit—a few of the ushers from among the Freshmen were Arline Nilson, Joan Kidston, Cynthia Coleman, and Sheila Monteith . . . Nancy Powers is a photographer . . . Barbara Collins doesn't like her nickname for some reason . . . Those singers on the school bus every morning are still with us . . . The latest roller skating fans are Abbie Davis, Jean McLaughlin, Lillian Steed, and Bessie Duffett . . . More inseparables: June Diodati, Connie Grogan, and Peggy Stewart . . . Billy Dwyer's taste seems to run to blondes . . . When we meet again, the crocuses will be out and Spring Fever will be in the air.

Constance Perin,
Freshman Notes Editor.

G. A. A.

HELLO, AGAIN, FELLOW MEMBERS!

Congratulations to our two new officers on the executive committee, Clair Russell and Marion Murray!

The Christmas Party, held in the gym on December 18, was a great success. There was entertainment of all kinds; candy was given out. Margie Kelly, a former G. A. A. member of the class of '43 acted as Santa Claus and gave presents to the officers such as toy watches, whistles and autos.

Congratulations are also in store for our senior basketball team for winning first against the Juniors and then against Billerica.

The boy-girl dance held in the gym on January 24 was another great success. Fred Saterial's orchestra was in full swing by 7:30. A group of freshmen girls served as ushers to introduce the patronesses who were the Misses Brown, George, McLaughlin and O'Shea. Refreshments were served.

Until next time — Pearl Boyce, '47.

OUTING CLUB

AT our Christmas meeting, which was held in school, we played a game of identifying birds. The proud winner was Kenneth Korb, with Roger Carwile second. Both boys were presented with beautifully colored picture books of our feathered friends. Kenneth also read an interesting article to us on the hooded warbler.

The next event on our list was a very successful bowling party. The boys had a difficult time in maintaining their superiority in the match, since the girls were more than able competitors. Both Miss McCarthy and Mr. Landrigan accompanied us on this occasion.

The club attended a spectacular ice revue, which has given us the urge for a skating party so that we may show our prowess on the slippery medium. We are also making plans for a splash party, which will take place in the near future.

Goodbye for now. Lois Moran, '47.

THE SPANISH CLUB

¡Buenos días amigos mios!

First of all, I want to thank all those who participated in the program we had for our Christmas meeting.

Our very capable president, Jennie Katsulis, opened the session by extending her good wishes to all, and then the program continued with Lillian Connors, the Chairman of the committee, introducing the participants.

We had two stories told to us about how the Spaniards celebrate their Christmas, one by Edith Rosa and the other by Janice Lombard.

It was a pleasure to have Idalia Miranda, who comes from Puerto Rico, read a poem in her native language.

Eugenia Felipe and Joseph Ponte danced the Samba for us and their "baile" really held the attention of everyone present.

The meeting came to a close with everyone's joining in the singing of carols accompanied by Dorothy Alamanos on the banjo.

I hope we can have as fine an attendance at the next meeting for we can have so much fun. New members are welcome.

¡Hasta Luego!

Beatrice Rodgers, Secretary.

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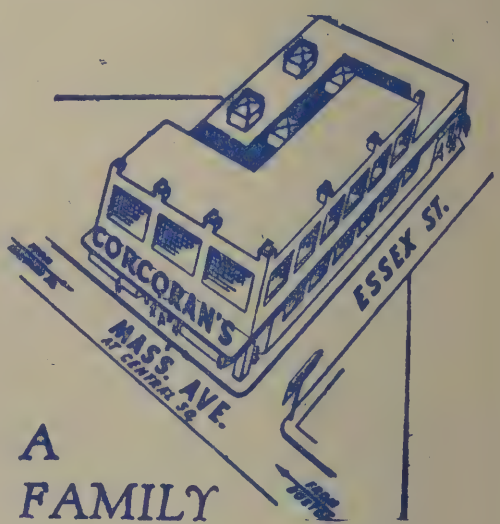

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

APRIL 1947

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Editorials

IT HAS been said that we human beings have discovered the secret of our own destruction. And, indeed, scientists around the world are working with this secret striving to find practical methods of producing a super-atomic bomb. We have heard of the potentialities of this bomb — it can wipe out huge cities — its radioactive rays can make vast regions uninhabitable for years to come. Thus, we realize that, if another war should occur, its results would be too horrible to contemplate. What can prevent this mass annihilation of humanity? A successful world peace alone can save the earth now.

Ostensibly for this purpose, statesmen of the world have gathered at Lake Success. "Peace and brotherhood for everyone!" they cry, while at the same time in their home countries, armies are still in training, and factories are ready to send war supplies down the assembly lines. These delegates can explain, "In case the U. N. does not work, we must be prepared. We can always resort to war."

As long as we consider, even in the backs of our minds, war the cure of the world's problems, we shall never find a workable peace. We cannot reach our ideal looking backward, complaining, "Wars are inevitable." We must do something positive and constructive toward a permanent peace. It is our duty for the safety of the earth's people to be good American citizens, and to prove that the United States practises the freedom, brotherhood, and equality that it preaches. With this proof in our own country, let us show that the harmony we seek for the world can actually exist.

H. B.

"I'VE HAD enough!" said a girl in the lunchroom and tossed the rest of her sandwich into the waste barrel.

Somewhere in China, a ragged girl finished her bowl of thin rice gruel, her only meal for the day, and wondered when her next meal would come.

The teacher told the class that, instead of eating lunch during the first recess, the lunch period would be changed to the third recess. Her announcement was followed by a chorus of groans from pupils who felt that it was cruel to prolong their hunger forty minutes longer.

Somewhere in Europe, a mother told her son that their lunch would be postponed indefinitely. Her announcement was followed by silence that was dull despair.

We have become so used to seeing pictures of starving people in magazines that we feel only a momentary surge of pity which is gone and forgotten when we turn the page. It is hard to feel the reality of their suffering, for they are all so far away. Of course we are not cruel, unfeeling, and insensible to the suffering of others, but all the starving people in Asia and Europe seem beyond our reach. If we were told that some neighbor of ours in Cambridge is starving, we would be shocked. The suffering of a hungry man in Europe is just as acute as that of a hungry man in Cambridge, but we don't feel it as much.

Maybe we can't give our spare scraps directly to those people in want. Maybe they are beyond our reach. We can, however, waste less food. Moreover, by remembering the suffering of those starving people, we may bear our own "misfortunes" more courageously.

L. C.

UNITED NATIONS PARTY

THE third meeting of the Boston Globe Editors' Club was based on an international theme. Over two hundred representatives from high schools attended in the Sheraton Room of the Copley Plaza Hotel on February 21. Your editor, Constance Perin and Lensey Chao were among those present, partaking of the delicious tea, sandwiches, and ice-cream.

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt herself was the main speaker. She hurried in and addressed us without removing her coat or her overshoes. After describing some of her experiences on the Human Rights Commission, she warned us that we in America must be better citizens and crusaders to keep the world at peace. She concluded with saying that our generation must accomplish what hers failed to do.

Another speaker, Dr. David Morse from the International Labor Organization, explained to us quite thoroughly the workings of his organization. Then, the third speaker, Paul Hasluck, a young delegate from Australia, warned us that, in seeking for the idealistic world, we must always take into consideration the diversities on our earth. He answered earnestly and thoughtfully the many questions (on Australia's opinion of the veto power, the atomic bomb) we fired at him. Some hands were still waving (for we should have liked to question this Australian all evening) when Mr. Hasluck had to depart. As we reluctantly left, we were very grateful indeed to the Boston Globe for staging such an interesting, up-to-date and thought-provoking session.

H. B.

HOUSES OF THE FUTURE, TODAY!

HARSH, ugly, austere, unlivable, stark, too symmetrical! These are only a few of the criticisms that the modern type of architecture is apt to draw from people who see a modern house through eyes narrowed by love of the traditional. These people, and they comprise the greater part of the nation's population, refuse, because a house seems to them to be square and to lack a sloping roof, to look into and recognize its good points. The modern house is ingenious; every part of it is designed to bring to the owner the fullest possible amount of good and "easy" living. But it is not a mere gadget; it is here to stay and to be an integral part of American life. Now then, there are three things that need to be considered in the designing of a substantially good house, flexibility, exterior appearance, including placement and landscaping, and, most important, the interior.

The keynote of a modern house is that all important word in architecture, flexibility. In brief, flexibility is the ability of a house to meet the requirements of changing conditions. The modern, or contemporary style of building fits this definition admirably. Probably in no other object are there so many changes made in the course of its life as there are in the ordinary home. Dad is always wanting to relandscape the lawn, and Mother is in a continual frenzy as to how she can rearrange the living room furniture. The unusual flexibility of a modern house adapts itself to the most capricious of families.

The exterior of a modern house, if well designed, blends perfectly with the landscape, utilizing to its full extent the natural properties of the lot. One of the most remarkable aspects of such a home is that the back with its kitchen and garage is facing the street, thus leaving the front with its living and dining rooms facing and enjoying the view of the beautifully landscaped site. The contemporary house is usually placed as much in one corner of the lot as is permissible, so that the rest of the lot may be landscaped to complement the house. The walls may be made of a variety of materials ranging from heavily studded stucco to richly gleaming cedar, ash, or oak. Two features worthy of mention are the recessed front door, which shields bad-weather callers from the rain, and a knocker that makes a chime, rather than a thump, when it falls back on its specially constructed base.

Livability and roominess are the main features of the interior of the modern dream house. From the kitchen to the nursery, there is more than ample room. This permits a variety of furniture arrangements and helps the owners to get away from that apartment house feeling of restraint. No radiators force their ugliness upon the inner spaces; the heating is well taken care of by a system of piping imbedded in concrete under the surface of the conventional wood floor. The light comes mostly from concealed fluorescent tubes in the ceiling with extra built-in lights over the sections used for reading, sewing, and the like. Glass blocks are used to their best advantage in a frame around the front door, and in rectangular strips in the ceiling to illuminate otherwise gloomy hallways.

The main feature of the living room is the ceiling to floor picture windows which admit sufficient light to illuminate the most obscure corner, frame the landscape, and provide a perfect background for comfortable modernistic furniture. Built-in bookcases are placed on either side of the mantle-less fireplace. At one end of the living room is found a dining alcove, adjacent to the kitchen, and separated from the living room by curtains or a screen that may be pulled out at meal time. The entire dining-living area is designed with perfect harmony of color, mostly in solid shades ranging from a light rose or green to a dark blue.

The kitchen of the modern house has almost reached the ultimate of perfection. The refrigerator, sink, stove, and working counter are so arranged as to save many steps for the housewife. Cabinets are plentiful and built directly into the walls; a device such as used on typewriter desks is used to house the electric mixer, toaster, and waffle iron, keeping them out of sight, yet ready for use at a moment's notice. A clock built into the stove enables the cook to set the oven and burners at any desired temperature, and then depart for places elsewhere, assured and confident that they will turn themselves off at exactly the right time. A large window runs along one wall, usually over the sink and stove, and then around the corner to meet the windowless back door.

The bedrooms feature indirect lighting, with reading lights built in over each bed, focused so as not to disturb the person sleeping in the other bed. Large easy chairs fill in the corners, and a built in dressing table with side lighting is on one side of the fireplace. Curtains or Venetian blinds cover the ceiling to floor picture windows at night to assure privacy.

The modern house is definitely here to stay. No person living in this modern age will be able to close his eyes to the many advantages of the contemporary home. I predict that within a very short period of time, they will be as common place as the Which-Way-Are-They-Going? 1947 Studebakers are now. The House of the Future is coming into its own

Kirk Taylor, '47.

LIFE AS SEEN FROM OUR LOCKER ALLEY

IT IS not a simple matter to observe life from my locker-alley; in fact, very little can be seen in the crowd and confusion except the interior of one's own locker. Each year, in spite of the hope that I might be fortunate enough to get a corridor locker, I find myself firmly installed in a locker room. As far as I can make out, the sole advantage to this is that perhaps it is easier to sneak books after third period and to gobble down half a lunch after fourth without being noticed.

Our locker alley certainly teems with life, although teems is not a strong enough word to describe the mob-scene which is enacted at eight-twenty-nine every morning. It is extremely disagreeable to start the day by attempting to squeeze in between two people, who are both rushing to get to their homerooms. If one is lucky enough to escape being trampled to death, and to miss flying locker doors, it is an almost certain fate to be hit on the head by a falling notebook or to have somebody's boot dropped rudely in one's face.

The people in my alley resemble something out of Damon Runyan. There is the inevitable twenty-nine minutes past arriver, who speeds in as the rest of us are speeding out and causes a traffic tie-up. There are two girls who originated a little game in our alley, which is now played universally, either willingly or otherwise, known as "Who-Can-Bang-The-Locker-Door-The-First-The Fastest-and-The Mostest." This greatly adds to the confusion of 8:29. Then there is the blight on society who squeezes in, inadvertently shutting one's locker door when one is in the greatest rush, the one who hangs "Kilroy was here" inside the door, and the one who disposes of all his waste paper through the slats of somebody else's locker. Then too, there is the enchanted couple who, oblivious of the melee around them, whisper sweet nothings and share a tuna fish sandwich after fourth period as if it were caviar. Last, but not least, there is that rare creature who aids one in fishing a mitten out from behind the row and who waits until she is in her homeroom to put her overshoes on after school, so as not to block the aisle.

Locker-inspection day is the least welcome day of the year, in my estimation. Never am I so disheartened as when I open the door and behold the piles and piles of debris: namely, mountains of paper, candy wrappers, kleenexes, old lunches, pencils, buttons, a knitting needle, a record in a dozen pieces, several snapshots, slightly the worse for wear, and countless articles falling under the category of "How they got in my locker will always be a mystery." One bright spot in the shoveling-out process is the fact that one usually finds the missing **Boas and Smith** that had been given up for lost, the pairs of mittens missing since the first cold day, a sweater and one lone sneaker, both in deplorable condition by this time, and dozens of handkerchiefs.

If one must have his locker in a lockerroom, the only place to have it is by the window. By an elaborate set of signals, you can communicate with people across the court without having to walk around. It is rather chilly in winter, but any price is worth such a favored spot.

It will seem strange next year not to have to undergo the rigors of lockerroom routine, but just as it is with many happy high school rules and regulations, we shall be able to look back upon it as nothing but a pleasant (?) memory.

Marilyn Wright, '47.

THE VAGARIES OF NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

A SO-CALLED wit once said, "If you don't like the weather in New England, wait a little while." I wonder if he realized how true his statement was.

The freakish weather in New England may be shown in this sample, if somewhat exaggerated, five days. Monday, the temperature dives to a nose freezing two above zero. Tuesday, an inch of snow greets the dawn. Wednesday, a hard, icy rain makes life unbearable for all people who find it necessary to go out. Thursday, the sun shines brightly, the thermometer reads seventy degrees, and a feeling that spring is just around the figurative corner pervades. On Friday morning spirits are dampened by freezing temperatures and a blizzard.

Every New Englander who boasts of the weather goes, in my opinion, a little too far. Although I am quite proud of my section of the country, I would find landscape, industry, shopping centers, hospitals, or schools to praise, but never the weather.

However, a real New England snow storm which coats the evergreen with ermine, and gives even the unpretentious garbage can in the backyard a gem studded sparkle, is recompense enough for the unpredictability of New England weather.

Claire Barrett, '47.

JUDGE PYNCHEON AND THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES

JUDGE Jaffrey Pyncheon was an honorable man. The rich smiled upon him, and many of the poor blessed him. Wherever he went, he carried a smile that would melt copper or, for that matter, any other metal which he chose to expose to his radiance. He gave of his assets to innumerable charities and everyone looked up to him as a highly just and good person. Indeed, even those keen judges of character, those sharp minded gentlemen, the leaders of the great political party of the day, thought well of him and, in fact, planned to nominate him for governor of his state.

Of course, there were some who would detract from his glory; there are some false hearted rogues who run counter to all accepted doctrines, and the reputation of Judge Pyncheon was not above their senseless condemnation. For instance, there was Clifford Pyncheon, cousin of the Judge; he had spent thirty years in jail for the murder of his uncle, and had been insane the greater part of the time. He refused the Judge's offers of aid, financial and otherwise, and would not even talk to him! Clifford's sister, an old crone if there ever was one, also held a senseless aversion towards the well meaning Judge Jaffrey. But did he for one minute rescind his generous offers to his ungrateful cousins? Of course not! The Judge was an honorable man! Among the detractors outside of the family was a young rabble rouser, partaking in all popular "movements" from mesmerism to daguerrotypy; he too made occasional allusions toward a supposed darker side of the Judge's character.

In this fashion did the popular mind consider the honorable Judge Pyncheon. We, as readers of the book, can see all too clearly a truer aspect. What then, from our position, is his motivating force? What passion drives him through his life? Every man must have some inner urge, and the good Judge is not exempt. The answer is very simple. It is Selfishness.

The world revolved about Jaffrey Pyncheon. He saw it to his advantage in this world to have a smiling face, and so, he smiled. He thought it a fine idea to have any power he could over his fellow men, and so he strove to reach the good graces of politics. He followed the deepest form of greediness by seeming generous, and receiving the due reward of generosity. But, in places where it was necessary, he was ruthless and cruel.

Through these things, he came to the house of Seven Gables, to demand from Clifford and Hepzibah a treasure which existed only in his own imagination, determined to ruin their lives completely if he could not obtain it.

Happily, fate forstalled him; he died suddenly, from an old, persistant ailment that had taken the lives of many of his ancestors. "The evil that men do lives after them," says Shakespeare. This is only partly true, however; there is a joker in the pack. For a while after his death, rumors rose, obscuring the once overpowering smile, darkening the once spotless reputation. He was involved in strange political undertakings; he, not the chastised Clifford, had killed his uncle. The evil lived; but then it died, and Jaffrey Pyncheon was forgotten.

Timothy Orrok, '48.

THE HUMAN NOSE

ONE of the most fascinating subjects which can be broached in a conversation is the human nose. Perhaps you disagree and can feel no stir of interest over such an odd subject. If you are of this frame of mind, I will now make an effort to arouse your interest by undertaking to discuss the human nose from the layman's point of view.

First of all we must make careful personal observation. Look at people who pass you in the street or in the subway, and at your friends; gaze at pictures of savages, aristocrats, even doctors, lawyers, and Indian chiefs, and you will reach the same astounding conclusion as I, that is, "All people have noses." Can you possibly realize the magnitude of such a statement? It means that all of the millions of people on this earth, rich and poor, black and white, all have something in common. In short, to cease beating about the bush, this nonsense proves the point that I have been trying to make; the human nose is a universal thing; as those two distinguished gentlemen, Boas and Smith, say on the subject of universality, "It is sure of an appreciative audience if it touches a familiar chord," which undoubtedly the nose does. In fact, to go further, with many unfortunate souls who have large quantities of this impediment common to all human beings, it is a painfully familiar chord which must be touched delicately or not at all.

Let us now go further into this subject, first consulting another distinguished gentleman, Mr. Webster, who says of the nose, "in man the part which bears the nostrils." It is regrettable that the names of distinguished gentlemen should be dragged into a layman's discussion, but it is done merely to lend an air of respectability to this essay which it would otherwise lack. This nose now under discussion is

neither aquiline nor pug; so let us wander back to the subject, going by way of Hollywood. Here we find two famous noses, that of Bob Hope, which has been the butt of volumes of jokes, and that of Jimmy Durante, which would make an ant-eater green with envy. Both these men have earned fame and fortune through their noses. Durante's nose has earned him the nickname of **The Nose** and also much fame; and as for Hope, because of his he has become a famous comedian for it is said by the crooning B. C. and those who know, that with a nose like his, Hope could do nothing else but become a comedian.

The nose without a doubt has distinct qualities all its own. First, it manifests peculiar characteristics when its owner has a cold and is the direct cause of such disturbances as sniffles, sneezes, and snores, which occur usually at most inopportune moments. Secondly it has a tendency on most people to peel, grow red and assume a most lamentable appearance when exposed to the sun's rays. This has been the cause of much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the otherwise fairer sex. Last but not least is its habit of growing very red and thus more conspicuous when too much alcoholic beverage has been consumed. The tragedy of this is that this is the identical appearance which it has when its owner has a cold, and thus it has been the cause of many quizzical glances, uplifted eyebrows and wagging tongues, all of which are often directed at an entirely innocent person.

I feel that I have now proven my point that the human nose is a subject interesting enough to be introduced into any conversation; for if I, who know nothing at all about it, can fill two pages and a half on it, imagine what can be done by someone who knows what he is talking about!

Paul Goguen, '47.

MY VISIT TO MRS. GARDNER'S PALACE

LAST Thursday I made my first visit to Mrs. Gardner's palace with little knowledge of the great pleasure and beauty that were in store for me. My friend and I arrived early, in order to have plenty of time to study the various aspects of the place so that we could write a theme about it. As I approached the plain, massive structure with its high wall, a little elf within me warned of a dull morning among dusty, uninteresting relics. The outside of the building looked cold and uninviting, but I should have remembered that "you can't judge a book by its cover."

The first room we entered seemed to prove that the elf was right, for the walls were covered with pictures of all shapes and sizes, and were mostly portraits which didn't intrigue us at all. As soon as we moved into the main hall and caught sight of the breathtaking beauty of the garden, however, we were rapt in its charm and fragrance, and the whole palace took on a new light. Here was grandeur that could hold the attention for hours in admiring every nook and cranny, and did hold ours for well over two hours. Rare lilies, orchids and many other flowers were blooming here under the glass arched vault of the sky, while outside there was snow on the ground. In other rooms and up stairs were parts of Venice, Paris, Luxembourg transported to this country; paintings by Whistler, Rembrandt, Veronese, and busts by Cellini. Beautiful, gay tapestries, dating back to the forteenth and fifteenth centuries, hung from the walls in as perfect splendor as when they were first made. At the end of one long hall was the chapel with a huge, vivid, stained-glass window behind it, a carved crucifix on the altar, and high, wooden chair stalls along the side. Each and every room held its store of treasures, priceless in cost and beauty.

I was completely won over to the palace and don't intend to make this first visit my last.

Joan Kelley, '47

INCIDENT IN CHEMISTRY CLASS

"LET'S see now, what's next?—Oh, yeah, chemistry—got my **Jaffe** and the **Black and Conant** too. Homework was on problems, no—that was last week's work. Had a test on problems last Thursday. Today's Monday—ought to get the test back pretty soon. Hi, there, Jim, whaddy a say? Do your homework?"

"Yeah, all but the last one, number fourteen—"

"Hmmmm, never noticed her before . . . everyone seems to be in class already . . . have to hurry to get there by the bell. Homework on the side board. Wish Ernie would move his head so I can see the assignment. Ho, well, here comes Len . . . copy it from him.

"What's say, Len? What's the assignment?"

"It's in the orange book—one eighty seven through one ninety four, questions on three through nine on two hundred; learn Frasch method."

"What was the last?"

"Learn Frasch method. F-R-A—oh, heck, you'll see it in the assignment tonight anyway."

"It would be just like her to pop one of those spot tests on Monday. Guess I'd better learn this Frasch method or whatever it is. Hope it won't be complicated—wanna take in a show tonight."

"All right, class, everybody in his seats! (pause) In your seats, boys!"

"Why does she always say boys? The girls aren't perfect, either. 'Course there's only one in this class—wonder what it would be like to be the only boy in this class—pretty slick, I bet —golly, I dunno—be worth a try. Second thought, I wouldn't like it at all."

"Today we're going to do the experiment on equivalent weight computation, but before we start on that, I'm giving back your—"

—Last Thursday's tests!—

"tests we did last Thursday on problems."

"I knew it! Golly, everyone groaned when she said that—can't blame them—was a tough test. Wonder what I got. Probably did pretty poorly . . . tough test . . . none of my answers agreed with Al's. Could be he's wrong and I'm right . . . no, I'm probably wrong . . . I get the queerest feeling when I get back a test."

"Come up and get your paper when your name is called."

"—you get that funny feeling down in your stomach—sort of restless as she reads off the names."

"Arnold—Boyagion—Cutter—"

"Oh, stop worrying, can't be as bad as all that—then there's that other problem test—thought I did so well on—failed—Goldberg got a ninety-seven—how does he do it—some people have the brains."

"Douglas—Dugan—Donegan"

"—be good to get the paper and know what I got—It's the waiting . . . nothing can be done about it either . . . Perhaps I didn't do so terribly. Look at Douglas . . . seventy-four . . . good for him . . . From the way Arnold looks . . ."

"—Eagen—Miss Essen—Fairchild— Fougere"

" . . . didn't do so well . . . Here comes Sam—What's the mark on that paper?—fifty three . . . golly, the marks are low—can't see it too well from here . . Ask him . . . "

"Gaugin — Gerogosiam — Johnson — Jones — Laphom"

"This suspense is murderous—all the papers seem to be red penciled—means bad paper . . . golly, the tension . . . bottle of magnesium ribbon on her desk . . . Lapham . . . I'm next magnesium, what is that for? . . . the experiment . . . equivalent weights . . sounds technical enough . . . had something in today's assignment on it—couldn't make head or tail out of it . . . There goes Lapham for his paper . . Here comes mine now . . . "

"Mackey—"

"Where did she lay it down . . . where is it? . . . not badly penciled . . . why . . . No, thats' not my writing . . . Oh, there it is . . . the mark . . . . . . where is it? . . . not badly penciled . . . why does she write upside down? . . . Holy smokes! eight-seven . . . that's good . . . eighty-seven. I thought I was going to flunk, pipe dream, I guess. Heck, this is way better than last time—."

"Morris . . . Myer . . . Orock . . . Prentiss . . . Rourke."

"Boy! this is good . . . never thought I'd do this well . . . what is Fudge's mark?"

"Fudge, hey Fudge!"

"Yeah"

"What's your mark?"

"Eighty-seven"

"Eighty-seven! hey, that's good . . . that's what I got . . . Let me see your paper a sec —Same mark as I got . . . funny . . . the teacher might think that I had cheated . . . to think half a minute ago I thought I was failing . . . Eighty-seven . . . why that's a G.—"

"— Simmons — Stonmetz — Tujenoria — White—".

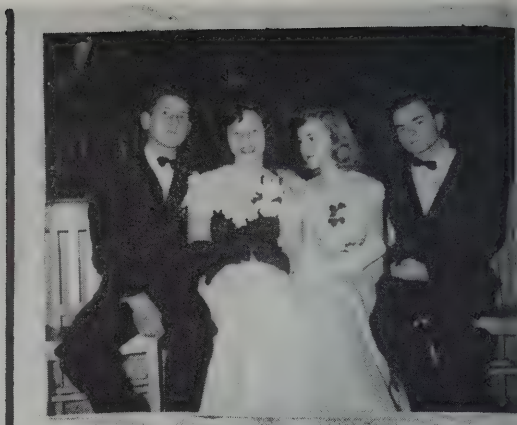
"—well, all the papers are back . . . it wasn't such a bad test after all . . . sure needed this mark to raise my average . . . eighty-seven percent . . . that is a mark I'll tell mother and Dad about . . . Heck, you aren't so stupid after all . . . "

John Mackey, '48

THE HASTY HEART Rindge Senior Drama

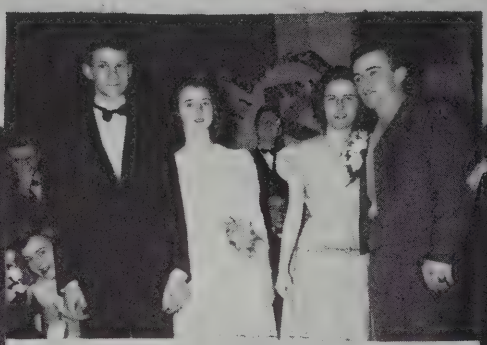
THIS year's senior drama of Rindge was graced by the presence of one of our own Latin girls, Mary Lowry, a Junior. Mary played the part of Nurse Margaret, a bright light in the lives of the soldiers under her care. Margaret's sympathetic understanding of her boys endeared her to the hearts of the audience. Ray Solero who portrayed the moody Scotchman handled his difficult role in a most convincing manner. His rich Scotch dialect seemed a product of the heaths of Scotland. The part of Yank, the American from Georgia was well done by Wiliam Mahoney. Special mention must be given to Gerado Tromontozzi for his excellent portrayal of the Englishman. His humorous way of giving the lines kept the audience laughing throughout the play. The other members of the cast, including Richard Paul, Ralph Warrington and Bernard Frieseche were splendid in their respective roles.

Betty Anne Galvin, '48.



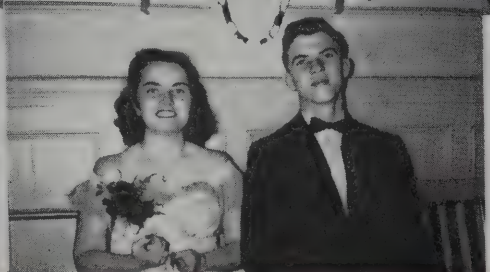
PHOTOS BY

L. MARSHALL



K. B.

FORMAL



Popularity Poll

Most popular girl .....Patricia Kenealey

Most popular boy .....Earl Daurie

Prettiest girl .....Eleanor Russell

Best looking boy ..... Joseph Sullivan

Best dressed girl
Barbara Tager & Mary Ragazio

Best dressed boy .....David Walsh

Best all-round girl athlete
Mary Romaniecka & Ann McCusker

Best all-round boy athlete ..... Earl Daurie

Best-natured girl .....Evelyn Donaghue

Best-natured boy ..... Paul Boudreau

Best dancer among girls .....Jean Kennedy

Best dancer among boys .....Dick Walker

Most likely to succeed .....Warren McIsaac

Wittiest student .....Richard Wood

The most striking thing about this year's poll is that there is only one repetition. The students must have picked their names very carefully. Earl Daurie is the only person to win first place in two fields. Congratulations, Earl! You certainly deserved it.

We found a few rather pathetic touches in the ballots. When one student came to the question asking for the best dancer among girls, he grieved that he wouldn't know, not having danced with any. Another student put down Gene Kelly for the best dancer among boys. After all, the ballots didn't say that it has to be a boy in the school, did it?

For its favorite amusement, the Class of '47 definitely goes for dancing, although movies also got quite a number of votes. A daring few listed things like talking, thinking, and eating. As to the intellectual side, namely the reading matter, the class likes "Blondie" for its favorite comic strip, and "Life" for its favorite periodical. The "Review" (sob) got only a few votes, and even those came mostly from its faithful staff members.

For sports, the boys like baseball best, but football is a close second. (Yes, wrestling appeared twice.) The girls look forward to swimming.

Bob Hope is very popular on the radio, but the class decides that it likes Lux Radio Theater even better. Vaughn Monroe is the class's favorite orchestra. Ingrid Bergman makes a hit with both the boys and the girls, but whereas the girls like Gregory Peck best as an actor, the boys prefer Alan Ladd and Bob Hope. I wonder why the boys don't care for Gregory?

Well, times and fashion change, but there are certain things that never change. I wonder if the choice and taste of the Class of '48 are like ours at all?

Lensey Chao, '47.

May We Present —

GEORGIANNA NYMAN

Attractive, vivacious, talented Miss Nyman is a well known and popular figure about C. H. L. S. A temperamental artist, now sixteen years old, she hopes to attend art college after graduating and study portrait painting. But art is not her only talent. In the musical field, she is an able pianist and has won prizes for singing. "Paper Moon" is her favorite popular piece and Chopin and Tchaikowsky, her favorite composers. Painting ties, baby sitting, swimming, skating, and attending basketball and baseball games afford outside activities. Not content with all that, she is also active in the G. A. A. and Y. W. C. A. She dislikes boys who are conceited and lazy. Her ideal man is ambitious, interesting, and above all sincere. Her favorite subject is English but she has difficulty with Latin. She has a sister Dorothy and a brother Dan, who is now in the Navy after completing his courses here last year. Favorite movie stars are Bette Davis and Tyrone Power. Senior Artist in the Review and already the winner of several art prizes including the Regional Scholastic Golden Key Award, for 1947. She hopes to enter art work this summer. We wish the best of luck to a girl already well on the road to success.

A. M.

GLORIA PHILLIPS

The lucky freshman girl in this issue is Gloria Phillips from 129. She is fifteen years old and five feet, two inches. A graduate of the Webster School, Gloria is ambitious to become a dress designer. Her favorite sport is swimming; in fact she spends her summers at "Breezy Meadows," a girls' camp in Allston. Gloria likes especially to go to the movies, particularly if Alan Ladd is playing. She claims that the biggest event in her life happened three years ago at the movies. There she won a bicycle. And, if Gloria had $1000, she would love to spend it traveling, and perhaps buying clothes. We wish you the best of luck, Gloria, in C. H. L. S. and afterwards.

F. M.

JAMES LYNCH

James Lynch, a brown-haired, hazel-eyed, nineteen year old veteran with an infectious grin is definitely hard to locate for an interview. If he is as elusive as he was when this harassed reporter tried to find him, it is easy to understand why he is captain of the Cambridge basketball team. (Not the C. H. L. S.) His favorite athlete is George Kaflin of Holy Cross. Jim wishes to go to Boston College and then play professional basketball.

Jimmy's ideal girl is blonde, blue-eyed, a good-conversationalist, and a good dancer. With a thousand dollars, he would buy a car.

C. B.

LORRAINE DUNCAN

Lorraine Duncan, one of our most attractive seniors, started her career like us unfortunate people who don't get interviewed. She was born, in fact, on the fifth of February in 1930. Lorraine has lived in Cambridge all her life, so far, but she has a burning desire to visit Hawaii and Mexico if an unknown admirer would leave her $1000. Back to her "youth" again, we find that she was an honor student at Ellis Grammar School, a habit she's carried with her all through high school, too. Lorraine's ambition is to be a secretary, and to fulfill this ambition she would like to work this summer and then go to the Fisher School for more extensive training. Her favorites are subject, shorthand; sports, dancing and roller skating; movie stars, Maria Montez and Paul Henreid; diversions, playing the piano and reading. Lorraine's ideal man must be tall, have a sense of humor, and like the same things she does. Her only complaint about boys is that they're too silly. Lorraine stands five feet three, weighs a slight 112 pounds, has a pug nose, long naturally curly brown hair, and the longest, curliest eye-lashes I've ever seen. We're all behind you, Lorraine!

M. E. P.

JAMES SULLIVAN

James Sullivan, a short peppy freshman from Austin Street, is a graduate of St. Mary's School. There he was class treasurer and played on the baseball team. Sully is ambitious to go to medical school after C.H.L.S. His favorite subject now is history; he likes hockey and baseball; Alan Ladd as seen in "Two Years Before the Mast" is his favorite movie star. One of the biggest events in Sully's life happened the time he won a diving meet. He could not swim a stroke, but he happened to be on the dock when the diving contest was on. Yes, you guessed it: he fell in and captured first prize. This interesting freshman has brown, wavy hair and brown eyes, and is four feet, eleven inches tall.

A. M.

MARION MURRAY

Marion Murray, a hazel-eyed junior with curly brown hair, is an active member of the G.A.A. executive committee. In that position, she helps arrange the G.A.A. parties, dances, and sports events. Marion is a sports enthusiast indeed: she is going out for tennis and baseball this spring. Swimming is her favorite sport; she also enjoys biking. Also, Marion is a loyal Red Sox fan, and has collected a great many autographs at the games.

Duchess (as they call her at home) graduated from the Agassiz School in 1944, and has been on the honor roll ever since she came to C.H.L.S. Last year she won first prize in the sophomore spelling bee, and honorable mention in the Caroline Close Contest. However, Marion's favorite subject is algebra, and she likes science. She is still undecided where to go to college, or what to specialize in. Now she is considering chemistry.

Marion is a very friendly girl with a pleasing personality and an attractive smile. She is sixteen years old and five feet four and a half inches tall. When asked what she disliked about boys, she replied, "Nothing." Of course, she knows, for she has three older brothers, all Rindge graduates. However, Marion has definite specifications for her ideal man — he must be tall with a nice personality and good manners, and a sports fan like herself.

Marion keeps her spare time well filled. She does baby sitting, likes to read, and goes to the movies. Murder pictures are her favorites; Gregory Peck and Rosalind Russell she prefers, but "Winged Victory" was by far her favorite picture. She likes slow music, such as "Deep Purple." If dreams could come true, Marion would go west to a ranch and ride horseback all day. She has also an ambition to be an airline hostess. However, we predict that Marion will make a success of whatever she sets out to do.

H. B.

FASHIONS

SPRING has sprung, as they say in the funnies, and so have I. So, lean back, get comfortable—here we go!

First of all you're naturally thinking hard about that spring suit and bonnet. Suits are blossoming out with something new in the back, namely a flare that gives you the "bustle-look." Gray and beige are your popular colors, and as always the soft spring pastels. Giving that sophisticated look to your suit will be the very popuar chatelaines in gold or silver.

Hats are in extremes; either flowers clustered in a halo effect from one petite ear to the other, or else the very very wide-brimmed hats, so smart on the taller girls.

Your spring coat this year will be definitely in the swim if it's a snowy-white shortie, belted or with the full rippling flare in the back.

Dresses, the experts from Hollywood say, are going to drop in length two or three inches. Critics in Paris are opposed to this, claiming long dresses show off legs to a disadvantage. It's according to the legs we always say. The predominant colors in date dresses are green and black with only a sprinkling of beige and rose.

For school dresses, we notice the "sack" has become very popular worn with decorative belts. This brings me to another point—gold belts with black or pastel colored outfits are definitely in.

Blouses are still frilly and feminine, but skirts, like hats, are in extremes, straight-lined or very fully pleated.

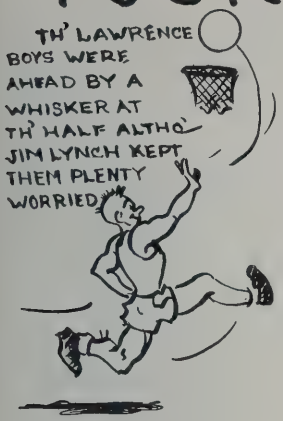
Mary Ellen Priester, '47.

Freshman Notes

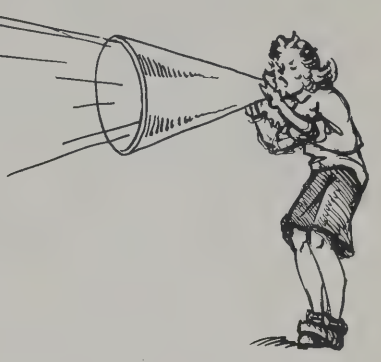
IT really is spring, finally and we are all glad of it—next thing we know we will be looking forward to summer! . . . Elaine Hagapian is not fussy about what her man must look like—he just has to be short, blonde, and cute . . . Adrina Boyagian has so many pictures taken that we would expect the school to be flooded, but there is nary a one around—do you have a reason, Adrina , . . Gloria Kaufman seems to have some pretty swell marks . . . Snapshots of people who eat together—Doris Benson, Ruth Adelman, Beatrice Medoff, and Roberta Smith . . . The theatre going Freshman who were seen at the "Hasty Heart" are Joan Kidston, Sheila Monteith, Cynthia Coleman, Jackie Wallace, Anne Holmes, and Joan Worman . . . Ruth Shea's theme song seems to be "My Darling, my love," is she demented or is it the fever or the season? . . . Pat Ouellette was hurt in a fall at Rindge—that place must not be very safe . . . Someone new has been added—William Alonso —welcome to our fair school . . . Burton Swartz is raising plenty of complimentary comment on the hat he wears . . . Bob Tierney has a first love —baseball, that is . . . Pat Cochrane is a champion volley ball server . . . Barbara Collin's friends send out this warning "Flash, she has spring fever, and all men better watch out" . . . Glad to see that Joan Kidston is back . . . Ruth Morranian has a lock on her pocketbook—wonder if there is one on her heart, too . . . Civics seems to bring Nancy Morrison and Sheila Monteith closer together . . . Jean Murphy has a very cute lapel pin . . . Jackie Watt's and Bob Costa's Easter outfits are going to be the talk of the town, we predict . . . Genie Polaro is the life of her home room . . . Dick Foley is old fashioned in that he still believes that story about the apple . . . Anne Dawler had a hair cut and it is very becoming . . . Catherine Egon is the newest blossoming poet . . . Mary Fitzgerald has her eye peeled during first recess . . . Barbara Elder is back minus her appendix . . . After Theresa Gundiose shares her lunch with her sister Ann, Rita Mazza, Bessie Laskis, Anna Poutozis, Eleanor Elcewicz and Katie McKinley, she manages to have some left for herself-wonder gal . . . Katherine Farrell is missed by room 122 . . . Leo Fitzgerald has that coveted position of water boy on the fall football team . . . Tacks have been found on a chair in 102 . . . Jimmy Bernat is the champion walker during recess . . . Paul Sebastian's history maps are in much demand—by Al Saunders . . . Wally Scalese's arm is all better now . . . Mary Barht was seen at the KB Formal . . . Barbara Rodley really took the Tech Tourney to heart—and it almost broke it . . . Is Jacky Rowe going to leave our city—tell us more, Jacky . . . Virginia Rivinius' homework is very popular these days . . . Ruth Shea has been coming to school early lately . . . while Priscilla Anastos just makes it by the skin of her teeth . . . Carolyn Bosco has a very neat new hair do . . . Florence Ahlberg is a fine example of diligence, especially during recess . . . Theresa Borelli has a complaint against Algebra students who clutter her desk with crumpled paper . . . A new pair: Jeannete Blank and Elaine Hagopian . . . Queenie Guagosian makes some of her clothes and she does a beautiful job . . . Two pickle friends: Mary Balakin and Miriam Babcock . . . Gerald Gross is a magnet for the girls in his room . . . Connie Grogan is quite the girl about school . . . Billy Hillis must be fascinated by the wastebasket . . . he uses it a lot . . . Pat Stephens must bring a big lunch-she is still eating it during recess . . . Celene and Theresa Hickey showed their true Irish colors on the appropriate day . . . Joanne Holloway and Barbara Hollett are the champion gum chewers . . . Dolores Gonsalves takes the expert's advice by consulting the dictionary—a very good practice . . . Helen Halloran is said to have a Class B movie in her wallet . . . and Dickie Heavern is said to have a Class C movie in his . . Bob Costa seems to have grown more serious with age—just imagine what he will be like when he is a senior . . . Jackie Watts has an ulterior motive on going to Ancient History . . . Barbara Penniman; take a good look—your name is in print at last! . . . The newest Freshman dramatic stars are: Anne Murphy, Ruth Cooke, Joan Worman, Anne Wadden and Theresa McCarthy—the play that they are all in will be seen by the school, we think . . . Bob Tierney got so excited with the arrival of the baseball season that he broke his thumb on a bat . . . Nancy Morrison has a hard time finding the table at which she eats in the lunchroom . . . and so we leave Nancy wandering around in the lunchroom, tired and hungry, and maybe by the next time you read a Review, she will have found the table.

Constance Perin, Freshman Notes Editor

TOURNEY HEARTACHES



TIMBER-R-R!!! TH' MIGHTY CAMBRIDGE LATIN TEAM SWAYED AND THEN FELL BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHTS OF TH' LUCKY LAWRENCE FIVE IN TH' 22nd ANNUAL TECH TOURNEY, MAR. 11.



GAL CHEER LEADERS DON'T COME ANY CUTER THAN TH' CAMBRIDGE LATIN TEAM. THEY KEPT TH' CROWD ROOTING WITH A VARIETY OF ROUSING CHEERS —.

FRANSCONI WAS THE BOY WHO KEPT TH' GAME REALLY ROLLING!

NOT GIVING UP WITHOUT A STRUGGLE TH' TEAM HAD PLENTY OF PUNCH THRU CHARLES (ATLAS) DURAKIS —.

YAKA (THE FLASH) KELLY KEPT TH' C.H.L.S. ROOTERS ON TH' GO WITH SOME FINE EXAMPLES OF BALL-HANDLING TECHNIQUE.

THE GREAT EARL DAURIE GOT THE BATTLE OFF TO A SIZZLING START FOR TH' LATIN QUINTET

BUT — ALL OUR GRAND PLAY WENT TO NAUGHT IN TH' FINAL STAGES & TH' SCORE WAS 36-37 WHEN OUR BOYS BIT TH' DUST!

GEORGIA NYMAN —.

C. H. L. S. - Spotlite

YOUR two favorite columnists (we heard that remark!) have decided that old news is better than no news (very original of us), so we now give out with the oldest about the K. B. Formal.

The dance started promptly at eight with the smooth music of Ken Reeves. Jessie Dubay was escorted by Norman Nichols, Lorraine Fulkerson by John Holman, and Jennie Katsulis by Jimmy Bandouverus. President Ellie Russell who was with "her" Bob Matz was chosen Valentine queen towards the end of the evening by unanimous applause. Joan Kelly with Al Lafond, Billy Kokinakis with Jo Anderson from Belmont, Lois Moran with another out-of towner Al Smith, Norma (yours truly) Higgins with Ralph Linzley, and Barbara Kurth with Ralph Knox were seen out at Chickland following a gala time at the Commander. We never did find that wishbone!—On the other side of town at Chinatown after the dance were Loretto Sheehan with Dick (sigh) Houghton, Claire Kilfoyle and Charlie Millian, and Pat Grogan and Gene Gonsalo. Others seen at the dance were Sandy Stephens and Chuck Bailey, Marilyn Wright and George Lawson, Pat Delery with Larry Poirier, Warren McIsaac with Marsha Hornsby, Jean Kennedy and Richard Gallant, Persis Wilkshire (in a stunning gown) with Gordon Clark, and finally Joyce Kelly and Bill Lewis. More news later on about the dance as soon as we catch our breath.

Has anyone seen (or should we say felt) Frances Ehler whipping around Harvard Square in a new car? If you value your life stay off the sidewalks! — — — Jean Emery won a silver cup for her jitter bugging recently— congrats! — — — The latest fad is short hair cuts according to Nancy Becker and Doris Duffy. The question of the year: When everyone else is drinking cokes, why is it Steve Zaglakis and Kenny Lyons drink Moxie?

Vacation Notes: Marilyn Landry can't get over how everyone in Maine says "howdy!"— The secret society around C.H.L.S., namely the G.M.T., went to North Conway. How was the skiing, girls? That's one clue, fellows—It's a girls' club! . . . Betty Tenore and Kathryne Sikalis got quite a few bruises skiing (?) so we hear . . . Why is Tom Archibald's sister affectionately called "Giggles?" . . . Mystery surrounding room 206—Who is that much talked about Jules? . . . Where did Shirley Cohen acquire her red pin? . . . Anyone who can answer those last three queries belongs on "Information Please."

We poor Seniors are already beginning to get sentimental in our old age. We'll certainly miss Claire Kilfoyle's laugh, Arthur Schatz's brilliant answers, Ted Zackarakis's answers, Steve Biddle's witty (?)) remarks, Mickey Pahigian's Sinatra-like voice, Jimmy Curry's antics, Herb Lewis and Bud Gross's jokes (need we say more?), and Joanne Larsen's walk. And getting back to the formal we find that Nancy McMenimen (note the position of the "i") was with Clem Hagopian, Peggy Kief with Joe Sheehan, Tina Prasinos and Johnny Grant, Rita Keough and Paul Burns, Dick Barbera and Lorraine Mailliot, Dave Walsh with Renie Vincent, Claire Barrett with Jimmy Hart (very appropriate name for a Valentine formal), Jimmy Curry and Virginia Brickley, Claire Russell and Jackie Corcoran, Joanne Larsen and Pierce Lane, Charlie Fosgate and Hazel Lowe, Steve Biddle and Marsha Reise, Peggy Donoghue with Red Nordstrom, Katherine Connolly with Jimmy Tisen, and Lucille Grenier and Bob Robichaud. Excuse us while we catch our breath—sigh—sigh—sigh—Who were those handsome chaps Elaine Waldman, Vivian Silver, and Bernice Levenson were with? . . .

Pat Kenealy looking very stylish in an "updo" was with Red Palaro, Peggy Atkins with Timothy Orrek, Elizabeth Tenore with Danny Galvin, Mary Herlihy and Paul Fougere, Toni Townsend and Mike "jeep" Hamilton, Charlie Durakis and Ellen Landis, Marion Murray and Frank Barry, Barbara McQuade with Jackie Barry (no relation to the former), and Helen Bequaert with Louis Eghian. And finally Paul Williams and Irene Lewis, Maire Theriault and Paul Chabineaux, Nancy Watson and George Glines, Jimmy Haley and Helen King, Abby Wise with Jay Jennis. Ursula Von Zarsk and George Larson, Lensey Chao and Shiu Pao Gam were seen gailey waltzing about the dance floor . . . So far no news about the Junior Prom has been received except that it seems to be a big success already because of the excellent planning of the Junior Prom Committee (Alyce White, Mary Kennedy, Nancy Nugent, Pat Kokinakis, and Jane Butler) . . . Quite a few of the under classmen have stopped feeling so envious of the Seniors, 'tis reported, after eying the pile of books they carry! . . . Inseparable pals—Rosemary Talarico and Betty "Noodle" Hauswirth

. . . Where does Margie Caulfield get so many snapshots? . . . How are your piano lessons coming along, Elaine Waldman? . . . Seen taking pictures at the Common and Harvard Yards were Jeanette White, Marion Murray, Janet Irwin, and Midge Bush—Could the squirrels have attracted them? . . . Seen at a recent fashion show were: Valerie Broussard, Geni Buckley, Gail Lynch, Barbara Gorman, and Helen Drolet—Leona Smith, now attending Waltham High, was one of the models . . . Helen Lee certainly looks like a Radcliffe student with those huge glasses. Barb Martin and Betty Mansfield just love to play tit-tat-to during study period.

We hear that Eldoner Holly, Lillian Ruff, and Marie Lombard all plan to go to Washington, D. C. to college—Lucky Girls! . . . It's really getting difficult to tell Ida Andella from her kid sister . . . We nominate Ellen Manning for having the friendliest smile in C.H.L.S. Lillian Winkler seemed to be very very popular one day in History—Hmmm - -. Welcome to Pectro Kakaris from Greece, who recently entered our school. Seen at Barbara Casey's recent party were "Buck' Bane, Al Nugent, Frank McNamara, Larry Brennan, Jo Fournier, Jack Cawley, Joe Sullivan, Moe O'Leary, Barbara Stack, Phyllis Munroe, Loretto Sheehan, Eileen Dinan, and others. Must have been some party! . . .

Two guesses why Doris Shea is so happy these days! . . . Where did Claire Doherty get that beautiful watch? . . . Marilyn O'Sullivan displays a lovely set of dimples when she smiles like (,) guess who? . . . Betty Tenor was seen having a swell time at the Totem Pole the other night . . . Grace Mahar has a protector in history. A Vet was appointed to take care of her! Some care! . . . Have you noticed the dither Sis Lewis is in about not receiving her pictures? . . . Janet Momson makes a nice two some with one of our star hockey players . . . Wish Claire Barrett would tell us the secret of how to get record albums as gifts . . . How about it, Claire? . . . Where did Ann Delaney and Evelyn Donoghue get those "smooth" rings they're wearing? . . . Why does Joyce Kelley drag Nancy Watson up to the Walden Street Library so often lately? Watch, she wants to read books! . . . Room 315 all ganged together on March 21st to serenade Pat Delery. Twas her birthday! . . . Believe it or not—Arthur MacKenzie hasn't been absent or tardy in his four years at C.H.L.S.! . . . Have you ever noticed the combination of shirts and ties Tommy Gallagher wears? Wow! ! ! . . . The two trouble makers in 311 are Bill Curran and Jimmy Ryan . . . Why is Mary Kennedy always singing "Open the door, Richard?" . . . When the world comes to an end Mary O'Connor will stop talking about Red! . . . Carol Dias and Peg Donoghue seem to enjoy their jokes very much . . . Oh well you can't be different all the time . . . Have you ever noticed the way Agnes Rockett says that seven lettered word "worried?" . . . Nicholas Culolias and John Balfe look as if lawn mowers had somehow or another run over their heads. John McCarthy also looks scalped! . . . Bud Ryan was seen roaming around the corridors! . . . Ann Sullivan wore a bright green bow in her hair on St. Patrick's Day . . . We're glad to see Ty Cleary with his teeth again . . . How do they feel Ty? . . . Gerrie Jackson, oops, we mean Geri Jaxon tells us her hobby is corresponding. She writes to people in twenty-two of the forty-eight states, England, Scotland, Canada, Puerto Rico, Ceylon, France, Holland, Virgin Islands, Hawaii, and the Dutch West Indies. Wow! ! ! ! Georgie Nyman escorts a certain someone first period every day . . . Seen cheering loudly at the Tech Tourney Basketball game were, Cathy Cullinane, Joanne Barnes, Barbie Tevlin, and Jane Douglas . . . The day after the basketball game Rita Curry and Barb Carlson were hoarse from cheering . . . What girl is always smiling 5th period in 208, and what girl in 212 had to take her dog home from school? . . . Seen coming out of the bowling alley one night were Vets Jimmy Forde and John Petit with two unfortunate girls . . . How come Elliot Croft's nickname is Clifton El? . . . It's good to see Kirk Taylor back from the hospital . . . We suppose you all know that Marvin Karess is back, after a short stay at C.A. . . . Where does Iris Roache get those tall tales about her trip south of the Mason-Dixon line? . . . If anyone has any question about anything Spanish, just ask Cal Tassinari or Dick Gurner . . . Lucille Grenier passed her nurse's aptitude test . . . Frances Lindstrom reads at least two-300 page-books a week! Not school books, naturally! . . . Lois Chaulk hates to buy ice cream in the lunchroom for her chums but she always seems to get stuck doing it . . . Helen Pantazopoulos can now type 42 words per minute . . . Our record is 42 errors per minute! Marion Priebe was caught smuggling a bouquet of flowers into school one day . . . Nobody ever smuggles a few our way! . . . Lorraine O'Neill had no choice in the selection of her graduation pictures. They were selected for her—! Helen Kinckle takes a walk around Fresh Pond every afternoon. Ah for a life of leisure like that! . . . Helena Zinfon is now looking for a dancing instructor . . . Juanita Alfaro and Alba Amorosa are planning an eight mile bicycle trip to Norumbega Park . . . Seen

dancing Wednesday nights at the Y. W. Helen and Irene Carr, Edith Aylward, and Louise Primer . . . Connie Perin has an interesting job —She is children's leader at a settlement house in Boston . . . Get tired of the test tubes, Connie? Peggy Cockburn, Ruth Galery, Susanne Gilman, and Arlene Rich attended the thirty-fifth birthday party of the Massachusetts Girl Scouts at the Copley Plaza . . . "Stinkey" Cardullo certainly has a passion for cookies at lunch-time! . . . Bill Craig does a wonderful job on opening and closing windows in 235. Brrr! Has anyone been bowled over yet by the mad rush for water from 221 on Monday and Tuesday between the double period? Lucky Alan Bowser sat for a month in his new history class without being called on—It should happen to us! Jack Rice is known as the personality boy! . . . Josephine Giampetruzzi is a whiz at French. Wish she'd tell us how she does it! . . . Why is it that Ida Mortin has stopped wearing make-up?

Terry Falbo's version of a certain Georgie—He's a pain in the neck when he's around but a pain in the heart when he isn't . . . Claire Russell recently took part in a minstrel show . . . Everyone admires Gail Lynch's blue bolero suit with its great big bow . . . Did you know that Jimmy Curry's nickname is "Dimples," . . . Paul Quinn is one of the best dressed boys in C.H.L.S. . . . Dave Walsh is affectionately referred to as "Casanova" . . . Where does Jacqueline Cleaves get all the gum? . . . Jack Rice's shoes simply sparkle! . . . William Gerhardt gave an interesting oral talk on photography . . . We hear that June Douglas is an accomplished piano player . . . Richie Freeman is a member of the 8:29 club . . . After the tryouts for next year's cheer leaders many Sophomores were seen bravely hobbling along the corridors shouting "Oh my aching legs!" Wonder how Frank Gianiango gets 100 in all of his P.D. papers—Ahem! . . . Teddy Zackarakis's car broke down recently on his way to school! Our car never gets that far! . . . Ramon Alanzo from South America is a welcome arrival to the Senior Class! . . . William Ratner frightened his chemistry class nearly to death when he dropped a nickel into some concentrated nitric acid! . . . Joan Conway goes around informally addressing everyone as Lucy or Lenny! . . . Rita Curry is one happy girl! . . . If you want your picture taken contact Barbara Carlson. She always has a camera on hand . . . Ruth Di Biase recently gave a sales talk on bread, and also brought in a loaf for the class to sample . . . Paul Derby has joined the Army Air Force! . . . Manny Lakis usually strolls into his first period class around 8:45 . . . Mary Rigarzio is always ready with a cheerful "Hi" . . .

Tommy Cusick, "Bulb" Watt, and Tommy Colleary, are seen playing golf these afternoons . . . Jean Kennedy is known as "the feet" . . . Jimmy Malone has a lot of trouble trying to hide his lunch from some people in his home-room . . . Peggy Witham has a hard time trying to express herself in her Spanish class . . . How come Barbara Casey's hair is so soft? Who washes it for her? . . . Ernie Anastos is a very popular fellow—How come? . . . Seen on the Canteen hayride were: Joan Mitchell, Leo Flanagan, Jimmy O'Brien, Jean Fosher, Barbara Redman, Jackie Parnell, and Jack Donoghue besides the officers of the club . . . Sussy Shea, Bobby Bromberger, Ray Shea, and Jackie Linehan are known as the "Big Four" . . . Claude Ladner has special nicknames for several of his senior classmates—Not unflattering. we hope! . . . Gordon Clark looks very distinguished with his pipe! . . . Doris Hanlon was recently seen at the Totem Pole with a mysterious boy from Belmont . . . Winnie Lombardi is a very enthusiastic hockey fan; she attends quite a few professional games in addition to the school boy games . . . Who is it that Theresa McDonald talks about at lunch time instead of eating? . . . Who is Margaret York going to the Junior Prom with? . . . Another new club has been formed called the K.B.K. . . . Come on, kids, what does it stand for? It's said that Dorothy Checchi is quite a dancer! Where did you learn, Chic? Quite a gay slumber party was held at Dolores Spevins house one night during our last vacation. The sleepers (?) were Louise Crowell, Nancy Dunakin, Jean Hildebrand, Joan Ward, and Louise Iosure . . . Why is it so quiet in Room 231 during recess? . . . What has Majorie Taylor got to talk about all the time? . . . What happened to Red Grinham and Eveline Wong in second period? . . . Wonder what are they talking about all the time?

Why is Harold Callahan almost late every day? I wonder who keeps him . . . I wonder why Eveline Wong wears blue so much lately

Adios, Vale, Au Revoir, and to fellow illiterates, cherrio—Pip-Pip-Pip and all that sort of rot!

Norma Higgins, '47.

Emma Thomas, '47.

THE REVIEWING STAND

Land I Have Chosen by Ellin Berlin is a cleverly told story of the lives of two women, one American and one German, whose lives have been interlocked by the clash of fascism and freedom. Mrs. Berlin's first novel is so well written and the plot so carefully unfolded that the reader's attention is always assured.

Upton Sinclair's novel, "**A World to Win**" is the fast moving, action-packed, adventure story of Lanny Budd, who is outwardly a friend and confident of the Nazi leaders and in reality a United States secret service agent. The book is especially interesting today, as it ends with personality sketch of Stalin. The book is history come to life.

Claire Barrett, 47

G. A. A. COLUMN

GREETINGS, fellow Latinites! Spring, which is an eventful season for the G. A. A., is with us at last with many grand activities about to commence.

The G. A. A. Spring Informal will be held on May 9th at the Hotel Commander with the music rendered by Ken Reeves. This event should be particularly noted by Freshmen as they will be allowed to attend. The tickets can be purchased from Miss Brown and will cost about $2.00 per couple. Hustle your man, girls, and we'll see you there!

Many thanks and praises should be bestowed on our cheer leaders, Loretto Sheehan, Frances Ehler, Dot Donovan, Maureen O'Leary, Joan Kelly, Evelyn Donoghue, Nancy McMenimen, Lois Moran, Jane Butler, Nancy Nugent, and Pat Kokinakis, who under the able leadership of Loretto, have greatly helped to boost our school spirit and morale! Congratulations to Pat Kokinakis, who has been elected captain of next year's team.

Now for a glimpse at the world of sports. The senior varsity team overpowered their junior sisters, winning two out of three games. On Wednesday, March 26th, they played the Sophomores and true to the general expectation, the mighty upperclassmen again claimed victory. The silver basketballs, brought and presented by the G. A. A., will be given to the winning team.

The basketball season was brought to a close on Friday, March 28th, with the Alumni game. At this game, which is noted for its fun and foolishness, Mr. Russell Wood, of the school committee, spoke. All the members of last year's team were expected to attend and a very gay evening was in store for all who came!

Clair Kilfoyle, '47.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

ON MARCH fourteenth and fifteenth the pupils of the Cambridge High and Latin School had the opportunity of attending a most worthwhile and informative conference. On that date representatives from nearly every school in the Boston Metropolitan District and the Cambridge Chapter gathered together to discuss Junior Red Cross problems. The meeting was held primarily as a training conference for those who are to be officers in the councils of next year.

Through this conference I feel sure that the delegates will find themselves able to serve their communities more fully. Three pupils from the Cambridge High and Latin School attended. They were Edith Mathison, Shirley Corbeil, and Jeanne Eddy.

On behalf of the council I wish to thank all of the home rooms which contributed so generously to the gift box drive. Through your efforts we have filled fifty gift boxes which will bring joy and happiness to many children who are not as fortunate as ourselves. I also would like to thank the five pupils who gave up their vacation time to help pack supplies for the Senior Red Cross Fund Drive.

Did you know that the Cambridge Junior Red Cross publishes a very interesting newspaper called **Cross Roads?** It is published once each month by students from the various private, public and parochial schools. If you have not seen a copy, please get in touch with Miss Ward.

Jeanne Eddy, Chairman.

FRENCH CLUB

AT OUR February fourteenth meeting we played Bingo (en francais, naturellement) and gave a prize to each winner. Before adjourning, we sang "The Marseillaise," "Frère Jaques," "Alouette," and several other songs.

At our last meeting, on March twenty-first, we viewed slides from France which showed how deeply a typical family appreciates our aid. Patricia Grogan translated, virtually at sight, the text of each slide. After seeing them we felt more enthusiastic than ever about sending packages to our own war orphan. The meeting concluded with "Au Clair de la Lune" and "The Marseillaise."

Carolyn Cremens,
Secretary.

VETERANS' NOTES

WILLIAM Murphy resumed his studies after taking his childhood sweetheart for his bride. The charming couple flew to Havana for their honeymoon . . . Joe Allen, Dave Cusick, and Ed O'Connell were roundly applauded for merely appearing at the Veterans' meeting . . . Bill Cronin, call me Jim, the astute chemist may been seen every Friday Pee Yem with his favorite damsel at the Totem Pole . . . Teddy Goodwin is keeping his fingers crossed pending his acceptance at Salem Teachers' . . . Francis Maxwell has a large hello for everyone since he was accepted at Northeastern . . . John McKinnon was a renowned tenor during his tenure with Uncle Sam's third fleet . . . John expects to study voice at the New England Conservatory of Music . . . Rumors about George Saida being married are unfounded for George is still a most eligible bachelor . . . J. Keough is about to launch a career in the Funeral Directing business and his slogan will be "The last man to let you down" . . . Edgar Trask had a Model "A" Ford and he called it a Lemon . . . He sold it to Mankus who calls it a Peach . . . Blushing, bashful, "Bob" Bartlett expects to matriculate at St. John's Prep. next year . . . Winkie Goodwin, the potential barrister, has for his square monicker Wendell . . . Paul Foley and James Ford expect to pursue their M. D. degree at Harvard . . . While William Harris will be making the same attempt at Yale . . . William Hennessy gives instructions in Skiing during the Winter months . . . Bill expects to enter Dartmouth in September . . . William Lynch is looking forward to resuming his summer occupation as a Life Guard at Hampton Beach . . . Robert Leary can do unusually well flipping quarters . . . Allen Powell is going into the cement block business in June . . . Don Hopkins, the smiling ex-Army sergeant, continues to improve the quantity of large words in his extensive vocabulary . . . Manuel Lakis is the Matinee Idol . . . Frank Hart struts his stuff at the Riverside Boat Club every Friday Pee Yem . . . Charlie Gorman will undertake Veterinarian Science as a profession . . . Gerry Lozier, the impersonator of Naval Officers on inactive duty, left school to go to work for the American Airlines . . . Every member of the Parker Family including Winnie and Dorothy were in the Armed forces . . . We were wondering if the students who waste time in school can see the light with so many Veterans attempting to make up lost time in their academic work . . . Take heed before it is too late . . . Benign Eugene Stoller has been accepted at Mass. State School of Pharmacy, and is more than somewhat elated about the whole thing . . .Fred O'Connor and Edward Ryder are the Mutt and Jeff of the Vets . . . Louis Gaultieri admires William Shakespeare and his "Pray thee . ." Richard Parker will be seen at all times for those who care to join the VFW . . . All the Vets at school send their best to John Dignan for a speedy recovery.

Paul J. Murphy
William Lewis

REVIEW SPORTS

FOR the first time in nearly a decade, Cambridge Latin came up with a championship basketball team. Invited to participate in the Eastern Massachusetts Basketball Tournament, more commonly known as the Tech Tourney, the Cantabs suffered a heart-breaking 37-36 defeat at the hands of Lawrence, a game decided in the final seconds. Despite this sad ending, Latin could look back on a most successful season, one which probably won't be surpassed for several years to come.

The Cantabs tied Waltham for the Suburban League crown by winning ten and losing but two. In the final half of the season, Cambridge won to Newton, 40-37. The crucial game with Waltham went to Latin 36-28; Rindge fell 40-30, the Cantabs smothered Arlington 47-18; while both Brookline and Watertown were pulverized by the lopsided scores of 26-22 and 40-19.

The final scoring honors went to Captain "Yaka" Kelley, who chalked up 132 points in league competition, an average of 11 points per game; Earl Daurie finished close behind; the all-round play of these two was a great factor in bringing a championship to Cambridge; but veteran Jim Lynch, Al Francisconi, Jack Cawley, Charles Durakis, Herb Lewis, Bob Curnane, Kenny Lyons, "Red" Polaro and Bill Cusick deserve a great deal of credit for their share in the victories. The loss of Curnane and Lyons through ineligibility nearly disrupted the Latin team, because of the value of these two classy veterans; however, a good reserve force stepped in and filled the gap; these included Al Francisconi, who several times dropped in more than ten points; Jack Cawley and Herb Lewis, capable guards; and the veteran Jimmy Lynch, who tipped in many a point during the final half of the season, and scored 10 points in the tourney.

The hockey season's end saw the Cantabs lodged in second place, two slim points away from winner Arlington. One full game away from the title, the Cantabs fought till the very

last day of the season, when, needing a win over Arlington to tie the title, they were held to a 1-1 tie. In the other two playoff games, the "Big Red" defeated Rindge 4-0, and Newton tied Latin 2-2.

Richie Smith finished fourth among league scorers with nine goals and two assists. He, as well as Earl Daurie, and goalie Cal Tassinari were selected for the first team all-stars in their game against Montreal Catholic. Tassinari started in the nets for the All-Stars, an honor will deserved. Dick Rigarzio, Jack Donahue and Jack Lee were picked for the second team, thus placing the entire Latin first team in the All-Star bracket. The other three men of the regular Cambridge sextet, Jake Boudreau, Paul Boudreau and Larry Brennan performed very well and deserved All-Star mention.

Baseball will be in full swing at the time of this issue. The outlook for Coach Sonny Foley is bright, considering that he has almost an entire team of veterans back. Having finished in third place last year, the Cantabs have a good chance of beating out Newton and Waltham for the title.

The starting lineup will probably include Steve Biddle at first, Jack Barry and Jack Donahue at second, Dick Rigarzio at shortstop and Captain Earl Daurie at third, Bob Curnane, "Yaka" Kelly, Joe Fournier and Jack Lee in the outfield; Jake Boudreau behind the plate; and Bill Craig and Richie Smith on the mound.

The first league game is on April 15th, with defending champion Newton as the opposition. A win in this game would probably put the team in the running for the crown and a tournament berth in June. How about supporting the team as you did the hockey and basketball squads? Good crowds make good teams.

There has been little track news since the last issue, but what there is is mostly bad. However, Charlie Durakis again provided the spark for the team by running a record breaking 33.7 in the State Meet 300. His great feat set him up as a star of the indoor track season.

Ronnie Flink, Jim Hughes, Herb Lewis and others have chipped in with several points. In the meet which Latin dropped to Somerville, Durakis copped the 300 and the dash, while Hughes took the 600. In the next issue, there'll be news of the outdoor season.

William Craig, '47

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

THE January meeting of the Dramatic Club proved to be one of the best programs yet presented. Helen Bequaert was chairman for an afternoon of "nosebag dramatics" which was most humorous and entertaining.

The members were divided into six groups and each group was then handed a bag containing six unrelated objects, such as: a pistol, a perfume bottle, keys, a map, a coat hanger, and baby's rattle. With about ten minutes' preparation, each group made up a short skit using these objects. One group, as decided by three impartial judges, were declared the winners and received their hard earned prizes of candy.

The theme of the club at present, is plays; comedies, dramas, and mysteries. Each class worked on a play so that these, as well as an all class play, were presented for competition, March 21, with all the club members as their audience.

From these five plays, the judges selected the best two for presentation April 18, 1947. Two of the plays, **The Valiant** the all class play and **Gratitude,** the Freshman play, were chosen by the judges, Mrs. Dunn, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Rossi. To this night of plays, the whole school is invited. The proceeds will be put toward the Dramatic Club scholarship.

The Freshman play is **Gratitude,** directed by Margaret Atkins. The cast includes: Ann Murphy, Ruth Cooke, Theresa McCarthy, Joan Worman, Ann Wadden, Roxanne Frost, and Natalie Sousa.

Helen Bequaert directed the Sophomore play, **He Ain't Done Right by Nell.** In the cast were Connie Reed, Doris Foley, Gertrude McDonnell, Peter Milligan, David Boyer, Donald Murphy, Joan Adario, Marilyn Miller, Margaret Livingston, and Kenneth Korb.

The End of the Dance was the Junior play, directed by Karen Enebuske. Marcia Hornsby, John Mackey, Betty Goldberg, Stanley Poole, Roland Perkins, and Lorraine Fulkerson made up the cast.

The Senior play was entitled **The Bathroom Door.** The cast, directed by Marilyn Wright, includes: Carolyn Carruth, Martin Martinian, Warren MacIsaac, Victoria Gabriel, Joan Larsen, Marvin Miller, and Beth Mansfield.

The "All Class" play directed by Carolyn Townsend, was **The Valiant.** Included in the cast are Timothy Cronin, Larry Cochran, Charles Fosgate, Betty Ann Galvin, James Prior, and Paula Nissen.

Through the untiring efforts and enthusiasm on the part of the casts, directors, and particularly Miss Hartigan and Mr. Dugan, who have so generously given their time, the plays are bound to be a success. We hope to see you all there!

Carolyn Townsend.

THE SPANISH CLUB

OUR last meeting, a short one on March 14, was held to arouse the interest of the members in participating in the program for our "Fiesta' which will be in April.

After a little enjoyable entertainment consisting of a choral group's singing, Idalia Miranda's dancing, and the reading of a biography of Bernando O'Higgins related to us by Salvatore Arena, we played the game of "Beano" with our president Jennie Katsulis calling out the numbers in Spanish.

Anyone with talent, vocal or instrumental, wishing to take part in our "Fiesta," may see me before school in Room 308, and I'll certainly put that talent to use.

Beatrice Rodgers, '47.

OUTING CLUB

OUR members held one of their meetings at the Boston Arena where they saw the Ice Follies. Needless to say, a good time was had by all.

On the first warm Saturday afternoon of the season, we joined the Brookline Bird Club in a trip to Nahant. While admiring the beauty of the seashore, we spotted buffleheads, white winged scoters, one horned grebe, two Holbell's grebes, three loons, red breasted mergansers, herring gulls, and blackbirds. Some of us also saw the first robin of the year. Two former members of the club, Claire Moran, now studying at Simmons and Sylvia Duncan Hall, now studying at Radcliffe, came with us and added to the enjoyment of the day.

Since the weather, with the exception of that one Saturday, has been cold and uninviting for our nature walks, our get-togethers were held indoors, but now that the Spring is here, our bird walks and picnics will become facts, not merely dreams for the future.

Among the innumerable events planned for the enjoyment of the club's members are a bicycle hike, a trip to Wayside Inn, bird walks at Fresh Pond and the Fellsway, and a trip to the Gardner Museum.

Claire Barrett, '47.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1946 - 1947

Andella, Ida
Aronson, Jack
Becker, Mary
Bequaert, Helen
Biddle, Stephen
Boyce, Eva
Burns, June
Campbell, Emily
Cardillo, Eleanor
Cardosi, Frank
Carter, Barbara
Carter, Samuel
Center, Marilyn
Chao, Lensey
Chapman, Lorraine
Chaulk, Lois
Cockburn, Margaret
Connolly, Katherine
Connors, Lillian
Cotter, Angela
Cremins, Carolyn
Croft, Elliot
Davin, Arthur
Dinan, Eileen
DiVito, James
Donoghue, Evelyn
Duncan, Lorraine
Falbo, Theresa
Ferrante, Flavia
Foley, Paul
Forde, James
Foti, Matilda
Fournier, Joseph
Garoian, Teny
Goguen, Paul
Gorman, Charles
Gramolini, Gloria
Grenier, Lucille
Grogan, Patricia
Hagopian, Victoria
Hart, Francis
Heller, Saul
Hennessey, William
Jenkins, Donald
Katsulis, Jennie
Kelly, Florence
Kelly, Joan
Keneally, Patricia
Kurth, Barbara
Layne, Dorothy
Langone, John
Lee, Ann
Lee, Nellie
Lescault, Nanette
Lewis, Florence
Lewis, Herbert
Lozier, Gerard
Lymperis, Charles
MacKenzie, Arthur
MacLeod, Doris
Madore, Thomas
Malloy, Leo
Mansfield, Elizabeth
Martinian, Martin
McCarthy, John
McCarthy, Virginia
McCusker, Ann
McGovern, Dorothy
Michalchik, Nadia
Minkiel, Steve
Moran, Lois
Munroe, Priscilla
Murphy, Phyllis
Panselinas, Catherine
Parker, Winifred
Payzant, Anita
Pereira, Amelia
Priester, Mary
Puntonio, Mary
Radaitis, Helen
Raduano, Leonora
Ratner, William
Regillo, Seraphino
Rezendes, John
Ridlon, Florence
Robichaud, Gilbert
Robichaud, Robert
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Ruff, Lillia
Schatz, Arthur
Silva, Mildred
Slater, Glenna
Small, Mary
Smith, Fred
Souza, Alice
Spitzer, Joanne
Stephens, Suzanne
Stone, Helen
Talarico, Eileen
Taylor, Kirk
Thomas, Emma
Tobin, Thomas
Townsend, Carolyn
Traynor, Doris
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Zen, E-An
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Carwile, Roger
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Ciampi, Lucille
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Dragun, Phyllis
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Duggan, Marjorie
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Fairburn, Donald
Fields, Doris T.
Fleet, Martha
Fulkerson, Lorraine
Galvin, Betty
Gates, Isabelle
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Gillis, Robert
Goffredo, Margaret
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Goldberg, Myron
Gosselin, Phyllis
Green, Shirley
Greenstein, Mary
Griffith, Elaine
Grossman, Selma
Haskell, Cecily
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Karlson, Walfreda
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Lakis, George
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Layne, Lillian
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Levine, Arnold
Linehan, Edna
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LoPresti, Joseph
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Mackey, John
Mangan, Audrey
Martin, Ida
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Messuri, Mary
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Miranda, Idalna
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Murray, Marion
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Sullivan, Margaret
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Amaral, Hilda
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Bears, Joan
Bond, Mary
Boudreau, Wilfred
Boyer, David
Brewer, Dorothy
Brogan, Dorothy
Burden, Isabelle
Caliendo, Lucia
Callaghan, Margaret
Carbonaro, Alice
Carwile, Kenneth
Casey, Diane
Chao, Bella
Christopher, Mary
Compton, Larraine
Cone, Evelyn
Cormier, Elaine
Cronin, Philip
Cullolias, Nicholas
D'Arcy, James
Drottar, Dolores
Eldridge, Alice
Emberley, Edward
Evans, Nancy
Foti, Virginia
Galleys, Ruth
Germania, Barbara
Giampetruzzi, Josephine
Gilman, Suzanne
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Gorman, Elizabeth
Gouveia, Laura
Greene, Ruth
Greenstein, Saul
Grughn, Dorothy
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Hatch, Jean
Herman, Margaret
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Humphrey, Ann
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Hussey, Margaret
Ifill, Jean
Johnson, Gladys
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Little, Margaret
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McPartlin, Nancy
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Serpa, Robert
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Barry, Elizabeth
Becquaert, Francis
Benson, Doris
Berman, Eleanor
Boyajian, Adrina
Boyajian, Robert
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Burnham, Jacqueline
Burns, Mary
Bush, Marjorie
Butt, George
Cahill, Margaret
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Carolina, Dorothy
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Ciccolo, Leo
Cochrane, Patricia
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Collins, Doris
Coogan, Francis
Cooke, Ruth
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DeSimone, Ida
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Egan, Catherine
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Frost, Roxanne
Forrest, Claire
Glynn, Janice
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Gross, Gerald
Gunn, Phyllis
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Hanlon, Marie
Harvey, Barbara
Holloway, Joan
Hollett, Barbara
Horne, Virginia
Howard, Barbara
Hurley, Jean
Hynes, Mary
Jakeway, Beverly
Joyce, Barbara
Karagozian, Harold
Kaufman, Gloria
Kaufman, Norman
Keegan, Patricia
Kennard, Mandell
Kouroyen, Charmaine
Lacombe, Pauline
Langone, Mary
LaPlace, Desmond
MacGillvray, Barbara
Mailhiot, Colette
Manning, Frances
Mark, Lois
McGrath, Helen
Medoff, Beatrice
Mooney, Thomas
Murphy, Anne
Murphy, Rosemary
Noonan, Mary Jane
Noqueira, Beatrice
Oster, Jack
Patten, Lorraine
Penniman, Barbara
Perry, Wendell
Phaneuf, Rosemary
Presho, Barbara
Procopio, Anthony
Rana, Jennie
Ray, Barbara
Sahady, Helen
Salto, Anna
Sawers, Carolyn
Saxe, Edward
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Shaw, Bette
Shea, Ruth
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Taylor, Louise
Taylor, Marjorie
Thornhill, Esther
Travers, James J.
Tuscano, Catherine C.
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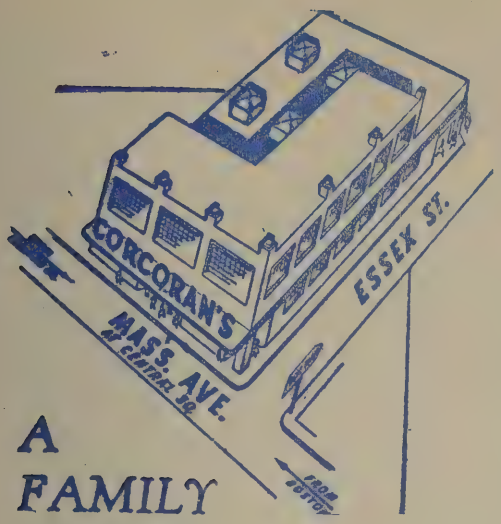

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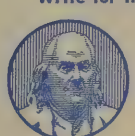

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Cambridge, Massachusetts

JUNE 1947

Volume 62 Number 5

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Editorials

IT is almost unbelievable that four years in high school have passed, and that we, as Seniors, are ready to go out to meet the world. Was it only yesterday that we first tugged at the huge Latin School doors and timidily set foot in the corridors of C.H.L.S.? How busy, confused, and crowded with strange boys and girls were those halls! How interminable and unfriendly they seemed! But, now they have become a second home to us, and our excitement at graduating is mixed with nostalgic longings, to remain.

During our first two years here the war was in full swing. Each week we faithfully bought war stamps. There were recess gym classes and air raid drills. We can hardly recall those wearying exercises and the little cardboard name tags for air raids. However, we leave our school in peace time. Our halls now are filled with veterans—both students and teachers. An attempt at war bond sales this year was a failure. The class of '47 is faced with a challenge—no less than that of helping preserve the peace of the world.

During these four years there have been several other changes at C.H.L.S. Our report cards display numerical marks; the sad truth is undisguised and unsoftened. Mom sees that Peter's G is a 75 and not an 89 as she had been led to believe. However, it is advantageous in that each pupil knows exactly where he stands. Because the requirements for the honor roll are now based on numerical marks, it is possible for students with weaknesses in one subject still to attain its ranks.

The class of '47 is unusual in its lack of accomplishments. Our only asset is a handful of good athletes and musicians. The outstanding members of the class can be counted on ten fingers, because our lack of good leaders is only too evident. Several clubs have died this year—the literary, stamp, and music clubs. Others are struggling, some without Senior leadership, camera, chess, debating, German, Italian. Where are those leaders which the Seniors should provide? Also missing are supporters—eager, willing to work followers. I believe that the talented boys and girls of our class are all occupied with after school jobs. They are earning money for records, clothes, and movies; they are earning the respect of their employers. Their school grades are slowly falling; school clubs without them are dropping to second rate. When several years from now, jobs are again hard to obtain, let us hope that good scholars and leaders will appear again.

Of its advances in sports, however, the class of '47 can be proud. We have championship teams in hockey and basketball; we have loyal and hard working boys on our football and baseball teams. This year, at last, such sports as golf, tennis, swimming, and crew are available, in most cases to both boys and girls. The riding club, too, has presented its unusual opportunities to the pupils. We sincerely urge the school to continue these opportunities for physical welfare.

We Seniors were grateful for the transportation to out-of-town games, but wish that the rates could be lowered to the means of everyone. Why cannot we have boosters in other sports besides baseball? In this way we could have free transportation to football games and a reduction in the admission charges to basketball and football games. We advocate also a continuance of football rallies and better and more frequent participation of the band. The cheer leaders and teams have done more than their share—the backing of the students only is missing.

Perhaps we made little advances in scholarship, and leadership, but nevertheless we are a loyal class. Though we are not unusual, and shall probably be soon forgotten by teachers and deans, we ourselves shall always remember our good friends, happy experiences, frightening tests, romantic formals, exciting talent nights, dull assemblies, brisk lunch periods, heavy books, and of course, our favorite teachers.

H. B.

IF we were seniors graduating from college our graduation day would be called Commencement. Literally that word means a beginning or a starting out. No matter how we say it, graduation day implies the leaving of one experience and the beginning of another, and thus we commence to venture out into some new phase of living. When we left kindergarten we started out in the regular grades in grammar school; when we left grammar school we started out in high school; and now as we are graduating from high school we are starting out, not in an institution, but in the world. Experience will become our teacher; necessity will force us to cope with our own problems instead of leaning on someone else's shoulder, money will no longer be handed to many of us and we will begin to have financial worries that may include wondering about the next meal.

"The World" is not full of abstract words only; its main component is something we have heard a great deal about but we have had little contact with . . . people. People are like materials we can buy by the yard; some are thin, some are thick; some are yellow, black, or white; some are of poor quality, some are of the highest quality; some are soft, and some are hard and scratchy. People are just like that. But we should always remember that they are made of the same stuff and all come from the same Source which, in Second year geometry reasoning leads us to believe that they are equal. In our dealings with people, it is most important that we remember this theory.

"The World" lacks thinking today. In other words men are lazy and unresourceful because they won't do the hardest work in the world, and it has done the world's people no good. It is up to every class of '47 to resolve to do thinking. It does not have to be deep philosophical thinking or reasoning in logic, but merely something more than a mechanical reaction to the spoken or written word. Our parents' minds, up to now, have been shaping our opinions and thinking. Our parents belong to another generation and their ideas naturally cannot be in terms of this one, so that it is up to us, the class of '47 to let our thinking powers crawl out of their cocoons and blossom forth for the benefit of the world. Let us commence.

C. P.

THE EDITOR'S TRIP TO NEW YORK

I WAS very lucky indeed to visit New York City this April as the guest of the Boston Globe. My companions were the boy editors from Framingham and Melrose High and the girl editor from Milton High. Miss Watts, who writes the Globe column "Almost 21" was chaperone and leader. Our purposes were to visit the United Nations and to see as much of New York as we could in two days.

Our first stop Sunday night was in Times Square where we spent at least thirty minutes gazing at the many bright, flashing neon signs. Even a game of tit-tat-too was going on in lights. Then, on Tuesday Virginia and I took the Rockefeller Center guided tour ending on the top of the R. C. A. building. The next height to scale was the Empire State Building where we joined the boys. There we busied ourselves taking pictures, and peering through telescopes.

Perhaps the most delightful evening was spent at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe because, of course, one must do a night club. While the floor show, "Venus on the Half Shell," was going on, we ate copious chicken dinners. The girls of the chorus were tall, rather pale and not over-dressed. In my opinion the best part of the show was the clown who could play five different instruments even though handicapped by a stuffed skunk and a girl with a gun. After this entertainment an excellent orchestra played dance music.

We left the Diamond Horseshoe in time to attend two programs at Radio City—the Pacific coast broadcasts of the Chesterfield Supper Club at 11 and the Bell Telephone Hour at 12. Perry Como and the Satisfiers were fascinating to watch; afterwards they entertained the studio audience with several extra songs. On the Bell Telephone Hour we were fortunate to see and hear Fritz Kreisler. Obviously this evening was a complete success.

Our special visit to the United Nations was the high point of the trip. When we arrived at Lake Success the beautiful circle of flags of the world in front of the enormous modern yellow building first impressed us. Once inside, we found ourselves in a maze of corridors and offices, with many signs in both of the official languages — French and English. The simple, but extremely modern furniture, rugs, and lighting gave an atmosphere of orderly efficiency and comfort to the rooms in which people of all nationalities worked together seemingly in constructive harmony. We had lunch at the spacious cafeteria for employees and peeked in at the three restful lounges for the press, the secretaries, and the delegates.

Two sessions were open to the public that day. First, we saw part of the meeting of the Security Council. A heated debate was going on between Russia and United States, with Russia stating that the question of aid to Greece should be laid before the United Nations. However, this meeting proceeded slowly, for each speech had to be given in the two official languages. The second meeting we attended was that of the Trusteeship Council. This body was discussing and adopting rules which had been drawn up that morning by the Drafting Committee. At both of these meetings it was very exciting to hear delegates from all over the world, and to watch the translators, newspapermen, and spectators.

Although every moment was packed with fun and events, we would have liked to spend even more time at Lake Success and sightseeing in New York. All too soon our brief stay terminated, and we returned to Boston grateful for our unusual, exciting holiday.

H. B.

Caroline Close Essay Contest

We take pleasure in printing in these pages the prize winning essays in the annual competition held by the English department.

English IV — Helen Bequaert
English III — Marion Murray
English II — David Boyer
English I — Anne Murphy

WORLD PROBLEMS WHICH CONCERN ME

TODAY the world has become so small that each one of us lives a distance of mere hours away from the farthest corners of the earth. Since every person throughout the world is thus a neighbor of mine, his problems concern me. I am now a citizen not only of the United States, but of the world as well. Accordingly, the vital task of the United Nations to keep my world in brotherhood and in peace is my problem, too.

The work of the Atomic Energy Commission, aiming for this world peace, personally affects me. The commission is attempting to find a satisfactory, fair method of controlling the new, almost magical, atomic power. Will I live in ease and comfort with the many potential, peace-time conveniences derived from atomic energy? Will I travel at high speed in atomic cars and airplanes, heat my room with the energy, cook my food with its rays? Or, will I perish with my friends when the cities of Boston and Cambridge feel the impact of a super atomic bomb? And, will the countries of the world live in terror without knowing who has the biggest bomb, or who will strike first? The work of this commission will thus affect my own life.

Also, the problem of feeding the people of the world is mine. Since I live in a country of plenty, I must be willing to sacrifice much to secure an equal distribution of food and clothing. Because a hungry nation is a discontented one, world peace cannot come until all peoples are fed. In addition, the life of each one of my neighbors in Asia, in Europe, and in Africa is important to me.

To secure the world peace I want, nations must be able to understand each other. If the United Nations would adopt the simultaneous address system completely, delegates from all countries would then be able to follow the speeches immediately, without waiting for an interpretation. This would accelerate the United Nations' meetings and accomplish more toward understanding.

These are but a few of the small problems and large problems of the world. However, everything that is going on in the world,—elections in foreign countries, boundary disputes, labor problems, and educational problems, — concerns my country, its citizens, and me. In present conditions, I cannot say, "I am isolated; what happens to others does not affect me." Brotherhood, peace, and the very existence of the earth are my concerns.

Helen Bequaert, '47

RADIO COMMENTATORS

IN PAST times, as the saying goes, it was the hand that rocked the cradle that ruled the world. Today, it is wiser, perhaps, to say the voice that rocks the airways rules the world. For indeed, it is to this voice that the world listens.

Every night at precisely the same time, a million or so fathers sit down in a million or so easy chairs beside a million or so radios and prepare to listen to a half hour, peaceful analysis of the news. A million or so dials click and then, he, upon whom the fate of countries and yes, of homes, rests, speaks.

He is the commentator, that lordly ruler of the airways, sometimes friendly, sometimes antagonistic, always condescending. Usually, he begins with the announcement of a big break in the news which, he says, confidingly, he will reveal later in the program. This, obviously, is a sham, a pretense. But as he must keep his Hooper rating up, he must induce his listeners to keep on listening by any means. This is one of his best. And then there are his tonal inflections. Ah, his tonal inflections! He begins with the brisk, impersonal, businesslike voice which, slowly melting into a gentle hush-a-bye quality, is quickly built up to a loud, roaring crescendo, baying like a wolf at the moon, and then sinks softly into the mellow strains of birds on a sunny summer day.

By this time, the listener is exhausted. His will-power is gone, he is bereft of his mental capacities to think straight, and is at the mercy of the commentator. I wonder if Washington knows it is overlooking the most powerful weapon since the Atomic Bomb.

Marion Murray, '48

UNDER A NIGHT SKY

THE peaceful night sky was a hollow mockery for the horrible scene of death and destruction which lay below. The moon, spreading its shimmering pale light like a mantle of the sheerest silk over the countryside, was hardly a match for the bright glow made by the flaming chemical plant along the dockside area of the small Gulf Coast town. The stars in all their brilliance seemed to mock the futile attempts of mortal man to extinguish the countless fires and to save what was left of the town.

Meanwhile at docks everything movable was being evacuated and the rescue workers were pulling hundreds of lifeless bodies from the wreckage. Out in the harbor, the shattered and twisted remains of the once-proud French vessel stood as a horrible reminder, if one was necessary, of the tragic catastrophe which had engulfed the peaceful town. Earlier in the day that ship was carrying a cargo of ammonium nitrate to the city. Suddenly the chemical exploded setting off a chain reaction throughout the town. As the night wore on it seemed as if the fires were finally under control.

Farther out in the harbor, another ship with a similar load was riding at anchor. At about half-past one in the morning, this ship exploded like the first; the roar, the pillar of smoke and the ball of fire closely resembled an atomic bomb. The terrible holocaust was renewed with flames licking toward the tranquil sky. From the oil storage tanks on the north came streams of burning oil which turned the streets into rivers of flame.

As the fires died out once more and the new day dawned, the citizens of Texas City fervently prayed that that night had seen the end of their horrible ordeal.

David Boyer, '49

THE BASEBALL SEASON OPENS

IT'S APRIL in Washington. The day is beautiful and springlike; the sky is clear and blue; a soft, refreshing breeze blows up from the Potomac. Inside the ball park, the turf is a carpet of emerald, the base-paths are brown and newly smoothed. A noisy crowd, already guzzling soda pop or munching peanuts, fills the stadium, and intently watches the players at batting and infield practice. A band blares deafeningly forth, while up in the broadcasting box, the announcer welcomes the radio audience and gives the starting lineups. A sudden hush falls upon the throng as it expectantly turns its attention to one of the bunting-draped boxes, where the President of the United States rises and throws out a ball. Then pandemonium breaks loose; a new baseball season is on!

There has been so much preparation for this season. For weeks, players have drilled incessantly in their training camps in the southland. Rookies have been brought up; some to "make the grade" and go on to win the enthusiasm and favor of the public; others to go back for "another year in the minors." Some players have been dropped, others have been traded. Exhibition games have thrilled ardent fans in out-of-the-way places that rarely see a big-league ball game. On the basis of all this, the sports writers make their annual inevitable predictions: DiMaggio's not hitting, but Williams is; even so, the Yanks will beat out the Red Sox for the pennant; Feller will win thirty games — to be shamefaced or exultant in the fall. And the fans all over the country will sit in the parks or by their radios, waiting, cheering the home-team on to victory.

Baseball is a wonderful game — in the big stadiums, the smaller parks, the sandlots — it is something that everyone, young or old, player or spectator, can enjoy. The start of a new season is a thrilling time for thousands of people. There is no pastime dearer to the heart of America.

Anne Murphy, '50

The following poems were written in the style of Robert Browning's "Andrea del Sarto"; the same characters appear, telling, monologue fashion, bits of the familiar story.

FRANCIS I

That Andrea of Florence, who did stoop
To thieve the gold entrusted to his care,
Is less a man than Jacques, my prattling dwarf,
Whom I see romping with my three years' child
Between the marble pillars in the hall.
Jacques's height is half a man's but still
His heart is whole; while Andrea,—he whom
Men term "the faultless painter" — as a man,
Is full of faults, of which the one most foul
Is that his spirit is too frail to take
A stand against Lucrezia, that wife
Of ruby lips and rosy, rounded cheek,
The floating champagne hair and virtue none.
Oh, little care I for the gold that's gone
But I bewail the friendship fond betrayed.
By Judas! Yonder hangs one of his works.
A passing pretty portrait with background fair
Of lazy lily pads upon a lake,
I thought it once—but now the worthy painting
Recalls the worthless painter. Tear it down!

Carolyn Cremens, '47

FRANCIS I

Ah, strike a happy tune upon the lute!
These halls have long cried for sweet music's
tongue;
'Twas just three summers since del Sarto sat
Beside my chair; then was my heart alight.
Mine eyes did gaze upon his gifted hands
As deftly they did color human souls;
Then did we merrily carouse with song;
Our joy, so never ending then did seem,
How could I guess our friendship soon would
part
By wanton act of one so far away?
Oh, had I known his base ingratitude,
That night he begged my leave to see his love.
I would have cast him forth, ne'er to return;
Not ask him as a favor to come back
With paintings of his Italy, for which
I had, to him, entrusted coins of gold
Which he did readily keep for himself.
Ay, gold is but the sorry goal of those
Who would lose love, eternal, for a coin,
Which will survive them when their days are
gone.

S. Alexander Regillo, '47

THE COUSIN: TO LUCREZIA

You are late, Lucrezia, I had to whistle twice.
What, did Andrea your husband detain you,
To sit beside the window holding hands?
Ha ha, a merry way to spend an evening!
'Tis easy to see how Andrea is satisfied
Merely to gaze upon your loveliness,
His eyes too shy to peek beneath the picture
And see the woman. A painter's eyes must ever
See two hands, some hair, a handsome face
That models a pretty picture well — no more.
To him your smile is but a curve on canvas,
A rosy-colored arc a brush can paint.
But I, I see that arc your lips can make
A woman's magic that steals a heart and leaves
The man bereft and gaping like a fool.
Your charms are wasted on your husband
Andrea.
Lucrezia, come away with me to Venice.
Alas, I cannot bring you riches now
For I have not the cleverness to paint—
No, nor the desire. But stay, my gambler's luck,
Which has forsaken me at present, will come
Again and pay back double for its absence.
To Venice with me, Lucrezia! No?
Ah, you cling to a sorry, slow-footed nag
Which offers you, at least, security,
Instead of riding on a fiery stallion
Which may throw you. Yet this stallion here
Can offer you adventure and romance.
Still no, Lucrezia? Ah well, we may
At least be friends? Come, where is the gold
You promised me? What, no more than this!
But still, a goodly sum. Then Andrea
Did sell his latest picture of the Virgin?
Well, away, the night is getting deep.
We'll spend the gold. Andrea can paint an-
other.

Lensey Chao, '47

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TRY TO WRITE POETRY

Lots of things happen when I try to write poetry, but none of them seem to be much help to my poetic inspiration. Maybe I don't have any poetic inspiration and that's the whole trouble; but, inspiration or no inspiration, things happen. Since I knew that I would have to spend most of the weekend on trains, I thought that I would have plenty to time to compose a masterpiece á la Browning. By the time the conductor shouted "Providence," I had decided to write a monologue from the point of view of a French lord — and then my troubles began.

Until now, the woman sitting beside me had been engrossed in writing a letter. I saw out of the corner of my eye that it began "Dearest John," so I really expected that it would keep her busy as far as New Haven. However, I guess she got bored with John, because she soon began talking to me about Long Island. I suppose she sensed that I wasn't giving her my full attention, for she changed the subject to her brother's dog. I never knew that there was so much to say about a dog, but I am learning. The next time I want to bore some one, I must remember to talk about a dog. I wondered whether or not my French Lord would have had a dog. I tried to fit something about a poodle into blank verse, but it didn't seem to work. I decided he hadn't had a dog after all—or at least not while Andrea del Sarto was around. These speculations were abruptly ended by my companion, who inquired what dog food I thought was best.

Suddenly I had an inspiration—not anything poetic, to be sure, but definitely helpful. I would escape to the diner, where I would compose inspired iambic pentameter without being diverted by poodles and dog biscuits. It's not that I don't like dogs; they just don't mix with Browning too well. My plan for escape, however, was definitely not successful. I no sooner got to the diner than a woman started to describe to me, in minute detail, a dress she had seen in "Vogue," and which she was hoping to be able to buy in Baltimore. Perhaps I may have a great literary career ahead of me, but I'm afraid that it will have to wait. I couldn't compete with dog biscuits and longer hemlines.

Susanne Stephens, '47

MOVIE GOERS I COULD MURDER

ONE of my pet peeves at the movies is the candy-wrapper rustler; his crackling of cellophane and tinfoil drowns out every single word whispered by Charles Boyer and sometimes even a syllable shouted by Betty Hutton. Often this fiend has other objectionable habits too, such as snapping bubble gum at every suspense-filled moment of an Alan Ladd thriller or filling the theater with the lingering odor of popcorn. Another public nuisance is the woman wearing a hat or hair-do in the height (ten inches, that is) of fashion. Though the setting of the picture is the tablelands of Argentina, there rises in the center of the screen a high mountain, behind which the actors continually disappear. You can, of course, politely ask the woman to remove her hat but you can hardly say, "Would you kindly remove your head?"

Then there is the little boy, perhaps inspired by a newsreel of the Marathon, who runs noisily up and down the aisle throughout the show. Late arrivals, who crush your toes and block your view of the screen; restless people who climb over you every ten minutes; and men who lay hat, coat and briefcase on an adjacent seat for the unwary to sit down on in the dark are not to be forgotten. The fluttery old lady who drops a nickel under her seat and calls a brigade of ushers to retrieve it; the women who chatter for hours about such exciting news as little Janie's new tooth; the person who has seen the picture before and loudly proclaims who is going to do what when; and the girl heavily scented with "Eau de Woolworth" — all these I could cheerfully choke.

Some of the worst offenders are the lads who kick the back of your seat in time to the music or, lacking audible accompaniment, to a syncopated rhythm of their own. They also usually make such stale remarks as, "He combs his hair with a towel," on the appearance of a bald-headed character. Invariably they read out loud every printed sign and letter flashed on the screen and guffaw at the tenderest scenes. Other candidates for my black list are those who not only monopolize the arm rests but jab their elbows into your ribs; fond mothers who bring along offspring so young that they either cry continuously or keep asking, "What's that, Mama?"; and the person who explains every joke, perhaps for the benefit of a moronic companion, yet loudly enough to be heard ten rows away.

Carolyn Cremens, '47.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

*Bequaert, Helen	McCarthy, John
Cardillo, Eleanor	McGovern, Dorothy
Carter, Barbara	McMenimen, Anne
Center, Marilyn	Minkiel, Steve
Chao, Lensey	Moran, Lois
Connolly, Katherine	Nichols, Marie
Cremmins, Carolyn	Payzant, Anita
Dinan, Eileen	Radaitis, Helen
Donoghue, Evelyn	Regillo, Serafino
Katsulis, Jennie	Ridlon, Florence
Kelly, Joan	Slater, Glenna
Lewis, Forence	Souza, Alice
Lewis, Herbert	Stephens, Susanne
MacKenzie, Arthur	Walter, Sylvelin
MacLeod, Doris	Zen, E-an

*First Honors

THE SOUND OF HIS FOOTSTEPS

IT IS an unusually dark evening. A few street-lamps cast dim circles of light around their own posts, but darkness covers everything else. Glancing fearfully around, I try to make soft my footsteps which seem to clatter loudly on the sidewalk. Suddenly I stop. Is there someone following me? From a distance comes the sound of slow, deliberate footsteps. He must be following me! I can recognize his step anywhere. I try to hurry, but the more I try, the less I succeed. My feet seem to be stamping vainly against thin air. Now his steps, though slow, are getting nearer and louder. Then, without pausing to consider, I swing into a little dark alley that leads away from the street.

There is pitch blackness all around. I decide to rest a bit, both to recover my breath and to get my eyes accustomed to the darkness. With relief, I find that I don't hear his footsteps any more. Suddenly, it occurs to me that my eyes are not becoming accustomed to the darkness at all. I blink them hard and open them wide, but I still see only inky blackness. A sudden panic arises to choke me. Perhaps he stole softly into the alley while I rested, and is now no more than three feet away from me! With a mad leap, I dash forward, trying to burst out of this darkness which surrounds me. I run and run, not caring where I go as long as I see light again.

Without warning, I find myself standing on the corner of the busiest intersection of the town. On all sides, gay neon-light signs assure me that I am safe among the busy bustle of downtown. With warm relief, I look around

thankfully. Then I realize that there is a strangeness about everything. In spite of all the bright lights, there is not a soul in sight! The broad street and the gay shops begin to assume a terrible look. This is not the downtown that I know! In the silence, I hear his slow, deliberate step again. I immediately plunge into a subway entrance directly ahead. A car has just arrived at this station and I enter it, hoping that it will start before he can catch up. But in spite of my desperation, the car remains motionless. If I stay any longer, he may have time to get on the same car. There will be no escape if he does. If I get out, he may be standing at the exit waiting for me. Just as I'm about to get out, the car starts, and at the same time, I hear the sound of his step nearby. Did he get on? Above the noise of the car, I can still hear his slow deliberate step moving in the next section of the car. Any moment, he may cross over to this one. The car stops. Without looking back, I dash out of the car and up the stairs. Outside, there are tall apartment houses all around me. Perhaps I can get shelter in one of these. With this thought in mind, I enter the back door of one of the apartment houses.

Inside, the first thing I see is a self-operated elevator. I immediately step into it and press a button at random. The door of the elevator slides shut and the elevator starts to move. For a long time, I stand there waiting for something to happen. Which button did I press? Is the elevator going up or down? Is it moving at all? Waiting in this smooth square box is horrible. Maybe the elevator has already stopped. Then why doesn't the door open? Where is the door? In my confusion, I have turned around so much that I forget which side is the door. All four sides look exactly alike. How long have I been in here? Where is he by now? Perhaps when the door opens, he will be waiting for me. Then the door slides open. As I step out, the door slides quietly shut behind me. Ahead, I see what seems to be miles and miles of smooth, white, gleaming corridors. Turning a few corners only brings more of the same thing. There must be a way out. Can I find that elevator again? No, I have made so many turns that it is impossible to find the way back. There is the sound of his footsteps again! In desperation, I make another turn and find before me a dead end. It is too late to turn back. He is coming that way. As I beat vainly against the blank white wall, I hear his steps grow nearer and nearer . . .

Lensey Chao, '47.

A GOOD AMERICAN CITIZEN

WHAT is a good citizen? He who is would be hard pressed for an offhand answer, yet he who isn't could easily give a quick and accurate definition. In my own untried estimation, a good American citizen is one who conscientiously puts into practice the priceless gifts which were provided for him by the United States Constitution.

The self-satisfaction which one feels when he does everything in his power to contribute to the betterment and preservation of his government, whether it be civic, state or federal — all are important, each depends on the other for its own efficiency,—cannot be measured in words; it is a feeling, a state of realization in your own powers of citizenship. How could anyone, when once confronted with the grandeur and beauty of America which is ours to preserve and cherish, be otherwise than conscious of his own duties and privileges.

Let that person who constantly shouts that his misfortunes are due to his frustrated personal minority look upon the homely countenance of the sixteenth president, who rose from an obscure log cabin and with sure, inspired steps, rose to the austere dignity of the President of the United States. Again, let him gaze upon Monticello, the stately home of a rich man whom the common people elected as their leader, let him remember George Washington Carver, a negro, who, despite his racial minority, climbed the rough mountain of despair and calamity and hewed his name at the top in bold letters of wisdom and understanding.

A good American Citizen is not one who merely goes to the polls to vote every year, but one who constantly takes advantage of his right as a citizen, upholds the law, and sets an example to his children and neighbors. Citizenship knows no race or creed or class; it is available to all. It is found in Catholic Parish, Jewish Synagogue and Protestant Church. It is found in schools—it serves rich and poor alike. It is available both in farm or city. Our America is a great melting pot. Our united strength has come from every race and people who have sought freedom under mutual law. In a war-torn world which obliterates individual liberty, our America must stand out as a beacon, showing its light to freedom-loving men everywhere. Ours is a strong crusade to keep democracy united—a magnificent land of Brotherhood and opportunity through citizenship.

Again, what are our rights as citizens of the U.S.A.? They are:

1. The Right of Participation in representative government.

2. The Right of Self-realization — the chance for education—to develop one's powers and to progress upward.

3. The Right of Freedom under law—religious freedom; freedom of speech, assembly and of the press.

4. The Right of Protection of life and property, of family and character.

5. The Equal and Co-ordinate rights of others to just such peace and good will and outlook.

Though given to us, these things were bought and paid for in human blood, what we have inherited without effort someone else gave life to learn.

In the Argonne forest in the first World War, American soldiers walked boldly into death, yet one could not see the marvelous force that pulled them. Two invisible relationships are gravitation and patriotism, yet one keeps the swinging planets in their places, the other causes men to do heroic deeds for their country, and holds them as true as steel to their sacred and time-embellished honor.

What is our heritage as citizens of this country? We have physical America as an answer—unmatched in beauty and rich in natural resources — the majesty of her mountain ranges—the peace of wide, open plains—the rush and force of her rivers—the ceaseless waves which wash our shores,—this is our heritage, this is our America.

The real heritage of a people in their idea and ideals, the lofty tradition of a just past, the unselfish service of great leaders.

Being a good American citizen means that one is fairly expected to bring to his home the best side of his character and identify himself actively to his church. He must keep daily adding to his knowledge, give honest value but friendly courtesy in his business, keep physically fit and spiritually responsible and spend his leisure usefully and worthily.

In his public life he must set an example of obedience, honestly record his taxes and vote open-eyed and honestly. He must be actively associated in worthy groups that openly seek to better the good of his fellow citizens and must give unflinchingly of his time in volunteer service.

Thus we see that being a good citizen is a code of life, a social religion which teaches us how to associate with our fellows, a code which seeks to preserve the rights which are ours by priceless heritage in this, our America.

David Walsh, '47.

G. A. A. COLUMN

A HEARTY "hello" to all you G. A. A. members!

The Spring informal, which was held on May 9th, was a gala success. Our gracious patrons and patronesses, Miss Brown, Miss George, Miss McLaughlin, Mr. Landrigan, and Mr. and Mrs. Reardon added charm to the gay, colorful evening. Brightly colored streamers, balloons, clowns, and animals suspended from the wall brackets and chandeliers created the atmosphere of a circus dance. During the evening many attempts — some successful — were made by the couples to capture a balloon. Ken Reeves rendered the smooth music which included several novelty "circus" numbers.

A wonderful time is in store for all who attend the annual picnic at Kendal Green on June 14th. It should be especially noted that this is a day of carefree enterprises. One can enter into the sports and games which the G. A. A. provides or do nothing which the G. A. A. also generously provides for. May the newly elected officers, who will be installed at the picnic, enjoy the best of success in their respective offices which we feel sure they will fill to the best of their ability.

The scope of girls' sports, in the G. A. A. has greatly widened. Now you girls can enjoy tennis, crew, horseback riding, and swimming.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Brown and the G. A. A. officers for their sincere help in trying to make this an interesting column.

Until September '47, best wishes from the G. A. A.

Claire Kilfoyle, '47.

K. B. NOTES

ON MARCH 28th, the K. B. Club met at Shirley Green's home to pack Easter baskets, which we later delivered to the patients of the Holy Ghost Hospital and the Cambridge Sanitorium.

A meeting was held April 25, at Helen Bequaert's home to determine our future activities. We decided to attend Pops and to spend June 17 at the beach. With these events, we hope to make up for time lost at the beginning of the year.

At this time, as the end of another K. B. year draws near, we wish to thank Miss McElroy and Miss Young for the time and counsel they have given us as our faculty advisors. The graduating members wish to express their best wishes to next year's officers and members.

Loretto Sheehan,
Secretary.

May We Present—

VERONICA HILL

Pert, pretty, petite junior Veronica Hill has blue eyes and light honey-colored hair. My guess is that she keeps her trim figure and fresh complexion by eating salads, her favorite form of food. Hilly, as her friends call her, likes the country with its open freedom. She likes especially the open west with plenty of horses about. Needless to say, her favorite movies are western and horse pictures, and her favorite movie star is Robert Mitchum. If she had a thousand dollars, she would take a trip to a cowboy state or fix up her little country cottage and buy some pigeons, hens, a cow, and a goat for the place.

Hilly was born in Cambridge in 1930, one out of a family of six boys and four girls. One of her brothers shares her love for the west with its horses and cowboys. Hilly herself graduated from the Sacred Heart school, and plans to go to business school after C. H. L. S. She works after school and likes to read in her spare time. Her ideal man is athletic but not too tall, has black hair but blue eyes, is exciting in personality but also courteous. Moreover, he must be brave enough to offer his seat to a lady in a bus.

L. C.

TIMOTHY ORROK, JUNIOR

One of our well-known juniors, Timothy Orrok has been an honor roll student ever since he came to Latin. Although born in Boston, he has lived in Cambridge for his entire sixteen years. An honor graduate of the Longfellow School, Tim hopes to go to Harvard. He wants to major in some sort of science, although he is still undecided as to what field. He enjoys his seven periods of chemistry best of all subjects.

In the sports field, Tim likes to play tennis, but also to watch a good fast game of football. Strangely enough his favorite athlete is from neither of these sports: he is the famous slugger of the Red Sox, Ted Williams. Tim is a prominent member of the Camera Club. As a ham operator he has a radio which he made himself.

Tall, blond Tim pictures his ideal girl as agreeable, but not too pretty. And if he had a thousand dollars, prudent Tim would put it in the bank to gather interest.

B. G.

SAUL GREENSTEIN

If you went to the Rindge Talent Night, you would remember Saul Greenstein, who opened the program with a dreamy performance on his clarinet. This talented sophomore has been playing the clarinet for four years, and is a member of both the orchestra and the band. Moreover, he also plays the piano. Instead of making a career of music, however, Saul plans to go to the Harvard Medical School. He belongs to the honor geometry class and considers geometry to be his favorite subject in school. Bob Hope is his favorite movie star, Ted Williams is his favorite athlete, and baseball is his favorite sport. If given one thousand dollars, he would like to travel far and wide. He was born in Cambridge fifteen years ago and has an older brother and sister. He graduated from the Fletcher School with his name on the honor roll. His ideal girl has to be beautiful, and that's all he would say about her. Saul stands five feet eleven and has curly brown hair.

L. C.

ELEANOR DI GIOIA, FRESHMAN

Eleanor Di Gioia is a quiet little freshman, about four feet, five inches tall and fourteen years old. She belongs to the G. A. A. and plays on the volley ball team. Out of school she is an active member of the Girl Scouts and the East Union, where she goes two or three times a week for many activities, including cooking and sewing. In fact, one of Eleanor's favorite pastimes is sewing. She also enjoys listening to classical records — Chopin and Verdi especially. This collection of records belongs to her oldest brother, who is a graduate of C. H. L. S. and Harvard. Eleanor also has three younger brothers and two older sisters, including Leona, a senior.

Nolly (her nickname at home) graduated from the Putnam School. Her best-liked subjects here at C. H. L. S. are civics and science. She hopes to become a stenographer, although she once had an ambition to be a dancer. In the sixth grade, Nolly won some books as a spelling prize. In sports she is best at tennis,

but likes swimming and baseball, too. Her favorite books are about music and famous composers. Nolly, who has dark brown wavy hair and dark eyes, would like her ideal man to be polite and helpful. H. B.

DOROTHY BAKER

New Hampshire's contribution to C. H. L. S. is in one Dot Baker, who was born — at a tender age — in 1933.

Dot certainly has definite ideas about what she likes and here they are: Movie — The Jolson Story; actor — Larry Parks; song — Heartaches; food — anything; books — likewise; subject — bookkeeping.

Dorothy belongs to the G. A. A., Y. W. C. A. Catholic Daughters of America, and is an honorary member of the G. A. C. (see Dot for details), of New York. She likes bowling, dancing, golfing, and reading, and very much dislikes study periods. Need I say that this Baker girl is one who is very active?

In her spare time, which she claims to have, Dot takes care of les enfants. A member of the honor role, Dot wants to carry over her ability and become a private secretary, some day in the not too distant future.

For the personal details, Dot stands five feet, seven inches, has light brown hair and brown eyes. Oh, yes we asked her about her ideal man. "We'll have to wait and see," she says.

M. E. P.

THE REVIEWING STAND

DIZZY Dean has written a book abut his career in major league baseball. Nobody in organized baseball is better able to write on our national sport than the unpredictable, inimitable and lovable pitcher. He has divided his book into the following modest (?) sections; Who's the world's greatest pitcher (when his arm isn't sore)? Who's the world's greatest hitter (when he wants to be)? and who's the world's greatest fielder (when he has the chance)? This book will probably never reach the C. H. L. S. required list, but if, this summer you're in the mood for a good laugh, try to get a copy of this amusing book by one of baseball's "greatest pitchers," and that's not a joke son.

At the Wilbur, Maurice Chevalier is thrilling both young and old with his rendition in French or English of the songs he made famous. The years have in no way hindered this unconquerable Frenchman. A most lovely way to spend an evening would be attending his one man performance at the Wilbur.

Claire Barrett, '47.

REVIEW SPORTS

THE promising outlook of the Cantab baseball nine was shattered in the first game against Newton on April 15. The pitching left much to be desired as nineteen walks were handed out by starter Craig and reliefers Lynch, O'Neil, McLaughlin and Smith. The Latin nine could get only three runs on five hits; the game ended 17-3. A complete reversal of form was displayed in the next game against Woburn as the Big Red rolled out fourteen hits and tallied nine big runs to one lone tally for Woburn, which mustered seven scattered safeties. In the next outing, Arlington lambasted Latin by the lopsided score of 21-5. However, most of the runs were unearned; the Cantabs were jittery in the field. Waltham, the next foe, was roundly beaten 15-4. The Latin players chipped in with 14 hits to fatten their batting averages. On the losing side again at Exeter, the team fell victim to an experienced aggregation, which pounded the cover off the ball after receiving several unearned runs early in the game. Newton, the old nemesis, again bested Latin in a game which was exciting for the first seven innings; only three hits had been made in the entire game up until then; two by Newton, one by Latin; then a combination of three hits and two errors gave the opposition four cheap runs; they added two more in the ninth on two walks, a stolen base, and a fly lost in the sun. The game ended 6-0.

The team still has ten games left and should do better than break even if the team blends together. Earl Daurie and Steve Biddle have hit well and Dick Rigarzio is right behind. Bob Curnane and Jack Donohue are doing well at third and second respectively; "Yaka" Kelley, Jack Cawley, Joe Fournier, and Dick Walker combine to keep the outfield adequate. Jake Boudreau holds down the catching duties well, while Bill Craig, Dan Mazurek and Dick Smith are holding up the pitching end of the team, despite ill luck in a few games. All in all, the Cantabs of 1947 should do better than merely break even. Eleven wins would be acceptable.

Thus ends another school year. In the future we of the senior class hope you other C. H. L. S. students will support all teams which represent your school. Don't just support one. They're all worthy of your moral aid. Make them feel you are behind them; even in defeat. That's school spirit at its best . . .

William Craig, '47.

Freshman Notes

LET us start off with a big hip, hip hooray for the Freshman girls after starting out the year as a very unruly group of girls, especially in gym, they have ended up as real ladies, and the gym teachers are completely flabbergasted (and pleased) about this change . . . Patricia Oullette is the winner of an album of records which she received as a prize for writing the best essay on the Chamber music concert at Rindge — congratulations, Pat . . . Barbara Mullane has what is commonly known as the "sighs" . . . Nancy Morrison's birthday party was a complete success . . . Cynthia Coleman is madly hunting for some noiseless bubble gum . . . Marjorie Ratchford and Marta Enebuske seem to agree on their "dream boy" . . . Fran Tierney is a terrific dancer, so we hear . . . Barbara Collins and Noreen Bower are opposites in that Barb is noisy in the corridors, while Noreen is quiet as can be . . . June Burgess has had a case of the missing and found English book . . . Carol Dussault, Margaret Laforester, and Claire Checkie are one of the newest trios . . . Bob Costa and Tommy Cusick always seem to be sharing a joke . . . Pat Stevens was the talk of the town the day she had her hair cut . . . Nancy Powers, Barbara Collins, June Burgess, Pat Stevens, Pat Buchanan, and Peggy Dore say that their favorite subject is Latin — joke, son . . . Joan Kelly is a theatre lover — a patron of the arts, so we say . . . Homeroom 122 welcomes John O'Gormen who is fresh from Ireland . . . Miriam Babcock's new hair-do has raised the question "should she have cut it or not?" . . . Marjorie Barrett and Mariam Christy are a new pair of friends . . . Priscilla Anastos goes in for large pocketbooks, while Mary Barth likes small ones . . . Eleanor Abbt has continual trouble with her locker . . . Carolyn Bosco is dependent on someone else's compact for her looks . . . Elda Vaudo started the baseball season out with a bang — she got a black eye by being hit by a baseball . . . Mary Hynes has a beautiful new pair of glasses . . . Adrina Boyajian has her future all picked out; she is going to be a tennis champ . . . Peggy Dane and Virginia Coleman have a snapshot gallery . . . Jimmy Bennett has recently been discovered by the girls . . . Mary Meehan and Nancy Powers are two CHLS'ers who like to walk around Fresh Pond . . . Sallie Parnell is the girl with her pencil in her mouth — one of those Freshman appetites, no doubt . . . Jack Watts' picture was in the paper; he was shown holding a golf club . . . It seems that there was a misprint in this department, and it also seems that Genie Polaro was quite upset about it . . . Burtie Swartz is modelling some kind of contraption that he calls a hat . . . Ruth Morranian is being escorted to a prom with a Tufts boy, no less . . . Sheila Monteith and Joan Kidston are looking forward to Memorial Day . . . Lois Mark looks very sharp in her new glasses . . . Joanne Nauffts finally bought a new lipstick, much to the relief of all her friends . . . Sallie Parnell and Connie Grogan were two lucky Freshman who went to the Junior Prom . . . The latest Frosh fad is to wear big bows around one's neck . . . Robert Tashjian, not to be outdone by the seniors, has written a Freshman song . . . Betty Stanley has been receiving electric shocks from chairs and desks—supercharged, Betty? . . . Fran Rowley and John Leaman are the fun makers in Room 111 6th period . . . Martha Soper and Ann Souza get along very well together . . . Theresa Tasher ought to go in for baseball seeing that she is so adept with her pocketbook at bopping Dan Spagnuola over the head . . . Paul Sebastian aspires to play third base on the baseball team . . . Gertrude Thomas and Helen Tamlyn are little ladies, lately . . . Marjorie Swallow and Louise Taylor are always in cahoots . . . Jane Szymanski's nickname is "Sammy" . . . Roberta Smith, Marjorie Taylor, and Gertrude Swyers are one of the newer trios . . . Ushers at "Curtain Time" were Jane Aldenberg and Marguerite Benedict . . . Joan Kirwin should be added to the list of those seen at the Junior Prom . . . Flash—Freshman Volley Ball contest was won by Period one, Monday—Nancy Morrison, captain . . . and the Freshman Varsity won against the Sophomores 12 to 10, a close game, but we made it . . . Keep up the school spirit, all you Freshman, because you will need it as Sophomores, — and good luck next year.

Freshman Notes Editor Constance Perin

THE OUTING CLUB

THE members of the club held what is perhaps the main event of the year, its picnic and weenie roast at the stoves on the banks of the Charles river May 23.

Other highlights of the club's last weeks were a bicycle hike at Fresh Pond, and a Bird Walk at Mount Auburn on which many of the season's birds were seen and heard, making the walk a most profitable as well as enjoyable one.

We are planning a trip to Wayside Inn and a walk at the Fenway to take place after graduation. Many of the Seniors plan to attend.

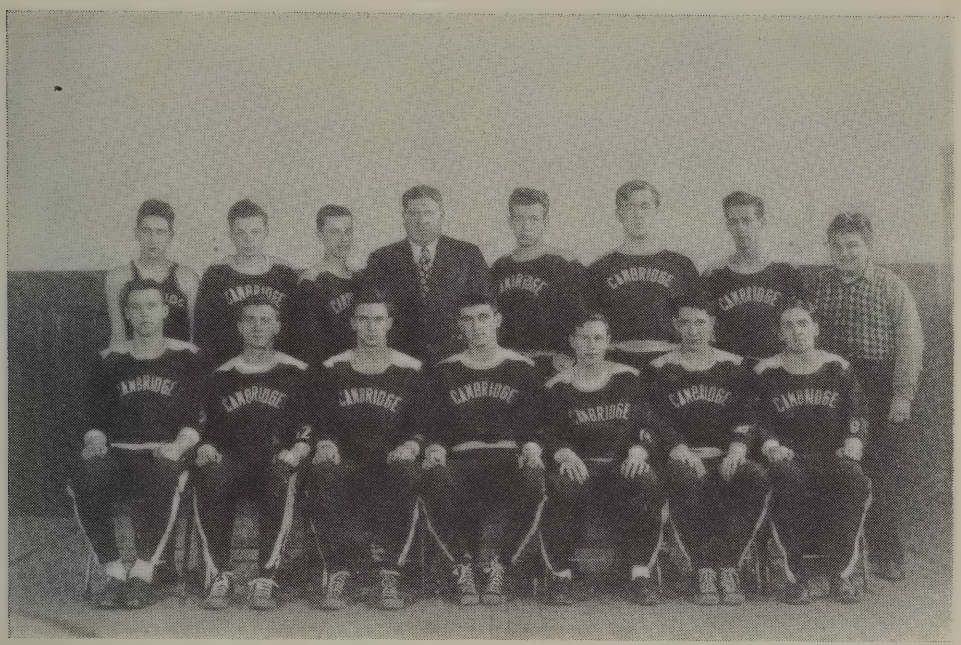
Claire Barrett, '47.

The Review Staff

G. A. A. Officers

Home Room Committee

Baseball



Basketball

Hockey

C. H. L. S. - Spotlite

We dedicate this column to the sorrowful-looking Seniors. Nuff said:

THAT fire drill 6th period just before vacation (ah — the sound of that word) certainly came at the right moment for William Ratner . . . Joanne Spitzer looking very sinister and very much like a pirate . . . Joan Larson, Marshall Fosgate, Pierce Lane, Steve Biddle, and Marilyn Wright are members of a group going to Falmouth for a house-party week-end. Ahem! . . . Esther Andelman values her life every time she enters her French class. Ask Kirk Taylor why . . . Lillian Winkler are you really that ticklish? . . . Karin Enebuske, Abby Wise (qui ne parle que des en francais) and Ursula VonZarsk are planning many exciting activities for their spring vacation (not alone you understand! Marcia Hornsby should hire a Dorothy Dix . . . Ask Gloria Hanover the correct way to get off a horse . . . we doubt if you will want to follow her advice! . . . Why is Pat Grogan's locker so popular with everyone? Huh, Pat? . . . Hot off the press — Barbara Casey went to a formal at Tufts College! . . . Agnes Rockett moved to Burlington recently! How's the fresh air, Agnes? . . . Clair Doherty's favorite expression "I can't stand it." Sounds as if she's talking about school . . . Connie Anderson's engagement ring is simply dazzling! . . . We wish Mary O'Connor would tell us her secret on how she is so popular with the men . .

Latest dope about the Junior Prom . . . Mary Kennedy with Dick Rigazzio and Carol Dias with Jack Donahue. We wonder who's been calling who "Palm Tree?" After the dance Jean Penniman, Bill Phelan, Claire Kilfoyle and Paul Fougere were seen at Holland Inn. "Sis" Lewis with Paul Williams and Joyce Kelley with Bill Lewis paid a visit to Topsey's and Peg Kief with Joe Sheehan and Peg Sullivan with Ray Shea stopped at Teds Inn. Many other redecked themselves and turned out for this shin—dig, Nancy McMemimen and Chuck Connolly, Eileen Dinan with Al Nugent, Nancy Nugent with Carl Quinn, Gerry Nugent with Bob Fraser, Shirley Cohen with Stanley Beregin, Vivian Silver with Sidney Kallman, Nancy Porch and Joe Bastos, Bernice Levenson and Arnold Levine, Irene Sack and Herbie Cannon, Nancy Slater with Murray Schockett, Betty Goldberg with Sonny Karess, Fred Savina and Idalya Miranda, Sonny Alpert and Charlotte Schriber. Alice McCarthy was seen with some mysterious Harvard student . . . Why is it that Harold Callahan is so unfriendly after vacations? Most likely it's the atmosphere around here! . . . Jimmy White is actually graduating from Sunday School . . . Grace Walkowiz is always worrying about not getting her math done! . . . Something during Eveline Wong and Marie Villirelli's first period study class causes them to get slightly upset! . . . Steve Biddle got so many compliments on his black sweater, that it's beginning to go to his head. He now wears it on an average of five days a week! . . . Lots of fun and aching muscles were had by Ellie Russell, Toni Townsend, Lois Moran, Ann Talerico, and yours truly while horseback riding in Medford . . . Vets Paul (Fishmouth) Murphy and Gene (Red Ryder) Stoler tore off down the trail like a couple of Texas hombres! If by this time, Vicky Gabriel isn't champion bowler, it's through no fault of ours . . . Grace Maher and Doris Shea are inseparables! Ann Delaney is slightly (?) worried about the G. A .A. Informal . . . Has anyone ever seen Eleanor Pope without Red Bradshaw? . . .

Already dated for the G. A. A. Informal are Ellie Russell and Bob Matz, Pat Kokinakis and Jakey Boudreau, Frannie Ehler and Leo McCabe, Doris Duffy and "Butch" Boudreau, Claire Russell and Leo Flanagan, and finally Barbara Tager with "Mousey" Kelly . . . What is Loretto Sheehan's theme song? . . . Welcome to Johnny Santoro who recently returned to his dear old almamata . . . Larry Brennan's face is always beaming with mischief! Elliot Knight was seen around Harvard Square while he was home . . . Sussy Shea is known as "QT" . . . Deane Casey is forever laughing . . . Dot Donovan, Mary Rigarzio and Pat Powers are quite the baseball fans . . . Phyllis Monroe enjoyed part of her vacation in New York . . . Eleanor Cormier has to talk to her locker to get it to open . . . What would happen if Barbara Doyle wasn't chewing gum? . . .

Lillian Druss, Richie Doyle, Ginny Doyle, and George Murphy are going to the G. A. A. Informal . . . What is Ray Kelley's nickname? . . . What does Joan Elms find to talk about during the recesses? . . . Who are the three C's that M. S. and L. B. have so much trouble with? . . . Seen at Alice Foley's slumber party were Joan Mitchell, Joan Conway, Janet Morrison, Phyllis Monroe and Loretto Sheehan. It was pretty game . . . Paul Boudreau and Joe Fournier still have their regular fights everyday! Bob Curnane is count-

ing the day, hours, and minutes until graduation . . . Anne Sullivan and Grace Talarico are in a spell since they've seen Vaughn Monroe.

A salute to the Juniors who have been assisting the Freshman, Barbara McQuade in period 1 and Jean Hildebrand in period 5. Mary Ellen Priester is a real sports enthusiast; she goes out for swimming, tennis, riding and crew. Sheila Martin's pet hobby is reading and collecting the latest best-sellers. We wish to mention the names of the ushers at Curtain Time and the Glee Club Concert, who generously gave of their time. At Curtain Time: Beatrice Korinthal, Iris Roache, Loretto Sheehan, Marilyn Miller, Margaret Livingston, Leona Di Gioia, Rowena Ridgeley, Joanne Barnes, Frances MacDonnell, Beth Mansfield and Helen Bequaert, and at the Glee Club Concert: Jeanne Culhane, Betty Galvin, Betty Goldberg, Helen Bequaert, Karin Enebuske, Carolyn Cremens, and Peggy Atkins: . . . Ambition — Richard Wood (Senior's wittiest student) is thinking of a taxi service for Paul Crowley and Connie Read, Basil Bourque and Nancy Watson. Who is the cute boy who escorts Juanita Tustin to school every morning? They say that Eleanor Burn's new hair style looks luscious. Seems like there are many people who like Johnny Rouche's walk! Who is it that Ty Cleary refers to as "Swede"? There were quite a few boys and girls seen having their pictures taken by Mary Christopher . . . Doris Foley and Barbara Carlson are rooters for the Braves— (We're for the Red Sox, ourselves) . . . Joan Hayes and Jane Szaba are always associated with tennis rackets. Everybody likes June Douglas' sterling silver ring. Rita Curry is known as the girl with the "laughing face" . . . After their first lesson on horseback riding, Doris Foley, Barb Carlson and Ronnie Murphy limped around the corridors . . . Wouldn't be surprised if Richie Smith becomes another Al Jolson — Good luck! Say, who is Betty Mansfield's new dream boy? Poor Alice Stokes— need we say more? Tina Prasinos is never indifferent to anything; she's either definitely for or against everything from psychology to sundaes . . . Speaking of psychology, if you want to be psychoanalyzed, Connie Perin's your gal! . . . One of the more dignified of Gloria Hanover's nicknames, we hear, is "Hangover." Among those seen at Rita and Jimmie Curry's party were Paul Quinn, Dave Walsh, June Douglas, Gail Fitzpatrick, Ginny Buckley, Nancy Rose, Marilyn Miller, Hank Sullivan, Bob Curnane, and Jack Rice. Earl Quinn saw the funny side of everything . . . Red Sinclair now holds the coveted job — that of usher at "Uni." Alice Foley and Rita Curry wished each other a Happy Birthday each time they met on May 5. Billy Craig, our baseball pitcher, is certainly doing a swell job.

Before we say good-bye, we wish to thank our faithful readers. Perhaps one day we will be true columnists. (That will be the day.)

Best of Luck!

Norma Higgins, '47.
Emma Thomas, '47.

VETERAN'S COLUMN

EDGAR Trask spent the last vacation on his honeymoon. Accept our felicitations, you happy couple . . . Thoughtful Tommy Tobin could make so many of the girls happy, but time won't allow . . . Handsome Ted Goodwin has been accepted at B. U. . . . Jim Finnigan has been accepted at St. Anslem's and is so delighted with the news . . . Jim Forde, the new matinee idol, asked us what Paul Foley has that the other vets need? What is it Paul? . . . Manny Gonzalez would like seats built outside the new auditorium . . . Louis Gualtieri has promised to have some cigarettes during May and June . . . News is scarce, so many of the boys have left to go to work . . .

In this closing chapter, of another era closing in our lives, we would like to express our deep appreciation to Mr. Downey, faculty, the school committee, pupils, secretarial group, custodians, and the lunch room staff, for the many kindnesses extended to us. From the bottom of our hearts we say thanks for everything, and Godspeed to all.

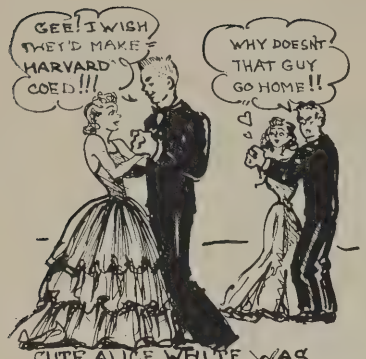
Paul Murphy.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

ON APRIL twenty-fifth, under the auspices of the Junior Red Cross, a very successful fair was held to benefit the National Children's Fund. On behalf of the Cambridge High and Latin council, I would like to thank all those who contributed so generously of their time and ideas to this worthy cause.

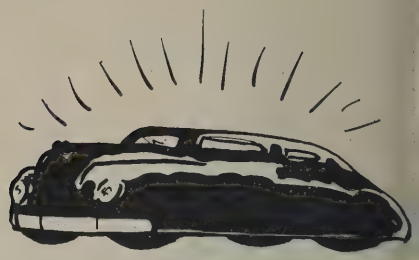
The drive for comic books and pencil stubs in April was a most gratifying assurance to the council of what the pupils of the school can do. The funny books and pencils have been sent to the Murphy and Bedford General Hospitals, where they are making the days pass a little more quickly for the veterans who are still recuperating from the war.

Jeanne Eddy,
Chairman.



CUTE ALICE WHITE WAS ESCORTED BY A HAHVAHD SOPHOMORE — JACK CADIGAN TALL, (BUT NOT DARK) AND HANDSOME. HE PROVED TO BE PLENTY OF COMPETITION FOR TH' LATIN LADS !!!

EVERYONE THOUGHT THEY WERE SEEING DOUBLE WHEN IRENE + HELEN (WHICH IS WHICH) CARR WALKED IN WITH JOHN MACPHEE + RICHARD DYNAN!!



ERNIE ANASTOS ARRIVED IN A '47 BUICK SEDAN — NO LESS, HE ESCORTED ARLINGTON HIGH'S JUDY PARLOVE - FORMER LATINITE — NUTHIN' BUT TH' BEST FOR ERNIE!!

WHAT HAPPENED AT TH' JUNIOR PROM

CUTE TWOSOME BETTY TENORE AND DANNY GALVIN WERE IN DREAMLAND —.

STEADY TWOSOME GINNY BRICKLEY + JIMMY CURRY WERE IN TH' 'SPOTLITE' MOST OF TH' EVENING!!

ON TH' EVENING OF APRIL 28, '47, THE JUNIOR CLASS SPONSORED A FORMAL DANCE AT THE HOTEL COMMANDER — THIS PROM PROVED TO BE ONE OF TH' MOST SUCCESSFUL DANCES OF TH' YEAR!!!!

TH' EFFORTS OF TH' JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENT, CHARLES DURAKIS, WERE LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR TH' SUCCESS OF TH' PROM. EVERYONE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME (WE HOPE)

AMONG TH' CELEBRITIES PRESENT AT TH' DANCE WERE PAUL CROWLEY AND JOAN WILLIAMS, BASIL BOURKE AND PEGGY DONAHUE.

BARBARA CASEY AND DAVE WALSH, PHYLLIS MUNROE 'N' 'PORKY' MIX, CATHERINE SIKALIS AND GEORGE LAKIS ALMOST HAD BREAKFAST AT TEDD'S INN ???

GEORGIA NYMAN

Centennial Program

THE "old grads" now organized as the Cambridge High and Latin School Alumni Association have made elaborate plans for the Centennial Celebration of the old school.

The 1947 CHLS graduation program will be a memorable one for those seniors who will receive their diplomas on June 6 in the historic Harvard Yard and then step down from the platform with the applause of relatives and friends ringing in their ears to join the ever increasing ranks of the Alumni Association.

For several months a committee of the Alumni Association has been working under the President Herbert H. McSorley and the Centennial co-chairmen Daniel J. Crowley and Richard D. Gerould to make graduation day this year the greatest in the long and illustrious history of the school.

A day-long program of events starting at 1 P. M. and concluding with a dance at the Hotel Continental has been scheduled.

U. S. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Right Reverend Norman B. Nash, Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, both graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School, head the list of distinguished guests who will be present in the Harvard Yard when the 1947 graduates receive their diplomas. Both distinguished alumni will be speakers at the graduation exercises.

Hundreds of alumni will gather with old classmates during the day to join with the new graduates in enjoying sports events which include a Latin-Rindge track meet on the cinder paths at Soldiers' Field.

The "greats" of the 1921 all-time championship school boy baseball team will be gathered together once again on the diamond to cross bats with the 1947 school squad.

The outstanding member of the 1947 baseball squad will be presented with the Boston Red Sox trophy donated to the Alumni Association by Manager Joe Cronin.

Historical tours of the city will be conducted during the day for members of the alumni and friends from out of town who are interested in viewing once again the historic spots in Cambridge.

Highlighting the day-long program will be the Centennial Ball scheduled for the Hotel Continental at 9 p. m. and ending at 1 a. m. the following morning.

Following is the program of events arranged by the Alumni Association in connection with the Centennial observance on Graduation Day, June 6:

1:00 P. M.—Baseball game—1921 Champions vs. 1947 CHLS team at Soldiers' Field. Track meet—CHLS vs. Rindge, Soldiers' Field track. Presentation of outstanding player trophy to winner selected by sports writers from 1947 CHLS baseball team.

2:00 P. M.—Historical tours. Busses will leave from Trowbridge street.

4:00 P. M.—Alumni gather in Harvard Yard.

5:45 P. M.—Graduating class enters Harvard Yard.

6:00 P. M.—Graduation exercises. Presentation of diplomas. Addresses by distinguished alumni, Bishop Nash and U. S. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney.

9:00 P. M.—Centennial Alumni ball at Hotel Continental.

TAPS

Slow, sad, sorrowful,
mellow, piercing notes
drift . . . gracefully
touring hill and valley
sweeping the countryside
with inspiring beauty . . .
lingering softly in the mind
fond memories . . .
echoing the soundless murmur of sleep,
everlasting and eternal.

David Walsh, '47.

Colonial Beverages

ARE SERVED AT

Cambridge High

and

Latin School Cafeterias

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

←CHC 4445

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

THE program of the meeting of May sixteenth was the most elaborate to date, including the reading of articles, the enactment of fables, anecdotes, songs, and piano and violin selections. Some of the highlights were an article about Debussy, read by Helen Bequaert; piano selections from Debussy by John Boucher; the duet, "Tales from Hoffman," by Alice Stokes and Mary Herlihy; and two fables from la Fontaine, "La Cigale et la Fourmi" and "Le Corbeau et le Renard," presented by Patricia Grogan, Marjorie Sutherland, Joan Kelly, Beverly Brown, Raymond Alonzo, Timothy Orrok, and Roger Carwile. Equally enjoyable were an anecdote by some of Miss Hunter's pupils, violin selections by Louis Eghian, songs by Mary Ritz, an article about Chopin, and piano selections by Arthur MacKenzie, which concluded the program. It was undoubtedly one of the best meetings of the year.

Carolyn Cremens, '47.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

THE Dramatic Club is enjoying the very contented feeling of success, as "Curtain Time" was both financially and dramatically successful. The money from both the tickets and the candy, which was sold between the acts, has increased the Dramatic Club Scholarship Fund tremendously. Congratulations to everyone concerned for a job well done, especially to Kirk Taylor, who won the prize for selling the most tickets, and to Helen Bequaert for taking care of the candy.

At the May meeting, Helen Bequaert, who won the Boston Globe essay contest for editors, will tell us of her trip to New York, which she received as a just reward. The club will also see a movie on Ireland. This should prove very interesting, since Dublin is the home of the Abbey Theater group and it will also show the different types of speech used.

On May 24, three scenes from Shakespeare are being presented. Those acting in **The Merchant of Venice** are Peggy Atkins, David Boyer, Frances McDonnell, Arnold Levine, and Frank Bequaert. The cast of **The Merry Wives of Windsor** includes Helena Zinfon, Joan Adario, and Lorraine Fulkerson. The final scene is from **Julius Caesar,** with David Walsh, Warren MacIsaac, and Stanley Poole as the thespians.

We are very much pleased to announce that all the finalists in the Liberty Prize Speaking Contest are members of the Dramatic Club. Best of luck to Betty Ann Galvin, Betty Goldberg, Mary Lowry, Anne Murphy, Larry Corcoran, Timothy Cronin, Martin Martinian, and Roland Perkins, who will compete for the Liberty Medal.

Don't let anyone tell you that once our members graduate, all dramatics are forgotten. In fact, the graduating members of the Dramatic Club, in connection with the hundredth anniversary of the school, are coming back on June 2 to put on some scenes from **Victoria Regina.**

Those members of the club who ride horseback are eagerly looking forward to a "moonlight ride" which is scheduled for the not too distant future. It should give us a good chance to improve our — riding.

May 20, next year's officers will be elected. The old officers sadly realize that the year is drawing to a close and at our final event, the annual picnic, they will turn over their offices to those of '48. In closing, the officers, executive committee, and members wish to extend their sincere thanks to Miss Hartigan, who has given us her time so freely and her guidance so magnificently.

Carolyn Townsend, '47 Secretary.

THE SPANISH CLUB

MONDAY, April 14, 1947, marked an eventful day for the Spanish Club because its members celebrated "Pan American Day." This day is observed in twenty-one nations of this hemisphere, and of these twenty-one, nineteen are Spanish-speaking countries.

I think everyone really enjoyed having an "Information Please" quiz which proved to be both entertaining and educational.

Among those who participated in the program were Warren McIsaac, Idalia Miranda, Raymond Alonzo, Peggy Dearden, Edith Rosa, Martin Martinian, Louis Eghian, Eugenia Felipe, Jack Aronson, Salvatore Arena, and yours truly.

The club officers and I sincerely hope that during the past year we have made the new members eager to take an active part in the club's program for 1948.

Beatrice Rodgers, Secretary.

THE RIDING CLUB

A GREAT sport has finally come into its own; a riding club has been started here at Latin. At present, there are approximately 180 members; forty are advanced riders, sixty are intermediate, and eighty are hopeful and industrious beginners. Gene Stoller, Emma Thomas, and Carolyn Townsend together instruct five classes a week so that each individual member will get a chance to ride at least every third week.

We have a grand time traveling to and from the stables. A brand new horse van is our means of conveyance, in which we catch up on the latest gossip and songs.

Although rain does not hinder our riding since the Rita Marie Stables have an inside ring, some of the most enjoyable rides have been on the bridle paths with it pouring "cats and dogs" (ponies and horses to us equestrians).

In the not too distant future, the club is planning a horseshow with Arlington and Somerville. Although the club is comparatively new, we feel that we can offer them very keen competition. With this objective in mind, the riding club says, "See you at the stables."

Carolyn Townsend, '47.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1946-1947

Alfaro, Juanita
Andella, Ida
Balko, John
Becker, Mary
Bequaert, Helen
Brennan, Lawrence
Burns, June
Campbell, Emily
Campfield, Oswell
Cardillo, Eleanor
Cardosi, Frank
Carter, Barbara
Carter, Samuel
Casella, Michael
Center, Marilyn
Chao, Lensey
Chapman, Lorraine
Chaulk, Lois
Cockburn, Margaret
Connelly, Katherine
Connors, Lillian
Cotter, Angela
Cremins, Carolyn
Croft, Elliot
Davin, Arthur
Day, Barbara
DiGioia, Leona
Dinan, Eileen
DiVito, James
Donoghue, Evelyn
Doyle, Barbara
Doyle, Robert
Duncan, Lorraine
Falbo, Theresa
Ferranti, Flavia
Forde, James
Foti, Matilda
Fournier, Joseph
Galvin, John
Garoian, Teny
Giannotti, Mary
Goguen, Paul
Gorman, Charles
Grenier, Lucille
Grogan, Patricia
Gross, Burton
Hagopian, Victoria
Hart, Francis
Heller, Saul
Katsulis, Jennie
Keane, Mary
Kelley, Joan
Kenealy, Patricia
Kinckle, Helen
Kurth, Barbara
Lee, Annie
Lee, Helen
Lee, Nellie
Lescault, Nanette
Lewis, Florence
Lewis, Herbert
Lymperis, Charles
MacKenzie, Arthur
MacLeod, Burton
MacLeod, Doris
Madore, Thomas
Maloney, Helen
McCarthy, John
McCarthy, Virginia
McCusker, Anne
McDonald, Theresa
McGovern, Dorothy
McMenimen, Anne
Mickalchik, Nadia
Mickiewicz, Irene
Minkiel, Stephen
Molloy, Leo
Moran, Lois
Murphy, Paul
Obelsky, Eileen
O'Niel, Lorraine
Panselinas, Catherine
Parker, Winifred
Payzant, Anita
Pereira, Amelia
Ponte, Joseph
Priester, Mary
Puntonio, Mary
Radaitis, Helen
Raduano, Leonora
Ratner, William
Regillo, Serafino
Rennie, Jean
Rezendes, John
Ridlon, Florence
Robichaud, Gilbert
Robichaud, Robert
Ruff, Lillia
Russell, Eleanor
Schatz, Arthur
Scott, Donald
Slater, Glenna
Small, Mary
Smith, Fred
Souza, Alice
Spitzer, Joanne
Stephens, Suzanne
Sullivan, Charles
Survilas, Anna
Talarico, Eileen
Taylor, Kirk
Theriault, Marie
Thibault, Margaret
Thomas, Emma
Townsend, Carolyn
Traynor, Doris
Walsted, Mark
Walter, Sylvelin
Winkler, Lillian
Wright, Marilyn
Zacharakis, Theodore
Zen, E-an

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1946 - 1947

Archibald, Joan
Ashenden, David
Bolduc, Constance
Brown, Shirley
Burke, Carroll
Burke, Mildred
Camelio, Louise
Canning, Audrey
Capraro, Gemma
Carwile, Roger
Cheevers, Constance
Ciampi, Lucille
Colladay, Jean
Colladay, Joan
Connell, Barbara
Connolly, Clare
Cosman, Alice
Dixon, Belvia
Donoghue, Margaret
Dragun, Phyllis
Dubay, Jessie
Duggan, Marjorie
Durakis, Charles
Dwyer, James
Earle, Ellen
Fairburn, Donald
Fields, Doris
Fitzgerald, Jean
Fleet, Martha
Fougere, Paul
Fulkerson, Lorraine
Galvin, Betty
Gates, Isabelle
Gerasim, Constance
Gillis, Robert
Goffredo, Margaret
Goldberg, Elizabeth
Goldberg, Myron
Gosselin, Phyllis
Green, Shirley
Greenstein, Mary
Griffith, Elaine
Grossman, Selma
Gut, Genevieve
Haskell, Cecily
Herlihy, Mary
Hickey, Helen
Hill, Gladys
Hiscock, Fred
Hornsby, Marcia
Isabella, Mary
Jackson, Geraldine
Janko, Elizabeth
Jones, Eleanor
Karlson, Walfred
Kelleher, Thomas
Kiely, Robert
Lakis, George
Landers, Robert
Landry, Marilyn
Layne, Lillian
Leahy, John
Levine, Arnold
Lo Presti, Joseph
Lowry, Mary
Lubin, Lois

Mackey, John
Mangan, Audrey
Martin, Ida
McDonald, Richard
Messuri, Mary
Michalowski, Gladys
Moriarty, Eleanor
Mueller, Elizabeth
Mullin, Dorothy
Munro, Elaine
Murray, Marion
Muse, Barbara
Nelson, Gloria
Orrok, Timothy
Pedrini, Helen
Pendleton, Helen
Perkins, Roland
Phelan, Phyllis
Roach, Marilyn
Roseman, Gertrude
Rutkowski, Edward
Sack, Irene
Sadoian, Roxie
Saidnaway, Elaine
Sargent, Grace
Savina, Albert
Savina, Doris
Savina, Fred
Scalese, Frances
Sgouros, Helen
Silverman, Eva
Shea, Raymond
Sperakis, Sally
Stead, Osberta
Taverna, Marie
Tenore, Elizabeth
Thornhill, Elsie
Torp, Phyllis
Toto, Albert
Traveis, Leonard
Travers, William
Villirilli, Marie
Walters, Mary
White, James
Williams, Joan
Witham, Margaret
Zaglakas, James
Zyfers, Gerald

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL
For the Period Ending April 11, 1947

Alamanos, Dorothy
Andella, Anna
Aronson, Andelle
Baker, Dorothy
Banatt, Elizabeth
Barnes, Joan
Bates, Barbara
Bears, Joan
Belbin, Margaret
Bond, Mary
Boyer, David
Brewer, Dorothy
Brogan, Dorothy
Cabral, Ruth
Callaghan, Margaret
Carbonaro, Alice
Carrieri, Guy
Casey, Diane
Chao, Bella
Compton, Lorraine
Conomacos, Thomas
Cormier, Elaine
Cosgrove, Paul
Cullolios, Nicholas
Darcy, James
Daum, Joyce
Drottar, Dolores
Druss, Lillian
Ellis, Patricia
Emberley, Edward
Evans, Nancy
Foti, Virginia
Gallup, Ruth
Giampetruzzi, Josephine
Gilman, Suzanne
Goldsmith, Lorraine
Gonsalves, Dorothy
Gorman, Elizabeth
Gouveia, Laura
Greenidge, Iris
Greenstein, Saul
Gruhn, Dorothy
Harrington, Barbara
Harrison, Lois
Herman, Margaret
Hughes, Barbara
Humphrey, Ann
Hurlburt, Ruth
Hussey, Margaret
Ifill, Jean
Johnson, Gladys
Johnson, Lillian
Keegan, Phyllis
Korb, Kenneth
Ladner, Patricia
Lampron, Nancy
LaPlace, Fred
Landman, James
Little, Margaret
Lorensen, Pauline
MacLeod, Jean
MacLeod, Marguerite
MacPhee, Phyllis
Marcantonia, Elizabeth
Marshall, Mary
McClellan, Claire
McCormack, Barbara
McCree, Isabelle
McIntosh, Joan
Mersereau, Dorothy
Miller, Marilyn
Modest, Barbara
Morrison, Janet
O'Connor, Jean
Oliveira, Elmira
Oliver, Verna
O'Keefe, Mildred
Ordesky, Morrill
Oster, Rose
Oteri, Victor
Ottaviano, Virginia
Perry, Lois
Peters, Irma
Phillips, Dorothy
Polimou, Ellen
Ramsey, Harold
Ratigan, Ann
Rich, Arline
Richard, Mary
Rodman, Alan
Rosa, Edith
Sapack, Helen
Scantalides, Thalia
Schaub, Barbara
Schlein, Milton
Sears, Joseph
Serpa, Robert
Shaw, Mildred
Sheehey, Dorothy
Singer, Anne
Snell, Geraldine
Spooner, Ruth
Stenburg, Harvey
Sugarman, Leonard
Surman, Selma
Sutherland, Majorie
Swankowski, Norma
Traveis, George
Travers, Virginia
Vaughn, Doris
Venturini, Jean
Wagner, Florence
Zacharakis, Ann

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL
Third Marking Period 1946 - 1947

Abbt, Eleanor
Adelman, Ruth
Ahlberg, Florence
Aldenburg, Jane
Allen, Joan
Ames, LaVerne
August, Francis
Banatt, Margaret
Barrett, Marjorie
Barry, Elizabeth
Benson, Doris
Bequaert, Francis
Berman, Eleanor
Bronco, Anthony
Bulkowski, Gloria
Burns, Mary
Bush, Marjorie
Butt, George
Cahill, Margaret
Caroli, Carole
Carolina, Dorothy
Checchi, Claire
Chester, Henry
Ciano, Tina
Ciccolo, Leo
Cochrane, Patricia
Cockburn, Helen
Cogan, Francis
Coleman, Cynthia
Collins, Doris
Conte, Elena
Cooke, Ruth
Corcoran, Joseph
Costa, Natalie
Damouras, Demetra
D'Arcy, Raymond
Dash, Priscilla
Day, Eleanor
DeCarlo, Eleanor
Dempsey, Mary
DeSimone, Ida
DeVito, Eleanor
DiClemente, Florence
DiNapoli, Pasquale
Douban, John
Dowler, Anne
Dubay, Charles
Durso, Philomena
Epstein, Alan
Feld, Stephen
Fitzgerald, Ethel
Flynn, Doris
French, Graham
Gill, Jane
Giragosian, Queenie
Gross, Gerald
Gunn, Phyllis
Hagopian, Elaine
Haley, Patricia
Hamilton, Ethel

Hanlon, Marie
Harvey, Barbara
Hillis, William
Holloway, Joan
Hollett, Barbara
Horne, Virginia
Hurley, Jean
Jakeway, Beverly
Karagozian, Harold
Kaufman, Gloria
Kaufman, Norman
Keegan, Patricia
Kourayen, Charmaine
Lacombe, Pauline
LaPlace, Desmond
Lawrence, Louise
MacGillvary, Barbara
Macone, Mary
Mailhiot, Collette
Mazullo, Michael
McCarthy, Teresa
McGrath, Helen
McLeod, Natalie
Medeiros, Dolores
Medoff, Beatrice
Miano, Virginia
Moniz, Mary
Mooney, Thomas
Moranian, Ruth
Moynihan, James
Murphy, Anne
Murphy, Rosemary
Nogueira, Beatrice
Noonan, Mary
Oster, Jack
Penniman, Barbara
Perry, E. Marie
Perry, Wendell
Phaneuf, Rosemary
Presho, Barbara
Procopio, Anthony
Rana, Jennie
Sahady, Helen
Salto, Anna
Sawers, Carolyn
Saxe, Edward
Shea, Ruth
Sheehan, Cecelia
Sheehey, Claire
Sherlock, Leona
Shoer, Doris
Smith, Roberta
Sousa, Mary
Sparks, June
Stanevitch, Anna
Taylor, Marjorie
Thornhill, Esther
Travers, James
Vaudo, Elda
Verrochi, Anna
Verrochi, Dorothea
Wadden, Ann
Wallace, Jacqueline
Williams, Mary
Worman, Joan

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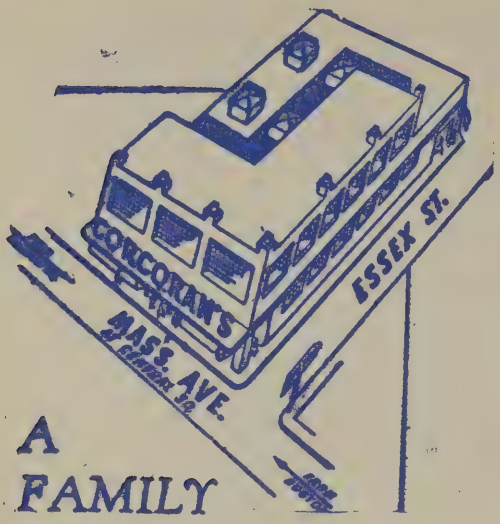

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